SWORDS OF FLAME

THE AGE OF ANIMOSITY

1547-1570

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CARTHAGENA, ON THE SPANISH MAIN (*From an ancient print*)

The Real America in Romance

SWORDS OF FLAME

THE AGE OF ANIMOSITY

1547-1570

EDITED BY

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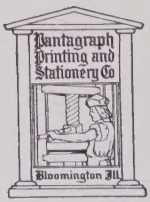

SWORDS OF FLAME

THE AGE OF ANIMOSITY

IF discovery confers right of possession, Spain held first and best title to the New World, a right she had won through the devoted service of an Italian greater than any Spaniard of them all. Within a century, however, she had taken five billion dollars in treasure from America — and used it to drive the spirit of freedom from earth. Her sole aim had been to plunder; ruin and extermination marched in the van of the Spanish explorers. Colonization meant nothing to her; the proud expanse now thronged with English-speaking people remained untenanted. Spain herself scorned it because of its lack of precious metals; and she forbade its settlement by any other. Under her domination no surprise need be felt if the enlightened men of that age looked upon the discovery of America as a curse to mankind.

Having affrighted Europe with the baleful light of her swords of flame, in the period covered by this volume the second Philip spread the fire to the shores of America. The tyrannical spirit of the age, moving in France, drove Coligny to establish upon virgin soil a place where men might be free to worship God in their own manner; in England, later, it sent forth the Pilgrims and Puritans.

The story which follows of the lost Colony of France is so sad, so inhuman, that it is small wonder historians have passed it by. Arrogant Spain, dominated by Philip's forbidding figure, would hear of no other foot upon the world she held as hers. Least of all would she sit in quiet while men foreign in faith as well as speech entered upon the

heritage bequeathed her by Columbus. Menendez de Avilés, Philip's devoted lieutenant, exterminated the colonists of France in a manner which De Gourgues, a gentleman of France, soon emulated with the Spanish colonists Menendez set in their place.

Yet the wholesale murders, first of innocent Frenchmen and then of Spaniards who could plead the orders of their King to certify their own guiltlessness, were not crimes of nation against nation, nor even of creed against creed. It was the universal spirit of the age manifesting itself in action. As the tree is, so is its fruit; and from the herbage of that day nothing less bitter was to spring. Two hundred years before, two hundred after, and another and a kindlier tale would there have been to tell.

The spirit of the Middle Ages, when general poverty had compelled men to common helpfulness, had passed; the spirit of humanity was yet to be born; between the two, Spain and France, and through them the fair soil of what is now these United States, were drenched with blood. Nor must it be forgotten that to the minds of the rulers of that day Church and State were incapable of separation — they were indissolubly entwined. To Philip II, one who did not believe as he did was not merely unfaithful to the Church; he was an enemy to the throne and to all government, the nihilist of his time. How modern an idea tolerance is can be judged by the fact that no country of the Old World to-day, except the sister republics of France and Switzerland, is without its State Church. That religion and government can flourish under the conditions every American is familiar with from birth has been demonstrated as possible in this free land; it is one of our gifts to Europe to prove that the discovery of Columbus was not to remain a curse. And to-day, in every independent nation on this Western Hemisphere, both State and Church are free.

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SWORDS OF FLAME

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CHAPTER I

THE LAUNCHING OF A MAN

TWO boys hung over the edge of the great grey sea-wall of Havana, looking out over the harbor. Hardly a ripple stirred the surface of the water; hardly a sound came from the silent city at their backs. The level rays of the setting sun fell across the air softly, reflecting crimson tinges upon the ships as they rode at anchor. Havana harbor has been known and loved of seamen for nearly four hundred years, and it had already long been famous on this autumn day in the year of grace 1560.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY

The air was hushed and hazy; the white sails of the vessels were furled, looking forward to the night; not an anchor-chain creaked:

then, softly, came the low and slumberous sound of the cathedral-chime from the old tower lifting easily above the squat, white-grey buildings of the town.

The younger of the youths looked up; it could be seen that he was a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, mature for his age.

"Francis!" he said; and again, "Francis!"

His brother made no answer, but held gazing steadily out over the water. The younger spoke again.

"See you the low galliass to the southward? With crimson at the peak?"

"Yes."

"That 's the sort of ship I 'm going to have when I sail for Mexico."

"Foolish boy; have you settled also her tonnage? I suspect it. And what call you the name of the ship's captain?"

"I shall be that — oh, laugh if you will — "

"Felipe, little brother, what age is yours?"

"I am almost seventeen — "

"Sixteen only last month, my calendar has it. And I am one-and-twenty, and a man; yet I have not yet gone to Mexico, or anywhere. Why Mexico, little brother?"

Half unconsciously they turned to face the land of which they were speaking, the golden, nearly unknown Mexico, bourne of golden hopes and hazards.

"To Mexico because our father fought there, and Cortez, and a thousand great fighters. And the mountains are full of jewels and — "

"And beautiful Indian princesses are to be had for the reaching out of the hand? Truly, a great land. But men are needed, and not lads of sixteen. What avail if your foil-play be of the daintiest, as our good master attests? Your beard is still to come."

"Nay, I am as bearded as yourself, and as need be. Anyhow, I 'm glad I 'm not to go to Spain to study, like you. As if you could not read faster now than any friar of them all! What want you of more learning?"

"I know very little."

"You know a great deal more than you 're ever likely to be able to tell of. You know a thousand times as much as I, and I know quite enough. But of course it will be fun

HAVANA HARBOR (*From a rare print*)

to go to Spain, too. If I were not going to Mexico, I might go to Spain."

"It is by our father's wish that I go to Spain; yet I am glad to go, and there will be other things to do besides studying."

"Well, you 're such a sober old student, you 'll never find them."

"They may come without the searching. They say that heretics are turbulent, and that his Majesty is gravely put to it for a remedy. It is said there will be much fighting if the heretics — whom the Heavens blast! — continue to grow in numbers and in strength. I may find fighting after all."

For there had arisen before the eyes of Mother Church

a very near and keen menace; how near and how keen it would prove remained for the Catholic fathers yet to solve. Even to Cuba had begun to filter news of uprisings, gatherings, and massacres of heretics, or Huguenots as now they were being called. Many gentlemen, veterans of old wars in Spain and explorations in the New World, now gravely considered setting sail for the fatherland to help in holding the world for those two autocrats, His Holiness the Pope of Rome, and His Catholic Majesty, King Philip II of Spain.

Of these loyal Catholics, none were more passionate than the father of these two lads, Christopher Estévan. In his youth, perhaps, he had been like other youths, and the calls of the Church had been jostled out of his ears by the louder calls of fame and glory and adventure, and the general singing sense of the morning-tide of life. But now, though his blood had not chilled, its pace had slackened, and much against his will he was being compelled to the easy-chair. His age was only a trifle over fifty, but there were old wounds and gout and whitening hair; ashes were covering the fire.

The Sentinel of Havana Harbor

He had become possessed of lands in Cuba, had settled in Havana, and while his gaze and thought turned toward Spain the more as he grew older, he had come to see that his part in the scheme of things was played, that henceforward he must be spectator and not actor, eyes and ears, but not hands. Yet in one way might he still mix him with the world, and that through his sons, for whom he dreamed great dreams. From their cradles he watched them with his old hawk's eyes, that never wavered, never softened; never were boys watched more closely, for he was seeking for traits, for tendencies, for echoes of himself, that he might know how best to use this raw material which he was turning forth into the world.

Felipe, the younger, showed the old man his own image: sanguine, blithe, thoughtless perhaps, with insatiable curiosity, little love for the quieter things of life — in short, a cavalier of pure mold. No double meanings here, nor nerves, nor ponderings on the riddle of the universe— simply a young, strong, virile, healthy animal.

But Francis was different; taller, darker, more silent, more grave, more subtle in mind and body. A student, no courtier, yet inheriting something of his father's Spanish punctilio of habit and manner. One could see Felipe at sixteen, at twenty-six, at sixty-six, an honest, open vista, but Francis was not so easy. He was of the stuff from which poets, or martyrs, or statesmen might be made; young as he was, his face already was inscrutable, not by any design, but rather through the eyes, which saw, but disclosed nothing.

For Francis the old man planned deeds of great emprise. He had been sent to the best masters that Hanava could furnish, and now, in his twenty-first year, was to start for Spain, for the final molding, — to Spain, land of power and wonder, or mystery and bigotry and silent, hoarded strength.

On these two boys it was, then, that the twilight descend-

ed, as they took their way back homeward through the narrow, winding streets of the city. Felipe was speaking:

"But tell me, Francis, don't you, too, wish you were bound for new rather than for old lands? To feel the rush of new winds and new rains on your face, to find strange shores, wild people, something new, new, new, instead of the same old things that all the world knows?"

El Moro Castle in a Storm

"The old things are newest in the end. Yet I too am drawn by the unknown. Your Mexico is all very well, but think of the great lands there!" He waved his arm to the northward, where, across the channel, lay Florida, and behind it the vast territory known as New Spain. "There lies a land even more new and more strange than Mexico. I think sometimes that I am destined to go there; at least I cannot understand why it should call to me so strongly else. The great Ponce de Leon sought there for the fountain of eternal youth, and while he found it not, it may be there still, awaiting some more fortunate adventurer."

"A fool's chase; as though anybody wanted to remain young forever. My father says when one is through his given span he is tired, and ready to go. And for myself I

am going to be young for forty years to come anyhow. I want none of your fountains of youth."

They had reached home, and entering the narrow gate passed on through into the open patio, or courtyard. Francis addressed an old servant who was pottering busily around at nothing.

"Pedro, where is my father?"

"He was only this moment asking for you, Master Francis," replied the old fellow, "he is waiting in the main hall." Torch in hand, he led them on through a long corridor which opened into the large hall, or main room of the house.

Seated at a great, bare table, his long white beard gleaming whiter and his keen eyes brighter in the torchlight, was the figure of an old man. Yet not an old man, either, by closer view, for the fire lived still in his eye, and the restless and subtle movements of him showed the vigor to be awake in him still. Christopher Estévan, at his fiftieth year, was still a lion of a man; he had been warrior, student, seaman, explorer; friend of Pizarro, and of the meteoric, magnificent, and ill-starred Balboa, — he was of the stock that made history. Now he was grey and dependent on a staff, bearing as he did the memento of many an old wound; but his blood was as red as ever, and his courage as high as on the day when first he stepped forth with his young bride — Vasca, flower of the New World — so many years before.

"Come hither, Francis!"

"Yes, father."

"And you, Felipe. For you are going to lose your brother. On the day after to-morrow the *Santa Clara*, Rodrigo Hermaez, master, sails for Spain. It is my will that you shall sail on her, Francis."

"But — the day after to-morrow — I had not thought — "

"Señor Hermaez and I were old shipmates, thirty years ago. You could not voyage under a more fortunate star.

Moreover, all is arranged; your mother has been busy since the morning in dropping your clothing and her tears into my great sea-chest — "

"O my mother!"

"She too would have had me wait, would have held her firstborn yet a little longer. But it seems best to me thus, and thus it shall be. Now sit you there, and listen to me, for I have much to say."

"Yes, father." The boys dropped upon a low, carven chest at the old man's feet.

"These be grave times in Spain," began the father, a man of his day and generation, and a fierce and bloody time it was, the world around. "Ay, and in all Christian countries as well. You have both been brought up in the true faith, and probably you can not understand how there can be folk who doubt it. Yet such there are, and most venomous and wicked unbelievers they are. They have followed the teaching of such dangerous heretics as Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and a Swiss whom they call Zwingli, or some heathen name; now they threaten Rome herself. By prompt and holy measures, the Church has wrought with fire and sword to root them out of the world, yet in spite of all they flourish. Those of us who have eyes can see foreshadowed terrible things ere peace shall come once again of their mad attempts. To you, Francis, comes an opportunity of honor and of service that many a cavalier might envy. You are to come under the hand of one of the great warriors of the Church, the former Grand Master of Calatrava, now known simply as Fray Simon, of the monastery in Valladolid. To him you are to go, and he it is shall mold you into what seems to him best. The Church needs strong men, never more than now, and he shall teach you how to use for her ends what virtue may be in you."

"But a monastery — am I to be in a monastery?"

Entrance to El Moro

"You are to study in a monastery; but fret not, it will be quite unlike the life of the brothers here; you are to be trained to be a warrior, as well as a lover of the Church. She needs both swords and tongues, and you must be skilled in both."

"Are these heretics of Spain? Or whence do they come? Are any of them here in Havana?"

"Not yet, that we know; but one cannot tell; they may even now have an eye toward planting their heathenish doctrines on our virgin soil. For their ambition will tower, if it is not quelled by bitter medicine. They have in France a great leader, one Gaspard, Admiral de Coligny. Most of the heretics come from France, where they are known as Huguenots. Of these you have heard little as yet, but you are to hear much more, for even an unworthy cause grows under a great man's hand."

"It would be a holy war that would exterminate these

Interior of El Moro Castle

heretics, even as our fathers drove the heathen Moors back into Africa." Francis, too, was of his time.

"It may not come to war; subtler means are better, and our great ruler, King Philip, is a subtle man. My son, swear now this oath: To uphold the true faith of your fathers, and to strive ever for the honor and glory of the Holy Church! to punish her enemies, to silence her detractors, to avenge her wrongs. Swear it!"

"So far as power and knowledge shall be given me, I swear!"

For Francis, the next twenty-four hours sped by on feet of light. He had only one day in which to bid farewell to all the friends and sights of his boyhood, the only life he had known. He spent the forenoon with his mother, who could not be prevented from placing with her own hands every article to go into the chest. His father presented him with a famous sword of his own, one that he had carried through the Mexico campaign. It was a magnificent weapon, the work of De Sahagun the elder, one of the most celebrated sword-makers of Toledo, that home of the world's great weapons. It was of a cold blue steel, and boasted a basket-hilt, unusual at that time.

"Take it, my son," said the old warrior, "and use it ever for the right."

Pedro, the son of Pedro, was to accompany him as servant; this was a stout lad of about Francis's own age, and silent, one word at a speech being all that could be gained from him in ordinary. The thought of having one familiar face went far to reconcile Francis to the swiftness of his leave-taking. The ocean seemed of a sudden very wide, and Spain a far-off and unreal thing.

After the noonday meal, his father took him down to the house of the governor. There he met Captain Hermaez, in whose vessel he was to voyage for the next two months,

for it was not expected that the trip could be made in much less time than that. Francis found the captain a stout, bearded, and kindly old sea-dog, with a loud voice, swearing in many strange manners, a trick which of itself had gained him some celebrity. He welcomed the lad heartily, only to ignore him when he and Christopher Estévan fell to talking of the old days in Mexico. Presently the lad stole

THE WHITE-GREY BUILDINGS OF HAVANA

out, the two veterans never noticing his absence, and wandered down to the grey sea-wall for the last time. Anchored there in the harbor before him lay the *Santa Clara*, on which he was to sail. All was confusion aboard her now. Dinghys were putting back and forth from the wharf; dozens of men were tugging at bales of merchandise, or pulling at ropes that loaded the bales into the 'tween-decks of the vessel. High on the poop strode a man in a gilded morion, giving orders.

Francis watched the whole with an interest almost impersonal, albeit with a sort of melancholy sense of his own importance. He turned back to look again at his city, which he might see never again after another sun. It was he himself who was to leave all this, to exchange for the known and noted all that was unknown. Yes; and to-morrow he would be a very different man; to-day he was a personage, a member of a family, an object of affection and concern to that family at least; to-morrow — he was to be a unit, an atom, flung loose and dissociate upon the current of things. Well, he would be a living unit; but such a small one! never before had he felt how small an atom can be. The stars might have taught him this, but they never had; he felt it first this day, beholding the ship that was the vehicle of his fate.

Wise men have declared that this first realization of one's absolute powerlessness, of the utter indifference of the great world whether any one in it lives or dies, is the beginning of wisdom. It may be so. But Francis found it not a warming sensation to the soul.

Just then, at the sound of a horn, came down to the wharf, marching in doubled fours, the arquebusiers of the *Santa Clara*, who had been ashore on their last leave. At the sight of those shining ranks, the blood leapt back in a tumult to Francis's heart. It was good to be alive, after all; he was not so small and unimportant after all; he was a man, and he would carve for himself a place in this world of men.

THE HARBOR AND PART OF THE TOWN OF HAVANA (*From an ancient drawing*)

Presently he was aware that his father had come down to the wharf; he went to join him. Captain Hermaez was clambering into a dinghy, ready to go out to the ship.

"Ah, here you are, my young voyager!" he shouted; "well, look your last on your squat old town here, for we sail at sunrise. . . . Ease away!"

For the last time they strolled slowly homeward as the sun went down. He was silent.

"I know, my son," said the old gentleman; "I too went away from home when I was a lad, even younger than you. The world is a big place, and a hard place, and there will be many spots in it better left unseen — many black spots with not a light ahead, except that of the Church. Her light shines always, and with that and a good sword, one need not fear to face all the devils of all the seas, not even heretic devils."

"I hope I may meet no heretic devils."

"Tush, lad, that is what your sword is for. It is all very well to trust to the Church when you cannot use your sword, but the Church, as well as any King, appreciates a stout blow for her. I myself depended on my sword first — and its blade is as bright as ever. Alois de Sahagun plunged that brand into the Tagus thirty years agone. May it still be smiting heathen when you and I can smite no more!"

"May that day be far!"

"Far for you, my son; but not for me. For see, I have given away my sword. I think I shall never lift another!"

"My father!"

"It is so; thus you see I look the more to you. . . . But here we are come home once more. . . . And it is dark. . . ."

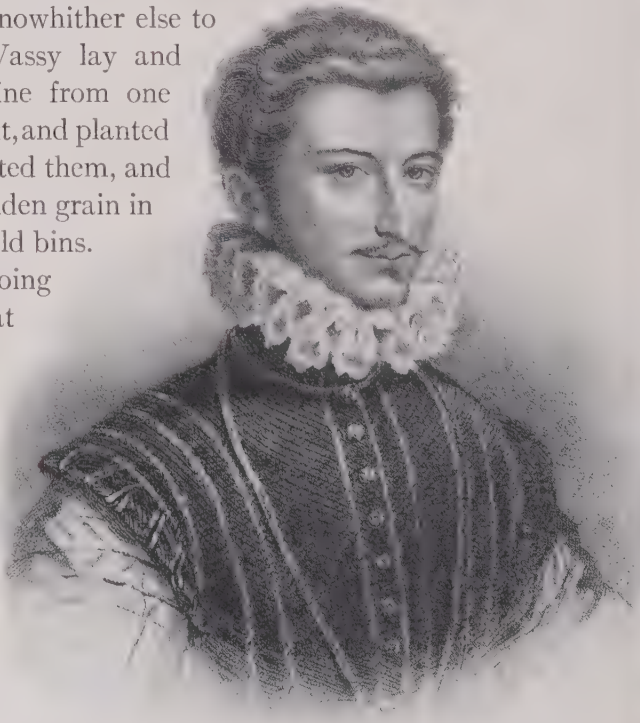
And at sunrise on the morrow, sailed in the galleon *Santa Clara* from the city of Havana, Francis Estévan, his brave young face fronting all the world. High on the prow he stood, his eyes, after one swift glance, never backward to the city, but forward o'er the sea. Thus we launch him.

CHAPTER II

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH VIOLET EYES

THERE is a little town in the province of Champagne, or what 300 years ago was the province of Champagne, which goes by the name of Vassy. Nobody remembers, if indeed anybody ever knew, whence the name came. But it was a happy little town, shortly after the middle of the sixteenth century, set as it was in the midst of a beautiful country, and a little out of a world that was beginning to be vexed and torn with struggles of many men and many minds. It lay at the end of a long country road that stopped when it got there, having nowhither else to wander; so little Vassy lay and basked in its sunshine from one year's end to the next, and planted its fields and harvested them, and stowed away the golden grain in the sweet-smelling old bins.

It was an easy-going community, too, that at Vassy; so long as a body minded his business a good deal and his neighbors' a little, everybody looked on him with approval, nor cared to inquire too closely beyond.



Duc de Guise in Early Manhood

For the priest at the old church was very, very old, and being so, had come to see that kindness and charity are the best religion after all. If you were a good Catholic, why naturally that made it easier for you when through with this world and all ready for the next; but everybody could n't be a good Catholic, perhaps, or at least everybody was n't. It did not matter much one way or the other, for they were all his children. He was a man better than his time.

There came one day to Father Germain's door three strangers, a man and a woman and a child. They were on foot, and were weary, the man half leading, half carrying the woman, albeit his own eyes were wrinkled with pain and the blood had crept a little from under the kerchief he wore bound tightly about his head.

The three sat upon the doorstep to rest, and presently out pattered old Père Germain with a flagon of new milk.

"You are travelers — I bid you welcome. Will you not have a drink of milk?"

The man stared up at the priest, his gaze halting at the little gold crucifix hung round his neck. He moistened his lips.

"You are a Catholic, sir?" fiercely.

"Yes, friend."

"Then we cannot stay; we cannot drink — "

"Tut, man," spoke the priest sharply, "can you not see that your wife is fainting? Here, let her drink first, and do your talking afterward, if you must. And the little one here, she is all worn out." He laid his hand on her golden head.

The little maid, perhaps thirteen years old, caught him by the hand and looked up into his eyes, in such wise that the old man felt a movement at the heart of him, at his man's heart that had hardly stirred for half a century. For the eyes that she turned up to him were blue, the wonderful blue

of violets; such eyes as he had never seen but once, sixty years before, and then no more.

The travelers remained that night, and many nights to come. At last Nicholas Barre bought him a little plot of ground, and settled on it, and there they lived, the three of them, he and his wife and the little Élise. Three years had gone by and they were still at Vassy. Élise had grown from a windflower to be a maiden of seventeen, and dearer than the light of heaven to Père Germain; only now it was not for her eyes alone that he loved her.

The Barres were Huguenots, and Nicholas had it out with the priest that first hour of their meeting. The wound on his head had been given him because he was a Huguenot, and because the man who held the pike was a Catholic, but more because it was a bitter and a cruel age. "What!" he had said to Father Germain, "you are a Catholic, and you offer us drink and shelter?" To which the other: "I know that you are in need of drink and shelter." "But we are Huguenots!" "You are the strangers at my gates."

So the strangers drank, and were sheltered and presently were strangers no more. In this wise came the first Huguenots to Vassy. There were some who looked askance when it was seen that they never entered the little church, but the murmurs soon died away. After some months another party of persecuted folk drifted into the village, and they too stayed, having found peace and freedom. Thus it happened that a little colony of Huguenots grew up in this quiet corner of the world; they troubled no man, and they held their meetings — or *prêches* as they were called — in a barn in the fields.

There were lads in Vassy, and as they were not blind ones either, it did not take them long to see that Élise Barre was enough hope of Heaven for any man. There was, at one time and another, rather bitter rivalry betwixt one aspirant

and his fellow; but always the end was the same. For Élise smiled on all alike, with a grave half-smile; and she looked at them as though she saw some one beyond them, and very far away. Yet in some way this never was called disdain, for there was nought of pride in it, but rather was there a sort of brooding mournfulness behind her smile which silenced even the most ardent and uproarious of wooers. At length she was left more to herself, and this pleased her better. She passed long hours in the woods, and by the bank of the river, and many, perhaps the happiest of all, with Père Germain. He taught her the Latin tongue, which they studied out from his Bible and from some rolls of parchment that he himself had laboriously lettered out when he was a novice. In such ways the hours flew.

Élise had another friend besides the priest, and this was a strange style of man indeed. His name was Gil. He had appeared suddenly from nowhere, when the Barres were

The Haymakers

still comparatively newcomers in Vassy, and had found few fellows. He presented himself to Nicholas one evening, and the two had strolled off for a long walk down the pasture-land, not returning until a long absence of more than two hours had caused Madame Barre much unease. Her husband finally came back alone, with a grim smile on his lips; and to her questioning he would answer nothing further

Chateau of Joinville

than that the man was a good Huguenot, and had come to help him till the farm.

Gil was no beauty; he was short and square of figure, with little of neck and a little bullet head from which the hair had long ago retreated, save for a few scattered tufts at odd places. Add to this the fact that he had but one eye, the other being kept darkly behind a shiny black patch, — and one may see that his appearance was at the mildest not ordinary. For a time Élise did not see him at all, until one day it chanced that she was met near home by one of the most persistent of the village lads. The boisterous wooing he essayed frightened Élise, and being startled she screamed a little musical scream. There came from the near-by hedge

a sudden rush of feet, and before the unfortunate wooer could collect himself or even turn his head he was struck by some small but overwhelming projectile which swept him off the road through the far hedge and into the ditch beyond. The projectile vanished as suddenly as he had come, and Élise, still somewhat startled but much more curious, pursued her homeward way.

"That was Gil," said her father, when she related the happening. "I have seen him following you when you have been out alone. In fact he told me he intended to do so."

Élise went to him at once.

"I thank you very much for taking care of me," she said.

Gil bobbed his head; he attempted no response; talking was not much in his way. But his one eye twinkled and glistened.

After that she caught sight of him often, especially when she went for walks at sundown; she could always see him then, behind trees or hedges, always a few hundred feet away, but near enough to hear her if she spoke. It was long before she could persuade him not to be afraid of her, and he never grew out of his silence; but in time they became such friends that he showed her the only possessions he had. One of these was a thin gold ring hung round his neck on a long and dirty ribband; and the other was an elaborate and ornate design of a caravel under full sail, tattooed upon his forearm. This last was a matter of perennial wonder to Élise, for Gil would merely roll up his sleeve to sit and regard the caravel, with his one eye glittering and snapping; but not a word could he be induced to say, though she asked him a thousand questions. What was the name of the ship? did he sail on her? how did the picture come to be on his arm? and much more to the same end. It was all wasted breath; and she never found out more than the tattooing showed her.

Nicholas Barre prospered in Vassy. From spring till late autumn he and Gil toiled in the fields; and on Sundays came the meetings in the barn in the fields. There had come to be about thirty Huguenots in regular attendance at the *prêches*, and they made a quiet and law-abiding congregation. Their leader was a sour-faced man named Barron; he was not a regularly appointed minister, but neither were they a regularly constituted gathering. Perhaps they lived in the more harmony on that account.

Once a year, when cold weather set in and work in the fields had to cease, Nicholas Barre went on a journey — a mysterious journey which kept him from home almost a fortnight. No one but his wife knew the secret of his errand, and even with her he never discussed it. But at the next meeting of their congregation, Nicholas would come forward and stand silent a long moment, — then:

"I have seen him; and the word is, 'Wait.'"

It might be thought that so orderly and peaceable a community might find space to breathe unmolested in the great land of France, no matter what their religion. It may be that if all the heretics had been of their pattern, the sweep of strife that ended so tremendously in conflict could have been diverted, or at least delayed, until the spirit of an iron age had been softened by passing years. The real leaders of the Protestants were men of heroic stuff, with fine fiber of mind and moral, — but the rank and file were much like their fellows the world over, Indeed, the indications are that these Huguenot bands were in the main a rough and rather lawless set, whose chief idea of fostering their new religion was to throw mud, and worse, at the Catholic church and all its supporters. They, too, were of their age and time.

So, though the Huguenots became the victims of countless outrages at the hands of their enemies, they were not

Meeting of Henry III and the Duc de Guise

without reprisals. Nor were the Catholics always the aggressors; it was, in short, the leaven of new light and life working in an old and wicked world.

At Joinville, in Champagne, close at hand, was the family seat of the great house of the Guises, and the home of the duc de Guise, present head of the house, and the most terrible enemy of the Huguenots. A great, black man,

LANDSCAPE IN FRANCE (*From a painting by Daubigny*)

with a great beard, was the duc de Guise, great in strength, and in courage, and in bigotry, — emphatically combining in his single person the thoughts and deeds of the transitionary epoch. In the autumn of 1561 an emissary of the duc's chanced near Vassy on some errand of his master's. He came and went within an hour; but hence he sped straight to the ear for which he now had welcome news.

"There is a gathering of heretics at Vassy," he reported.

"*Faisaient-ils toujours prêches?*" snapped the duc.

"They do, your Grace, hold regular meetings in a barn in the fields."

"When?"

"At sundown; there is to be a *prêche* to-morrow."

"I am minded to attend; see to it, you!"

At Vassy the morning fell crisp and clear, with a tang to the air. Father Germain held service in the Church as usual, but it was noticed that he was very feeble. When service was over, he sank down behind the altar and quietly fainted away. He was old, and there had come to be the far, fine light in his eye that shines from unknown shores.

"I am all right," he said, softly, as they lifted him up. "Carry me home; it is but a little way, for I am nearly there."

They carried him to his house, where he fell into a stupor from which he did not rouse until nearly sunset. Suddenly he awoke, as though listening, and lifted his hand with a swift movement.

"What is it, father?" said the woman who attended him.

"Come close," he motioned.

"Yes, father?"

"Send for her. For Élise. For the little girl — with — the violet eyes."

Eager feet hastened on his errand. The messengers met the Barre family just starting for the *prêche*. Their errand was swiftly told. Élise glanced in question at her parents, beseechingly.

"Go with him, child," said her mother.

"Ay, go," growled Nicholas, a strange softness in his voice.

They went on without her.

Straight to the old man's bedside went Élise. He opened his eyes when he heard her footstep, and at the look in his eyes the attendant, coarse peasant woman that she was, stole from the room as softly as she could and left the two together. "Mary Mother, it was as if he saw the

Heavens full of angels!" she whispered to those about her; outside the little room they listened with hushed breath.

Élise gathered the white old head to her heart.

"It is I, your Élise," she whispered.

From afar he smiled upon her.

"My little girl — with the violet eyes," he said faintly. "Yours and hers — hers and yours. — Come closer . . . the violets are very near . . . and very sweet. . . . "

His eyes closed, to open suddenly.

"Stay with me," he whispered, "do not leave me till night."

"No,—no, good father."

"Promise me this!"

"Dear father, I promise." Her lips were close to his ear.

Rural Life in France

His eyes closed again, and he gave a little sigh. She thought he was asleep. . . .

So knelt she there through the long beautiful sunset, her hand laid lightly in his, her golden head close to his silvery poll, knelt there oblivious of time or sight or sound.

Far down at the other end of the village Death was busy too. Not the fair, silent dignity of Death, but his harsh and terrible image. Inside the meeting-barn were gathered the scant twoscore of Huguenots, with Minister Barron plodding sturdily through his lengthy discourse.

Outside in the field, at the head of fifty men-at-arms and arquebusiers, mounted on a great black horse, magnificent in his silver barding, rode the duc de Guise.

The prosy periods of the worthy Barron were brought to a sudden halt by the crash of a pike-handle on the door. A soldier in full armor stood in the threshold. Nicholas Barre rose from his place near the door.

"What do you here?" he demanded.

"My master, the duc de Guise, orders this band of heretics to disperse!"

"We answer to a higher authority than the duc," came the instant answer from Nicholas Barre. He was the first to fall. At the word the soldiers streamed into the building and rushed pell-mell upon the hapless congregation. Men women, children, — none were spared. At the doorway stood the duc, spurring on the laggards. Such were the deeds of that day.

Up at the pulpit Minister Barron lifted his powerful voice to pray, and his words rang out even above the tumult. At last they reached him; and he too was silent.

One of the soldiers caught up the Bible on the point of his pike, and tossed it toward the door, where the duc picked it up.

"See," he said, "read me the title of this wicked heretic book."

"Your Grace, it is a copy of the Holy Scriptures," some one had the temerity to answer him. Whereat, being taken at a loss, the duc fell into a wilder fury than before. His exclamation is historic.

"Sblood! What mean you by the Holy Scriptures? Jesus Christ has been in his grave these fifteen hundred years, — and this book was published but a year ago. And you can call this the Gospel!"

This was the murderer of Huguenots in the year 1561; this man who now turned his horse about and rode cheerfully back, at the head of his troop of murderers, to dinner. Two hundred years before, two hundred after, and his life would tell another tale.

In the grey room in the little house at the other end of the village Father Germain lay still. Sunset had died reluctant in the West, and twilight was already dissolving into darkness. The women who waited outside grew bolder, and at length one of them opened the door softly. It was almost night.

Élise turned her head, raising herself slightly from the bedside.

A Farmyard Entrance

"Hush!" she whispered softly. "He is sleeping."

The woman came and touched the quiet hand, which lay relaxed and wrinkled on the counterpane. It was cold, so very cold. So she knew that this

sleep was of the sort that knows no earthly dreams. She touched Élise on the shoulder.

"I will watch," she said, "go you and rest."

Élise shook her head.

"He bade me wait till night."

"Then go, child. It is night — for him. . . . He is dead."

At last she understood, and her grief broke. Yet, when the woman returned after carrying the tidings to those without, she found Élise sitting straight on a square stool by the head of the bed.

"Bring candles," she said in a quiet voice. They marveled and obeyed.

The candles stabbed the dark with sudden points of fire. Outside the door could be heard the cries and weeping of the village, mourning its father. Inside the room this maid, scarcely more than a child, moved calmly and gave quiet orders. They placed the candles at the head and feet.

"Now leave me."

She sat alone with the silent figure on the bed; and on the doorstep the women waited with blanching cheeks. For now had come the more terrible news. Who was to tell her that the same hour had robbed her of every one in all her world? Yet she must be told. To them waiting came the murmur of new voices, awestruck and wondering voices, in the road.

A group of men, bearing torches, was approaching the door. Foremost in the group limped a square and tattered figure, clad, as they presently saw, in bloody garb. But he walked straight, for all his limp, and as he stopped at the doorstep, by the patch on his eye they recognized him. It was Gil.

To their many questions he answered not. But the friend who had him by the arm was more loquacious.

"The hole in his head would have killed a dragon," he averred. "But he is no mortal. We found him near the window, covered with wounds. As we would have carried him out, he sat up. And now behold him! Mother of Heaven, what does he now?"

For Gil freed himself from their hands and walked slowly into the house. Élise turned and saw him.

"Come," he said to her. She could only stare.

"You are to follow me. Your father said it, before he died. Your father is dead. Your mother is dead. He bade me take you to the father of us all. So come."

Never was she, in all her life thereafter, to see candles in the night that she did not remember, remember and see again the little, low-ceiled room, with the staring white walls, the long white figure on the bed, and the candles — candles flaring in the dark; and, as from afar, a strange gaunt, swaying form, and the one word, "Come!"

"Come?" she echoed. "Come — to whom?"

"To him. . . . To Coligny!"

THATCHED COTTAGES (*From an etching by Charles Jacques*)

CHAPTER III

THE LAST OF THE MEDICIS

THAT tree is possessed of the most enduring greatness which has the greatest roots. It would be as idle to begin the study of a tree at the point where its trunk leaves the earth, as not to study it at all. So, in the study of nations, would it be idle to commence at the point where they first emerge into the light of day. That nation is the greatest which has the greatest roots, the roots which reach nearest to the true heart of Nature.

CATHERINE DE MEDICI

Be then the greatness of America measured by its roots, which extend silently and hiddenly back toward not one but twenty wellsprings, lost in the dark beginnings of the old world.

It is not always so easy to trace roots. It must have been a great relief to genealogists to accept the pleasing story of Noah and the Ark. The Ark established a starting-point at which all paths began; no need to go back further, or to consider other sources. One either inherited from Noah, or from the dove or the elephant or the tiger, according to one's species,— or else one did n't inherit.

It is the purpose of this book to trace not one root, but merely one little part, one aspect of one root. It begins to spring from the early days of that period in France which is known as the Reformation. Had it not been for the Refor-

mation and the forces about it, opposing and contributing, America would be without that particular root. Whether she would be better or worse off is another question. But like all past things, the French Reformation was inevitable and its failure inevitable. But, *per aspera ad astra*— through failures we reach the stars.

Great movements produce great figures; indeed, every movement worthy the being takes on somewhat the aspect of its greatest mind; it may be said to be colored by personality. At the time of the Reformation, many figures stand forth clear, as by hesper light. It is not by the purest of these, alas, that the time is mirrored the most truly; for many of the purest fell at Saint Bartholomew's; not by Gaspar de Coligny, Sieur de Chatillon, Admiral of France, soldier, patriot, statesman, idealist, and martyr, — but by the veiled and sinister figure of a woman: Catherine de Medici.

Behind the arras of the years she sits, secret, subtle and malign, her eyes aware of the dissolution and decay that was her soul. Historians have found Catherine a favorite subject; she seems to have whetted imaginations in all times save her own. They have pictured her as the essence of evil of the world, as a she-Macchiavelli, intriguer, politician, sumptuary, and poisoner rolled into one.

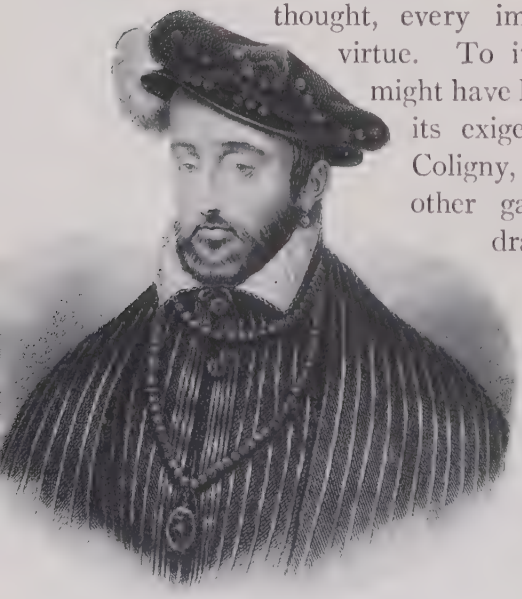
There is in these days a great deal of overturning of previously conceded facts, a great deal of whitewashing of dead villains, and of picking flaws in dead heroes. This may be a step in the right direction, or it may not; it does seem a bit

Chateau of Chenonceaux and the River Cher

confusing to be asked to find Nero lovable, after every one has agreed to execrate him for so many hundred years. Nobody has any desire to whitewash the memory of Catherine de Medici; but here again the study of roots will help to brush away the mystery that surrounds her; as the daughter of the Medici she is not so difficult to understand, — so let her be judged from that point of view, the product of her time and of the age immediately preceding.

Catherine was born in 1519, the first and sole fruit of the union between Lorenzo of Urbino, nephew to Pope Leo X, and Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne, of the French house of Bourbon, and a descendant of Geoffroi de Bouillon. On her father's side she was the great-grandniece to one of the most inspiring names in history, Lorenzo the Magnificent, him of Florence.

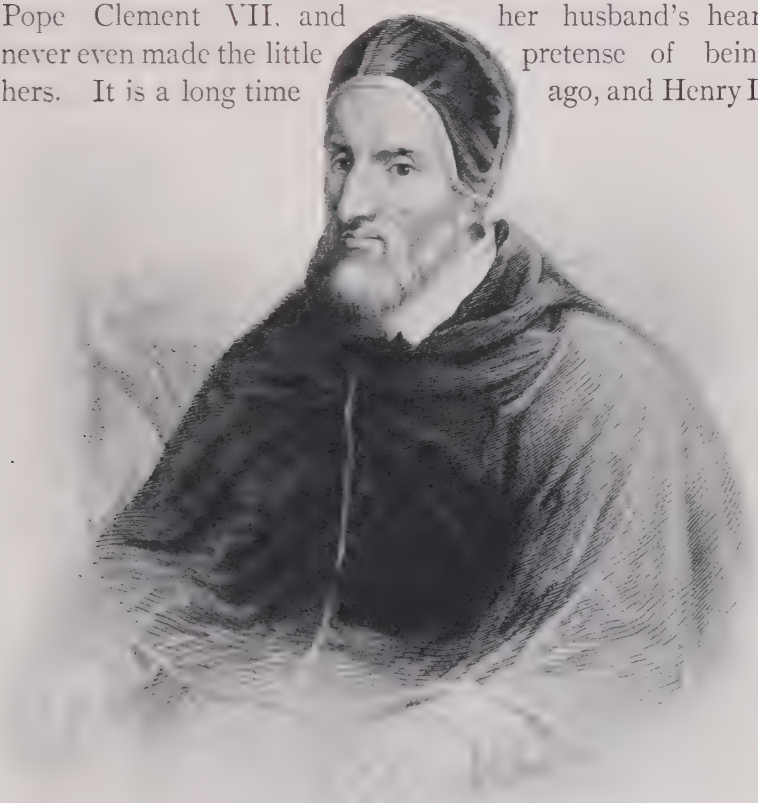
One need go no deeper than that fact alone to lay his finger on the very key-note of Catherine's character. The Italians have even a phrase for it, coined perhaps for her very use: "*il affetto di signoreggiare*," or translated, "the desire to reign." Other characteristics dwindle into nothingness by the side of this; to this desire she subordinated every thought, every impulse, every human failing or virtue. To it she sacrificed every thing she might have loved, might have enjoyed; before its exigent altar she slew Lignerolles, Coligny, and none knows how many other gallant gentlemen. It gradually drank up the soul of her, till at last she was little more than this desire incarnate. From it she drew an inexhaustible strength, a resistless vitality that needed no other sustenance.



Henry II of France

What a woman was this! moving easily and quietly amongst the intrigues of a great court, always suave, politic, and a woman of the world, presenting to flattery or affront the same impenetrable smile, her busy brain scheming and planning with all the craft of her Medicean soul; yet every word and every act inspired and animated by this terrible white light of desire that never flickered, never dimmed, and never died until she herself at last was through with living.

Catherine was married at the early age of 14 to the prince who shortly afterward became Henry II of France. The marriage was a part of the political schemes of her uncle, Pope Clement VII, and her husband's heart never even made the little pretense of being hers. It is a long time ago, and Henry II



Pope Clement VII

has been in his grave these 300 years; but surely the best thing about him was the love he bore to the woman not his wife, Diane de Poitiers. The chivalry and beauty of this dead passion is now all that remains; it would have ennobled a lesser man than he. So let him rest.

Catherine waited, with her great ambition brooding in her soul. The time passed slowly. Ten children were born to her; seven lived, whom she came to regard as no more than possible means to her one absorbing end. She married her daughter Elizabeth to the most tremendous prince in Europe, Philip of Spain. Everywhere, if her hands could reach or her craft avail, she spread her nets, waiting, waiting.

In 1559 her chance came through the death of Henry, which occurred at the royal joust held at the wedding of Elizabeth to Philip. The King met his death from a thrust in the eye from the lance of his opponent, and Catherine was prostrated with grief. But if her grief was real, which there is no reason to doubt, her vengeance was real as well. It was not directed toward her husband's unwitting slayer, but against Diane, and those who had sought to balk her pursuit of the great idea.

Diane de Poitiers

In 1560 she became Regent of France, ruling for her nine-year-old son, who at the same time became Charles IX. The play was on. Her star had risen.

At the moment of her rising to the Regency, she was confronted with a problem which a wiser head than hers might well have failed to solve. The Huguenots' star was rising, too, and now there were two great parties in France: these people of the new religion, led by a gentleman and a hero

who was Catherine's personal favorite, Gaspar de Coligny; and the Catholics, strong in their intrenched power, backed by the Pope, and by Philip of Spain, and in France by the dread house of Guise. Between the two hung Catherine, weighing, measuring, and guided, as always now, by her only lodestar.

HENRY II, KING OF FRANCE, 1547-59

Her choice at first leaned all toward the Huguenots, for there was Coligny whom she admired and trusted — rare for her — and there also was the prince de Condé, the only man perhaps in all her life who ever quickened the beating of her well-schooled pulse. Added to these considerations was her certainty that the Guises would prove too strong allies; with them she would be second, and she wanted to be first. But the Guises were too strong to be wantonly estranged, so she appears now as the diplomat, endeavoring to please both factions, fully satisfying neither, yet holding

her own, and gradually strengthening her position so that when forced to declare her partisanship, she would be ready. She encouraged Coligny's plan of the conference at Poissy, at which an effort was made to reconcile the two parties, and she postponed the issue as long as she could.

This, then, was the situation late in the year 1561, when a sturdy man with a patch over his eye came with Élise de Barre to Saint Germain, in search of Coligny. On the following day it was that the admiral, sure of his welcome, requested an audience with Catherine on a matter of importance.

He was ushered into her presence, to be hailed with joy by the little King. For the boy King had an almost feminine love for the grave soldier, and would, had Catherine permitted it, have been willing wax for Coligny to mold.

Catherine was seated in state, wearing her Regent's coronet, and very splendid attire for the rest, her robe being of purple velvet and ermine, and with all her love of jewels displayed at throat, hands, and bodice. Coligny knelt to kiss the hand of King and Regent, and bowed to the others present in the room, — maids of honor, and one minister of the court.

"Rise, admiral," said Catherine graciously; "we are ready to listen."

He rose and stood before her. Coligny was at this time about forty-five years of age, and of distinguished mien. His beard was streaked with grey, but his bearing was that of a soldier and a conqueror. His attire was the rich suit of his rank, — a doublet of scarlet velvet, embroidered with the golden lilies of France; on his shoulders hung a short Spanish cape, and round his neck was a golden chain bearing the cross of the Order of Saint Louis. At his thigh was a light sword.

"I come to your Majesty straight from a sight that I

pray I may never see again," he began quietly. "I am not minded to wring your hearts as mine was wrung, but I must speak a little of it, if I have your permission."

"You have."

"I found at my door to-day, weary from traveling and from fear, two persons, a man and a young girl. The man

COLIGNY'S INTERVIEW WITH CATHERINE DE MEDICI

was a stout and rather a surly rogue, with a sinister-looking patch over the right eye, a servant evidently; but the maiden was as beautiful as any at your court; beautiful even in her sorrow. For only three days ago there were reft from her all she loved in this world; three days since she had father and mother, and in the one hour were they taken from her. So that now she is alone, but for this serving-man, — alone and sunk so deeply in grief that one cannot look on her long."

"But how — were her parents killed, or lost, or — "

"Killed! They were murdered! Slain like dogs, with thirty other honest Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, by emissaries of — " He hesitated.

"Yes?"

"By soldiers of the duc de Guise!"

"Ah, they were Huguenots, then?"

"Yes, Huguenots. . . . Your Majesty, has this not gone far enough? Is this to cry to God forever?"

"It must not — yet what may we do? It is not wise to come to open rupture with the duc, as yet. It is not time. Yet you say truly that these be our people, and my subjects."

Catherine had risen, and stood looking thoughtfully out of the window. She wished to be cautious, to give the admiral no advantage that might work later to her detriment with the Guises.

"Admiral, your words are sad ones, — the sadder because I see no hope ahead. My hands are powerless now. But have not you some remedy? Have you not thought of some way to stop this — this shaking almost of the Throne?"

"Yes, I have." The reply came promptly, and Catherine drew back a step; she began to fear that, having said even so little, she had committed herself too much.

"Of course, we are glad to listen to your plan. God

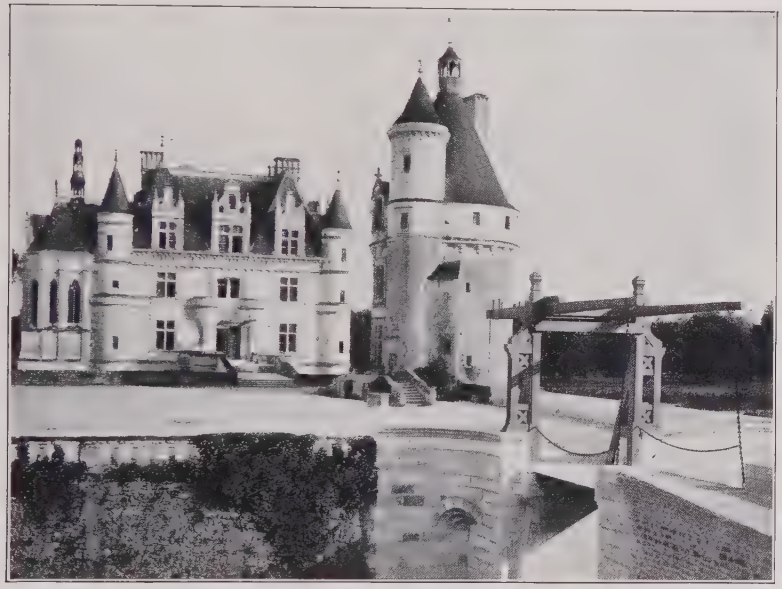
JACQUES CARTIER

grant we may find the means to put it into accomplishment; it or some other way to save a helpless people, without the last resort to arms!"

"My plan is a plan of peace."

"Then tell it us."

"My plan is one, not only of peace, but of honor, and of glory besides. For all glory belongs not to the soldier.



Chateau of Chenonceaux

Your Majesty," — he bowed, —"is not a soldier. . . . . Will your Majesty remember the discoveries of Verrazano, and again of Cartier, in the New World? It is there, in New France, in that new and wonderful country, that I desire to extend the power of your throne. It is my hope to found there colonies of patriots, loyal above all to the Throne, but loyal also to their religion, which there they will be free to hold. I wish your Majesty's signature to a charter for a colony for Huguenots in New France. That is my plan."

"But is it not a cold and terrible country? Cartier re-

ported nothing but ice and chilblains of his second voyage. More than that, is not that whole territory claimed by the Spanish Crown? Think you Philip will sit idle while we plant colonies on his soil, or what he deems his? Not he."

"It is true. But the lands he claims lie more to the southward. And in the end they belong to those who hold them. That is a part of my idea as well. I wish to hold this great new land for France; how better can that be done? Jacques Cartier sought to settle this vast country when he discovered the great gulf and the River of Saint Lawrence flowing into it. It would give your Majesty a new empire over seas. How better can the strife be averted between the Catholics and the Huguenots than by removing the one faction from the other? I have no wish to hasten your decision, nor should I have spoken so soon had it not been for the sight of a little maid, left alone in this great France that slew her father and her mother?"

The little King spoke.

"I am very grieved, my dear admiral," he said, quaintly, "at what you have told us of the little maid. My mother, may he not have all the lands he wants, to put his colonies on?"

"It cannot be so easily decided." Yet as she pondered it, the objections to the plan seemed fewer and fewer, the advantages increased. Coligny, standing quietly before her, knew that his cause was won. Still, she temporized, weighing both sides in her cautious brain. In the end he left with her promise.

When he reached home he sent at once for Gil.

"You were familiar with our hopes, your master's and mine, for the colony in the new world?"

Gil nodded. He had been betrayed into conversation once before during that day, and he had no intention of repeating his weakness.

Dieppe

"Then you may know now that it is settled. I have her Majesty's promise; to-morrow I shall have the signed charter. We can begin. The money will be forthcoming, I have no fear of that; and I have set my heart on the man who must lead. It is Jean Ribaut, of Dieppe."

He paused, for Gil's one eye was flashing at him, Gil's hand trembling.

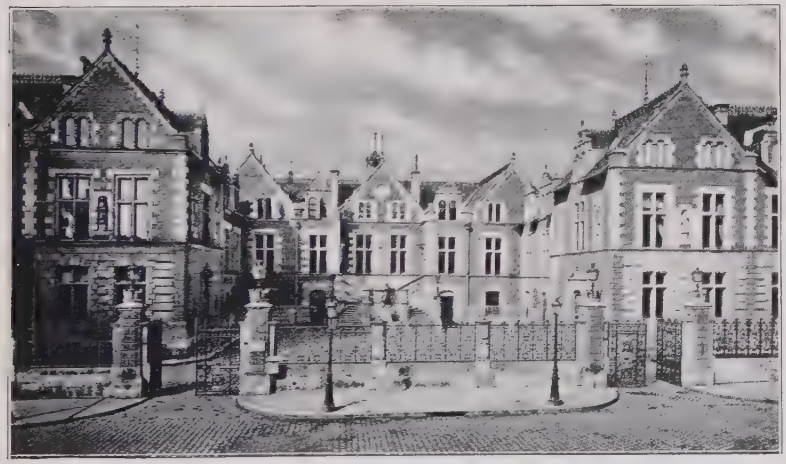
"Ribaut! Of Dieppe?" he cried.

"Yes, a sturdy captain, a wise seaman, and a great leader of men. Do you know ought of him?

For once Gil's speech bubbled to his lips, taking him at disadvantage and tripping heavily over his slow tongue.

"I sailed — with him. He — Can you care for mademoiselle? I must sail with my master. I must go with him."

"Indeed I think that the wisest thing for all of us, my friend. Élise could not go upon this first essay, in any case. Go you with your old master, and see if the New World be the place for her. She will be safe where I will send her. And she will need a protector more in the new land than she does now, it may be."



Residence of Charles IX and Catherine de Medici at Orleans, now the City Hall

Cartier's Arrival in America

Gil nodded, a grim look of content settling down on his stolid face.

"Go now and fetch your little mistress; she too must hear our news."

Gil returned with a slender young girl, robed dimly in grey, in a sort of funereal mist, through which the redness of her lips flashed with a sudden radiance, almost incongruous. She was silent, and acknowledged Coligny's greeting with a sad little courtsey.

"Come to me, my child," he said gently. "Do you know that your father had asked me to watch over a certain little girl when she was only as long as my hand? He was thinking of you always, planning for you, trying to ward off the evil winds of the world. Do you not think it is something to have that knowledge?"

He left her no need to answer, but went quietly on: "I have thought the last few hours, thinking it over, that he must have expected this end, for he spoke of it when last he

came to find me. He asked me then, and with anxious insistence, to take charge of you. I hope you will be able to want to have me do so."

"I do, sir. I am much alone — I trust in you because I know he did."

"Then let me talk to you this once, talk it all out, and we need never go back to it any more. For I believe in living forward, not in cloaking the present, still less the future, in discarded garments of the past. You are to live in the world, and work in the world, and most of it lies ahead of you still. You must not be sad, my dear, for you were never meant to be. Eternity is a long thing, and every one we love cannot be in the same part of it all the time."

"I will try not to be,— but I have only Gil — and you!"

"Gil, and I, and your father and mother, and the others in the little church were, as you know, of the new faith. We are Protestants, followers of Calvin and of Luther. Because we wish to leave the iron fold of the Catholic Church, that

CARTIER'S INTERVIEW WITH THE INDIANS AT HOCHELAGA, NOW MONTREAL

Church wishes us little good. She attempted first to hold us with fetters and penances; now she attempts to destroy us with fire and sword. But that is not to be. We are all children and subjects to the Throne of France; and France will protect her children. To-morrow there will be delivered into my hand the charter for a Protestant colony in America, where those of our faith may go, carrying learning and belief to the new land, and finding there a place to think and believe as we will."

"Is it your will that I go thither, sir?"

"Not yet. It is a wild venture, this first one, and danger hedges it all too thick. You cannot go yet. Later you shall, when Gil has come back to tell me that all is safe. In the meanwhile, you are to go to a beautiful little old lady in a beautiful old house by one of the fairest seas in the world. There you will be safe; there you can grow the roses again in these cheeks that need them now."

"Where is it, this old house by the sea?"

"At Beaucarre, in the south, on the shore of the Mediterranean. There they have long summers, and swift, bright winters; and there will be things to do and things to learn. The time will pass, — and old Marie Martonne will put a heart of gladness in lonelier hearts than yours."

"Is she the white-haired lady of whom you spoke?"

"White of hair and white of heart and soul, though she is not of our belief."

"A Catholic?"

"Marie does not hold overmuch by any Church. She believes in gentleness and charity, and she hates cruelty and intolerance. Would you have been unwilling to go had she been a Catholic?"

"No. The dearest friend I had was of the Catholic Church." She stopped, catching her breath, and Coligny again covered her distress by speaking on cheerfully of the

place to which he would send her, and of the blue waters of the sea that washed its shores.

"Beaucarre is the site of Christoval's Vision, a famous relic of the Catholic faith, to which many pilgrimages are made. You will see many pilgrims come and go, but they will not molest you. Yet I think you would do well not to say to any one that you are of the Protestants. Marie, herself, as I tell you, goes never to church, and you will have to worship at home as well. The danger with her to guard you, known and loved as she is for leagues around, would be small, even were it known that you are one of the 'dreaded heretics'; but it is wise to stay on the prudent side. So remember, my child, you are to be merely Marie's handmaiden, and no Huguenot — until your new home in America is ready for you. . . . And now you must say farewell to Gil, for he is chafing already to get back to his old master, Sieur Jean Ribaut."

"Are you going — now — Gil?"

A nod answered.

"Gil will be back to tell us when the hour is ripe. There is danger attending this planting of a colony in a strange country; Gil goes to make a nest in your new home ready to receive you."

She bade good bye to Gil steadily, and watched him out the door with dry eyes, though he was the last thing left to her of all the persons that her childhood had known. A few days later, under a safe convoy, she traveled southward to Beaucarre, through the bright sunlight of the bright land. When at the last she was folded in the plump arms of old Marie, then for the first time she wept.

In the small white room beneath the eaves she lay that night, and heard the winds singing softly over the fields, and the far, faint voice of the sea. With a sigh of peace the waking world grew dim; she fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS STRANGE SEAS

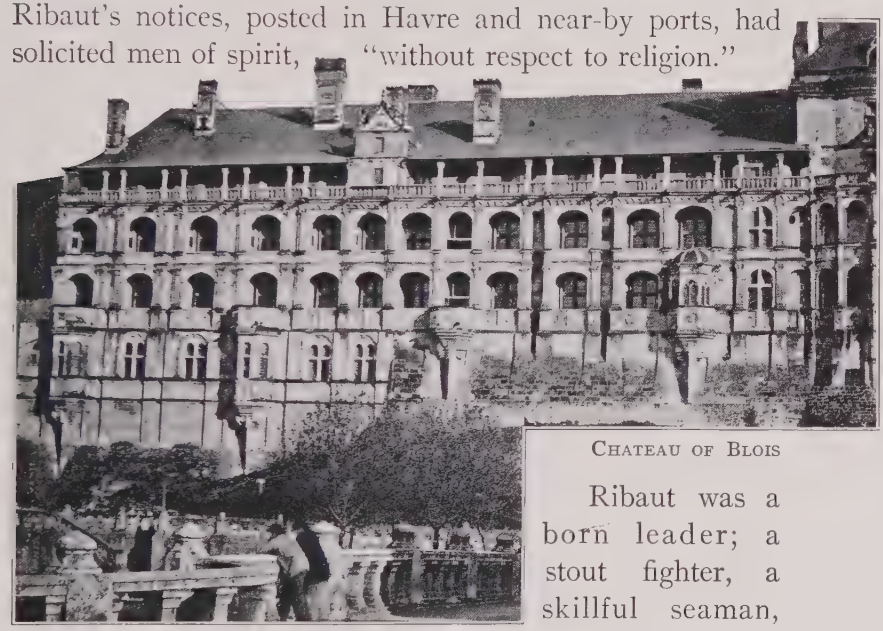
ON February 18, 1562, there sailed from the port of Havre a fleet of three small vessels, under the leadership of Jean Ribaut. Strange vessels were they, too, these short, tub-like craft; there were two Dutch three-

THE PORT OF HAVRE (*From a drawing by J. M. W. Turner*)

masters, one of one hundred and the other of sixty tons, — and a large sloop. There were also two small shallops, which were for landing or boarding purposes merely, and which were carried on the larger vessels. Frail things these in which to tempt the unknown Atlantic.

But they were manned by seamen who, though few in number, were hardly behind their leader in spirit and in skill. One hundred and fifty men in all had Captain Ribaut,

and half of them were arquebusiers, for the most part old soldiers; there were in addition to these several gentlemen of fortune, one Englishman, and a Calvinist preacher. For nearly all of this ship's company were Protestants, though Ribaut's notices, posted in Havre and near-by ports, had solicited men of spirit, "without respect to religion."



Chateau of Blois

Ribaut was a born leader; a stout fighter, a skillful seaman, a bluff but wary diplomat, and a devout religionary. There has come down to us the opinion of one of his lieutenants that he was perhaps "overfond and overfain to devices of his own brain, which sometimes he imprinted there so deeply that no one could get them out"; but this is not an ill thing in a commander, and he was without doubt the figure and soul of a leader and a man. And Gil, happy once more in the shadow of his idol, never left sight of him when he could help it. He had been accepted as his master's bodyguard and servant, and his one eye roved more craftily and vigilantly than ever.

In order to evade any possibility of conflict with a Spanish fleet, the three vessels adopted a new and unusual course,

for the captain desired to conceal as long as possible from the Spaniards the destination for which he was bound. He therefore bore more to the northward, avoiding the Canaries and the Azores, and heading bluntly across the course of the Gulf Stream. Soon after their embarkation they were met by storms, those prevalent near the time of the spring equinox; but their Portuguese pilot brought them safely through, much battered and delayed, but strong and sound. On the last day of April, ten weeks after leaving Havre, the little fleet came to anchor off a headland at the extreme north of Florida. There did not seem to be any suitable place to land, however, so Ribaut decided to beat northward along the shore; all that day they sailed slowly before the wind, almost in full sight of the verdurous country which opened so invitingly to their eyes; and all that night they held on their northward way.

Over the sea on May-day rose the sun, and found them at the entrance to a mighty river, which now is known as Saint John's, but which Ribaut, offering thanks to the Power which had guided him safely across the seas, christened the River of May. The anchors shot swirling into the transparent waters, the shallops were lowered, and in a twinkling the sea-worn and sea-weary men were pulling with a will for the sandy and welcome beach which lay stretched out before them.

At last they stood on the shore, and stretched their cramped limbs in delight as they looked about them; this was indeed the land of their dreams, a New France worthy in every way of the old one which men call "*la belle*." The trees, thick with foliage, came down almost to the water's edge, and the sight of the wanderers was dazed by the myriad of brilliantly colored flowers and leaves. The great, live oaks were hung with moss, and draped with vines, twisted and

Chateau of Chaumont, One Mile from Blois, Owned Successively by Catherine de Medici and Diane de Poitiers

clinging to their trunks; in a word, the full beauty of a tropical forest shone there around them in the bright May sunshine.

Again they stood or knelt in silence while their minister offered a formal prayer of thanksgiving to God. Waiting silent in the forests, the natural owners and denizens of this paradise observed the strangers with gravity. The chief of the Indians, a large man and one of unusual soberness and dignity, was attired in his full war regalia, his entire body being painted in the most elaborate fashion. When the Frenchmen ceased their worship and began to stray a little way into the woods and explore, the chief came forward to Ribaut, followed by his leading braves, and by squaws and children bearing boughs, and gifts of coral and shells. They walked calmly up to Ribaut and by gestures bade him welcome, being still so unused to the ways of white men that they were unacquainted with that distrust which later they were so bitterly to learn.

So the chief offered his gifts, which were received with cordiality by the Frenchmen, Ribaut in his turn presenting his Indian majesty with a royal blue robe, bearing the signet of the throne of France; whereat the chief was highly pleased and made a long oration, not one word of which, of course, was intelligible to the hearers. But the intent and the welcome were obvious, and the travelers were more delighted than ever with the sunny and friendly land they had come so far to find. On the south bank of the River of May Ribaut determined to erect a stone which should bear witness to his discovery. Such a stone had already, forethoughtfully, been prepared, leaving open the space for the name and the date, but "taking possession of this land in the name of his Gracious Majesty the King of France." To this was added the date and Ribaut's own name, and the stone, after considerable ceremony,

was deeply planted in the earth near the roots of a huge tree.

The soldiers were now in free conversation, by sign language, with the Indians, and were bending their energies to finding some clew to the great treasure land of Cibola, which they, in their naïve and sanguine belief in the wealth of this virgin country, expected to find at almost any moment. Guided by their desires, they construed the Indians' signs to indicate that this wonderful city of gold and diamonds was located only twenty days' journey to the west. They questioned their informants more closely, and learned that the River of May turned shortly to the southward, or in other words, in the wrong direction for Cibola. They were therefore more than ready to sail in search of the true waterway to their Eldorado, when Ribaut announced that the time for embarkation had come. Ribaut and his lieutenants did their best to discourage the treasure-hunters, for the object of the expedition was of course primarily to plant a colony; it was to this end that he now turned their prows again northward along the coast.

The weather continued delightful, and theirs was an enchanted voyage along this spring-like coast with the bright May sunshine around them, and the clear blue waters beneath, wherein they could see the brilliantly colored fish darting to and fro. In the next fortnight they passed the mouths of a large number of small streams and several rivers of no mean width. To these Ribaut gave names of rivers in France, Loire, Seine, Garonne, and so on; and at every one there were those who wished to sail up, feeling sure that here at last was the passage to Cibola. But on learning that most of these rivers were too shallow even for their small ships, they became less sanguine, and at length ceased to dream of streets of gold, and followed Ribaut in his explorations with free minds.

At length, after a month's slow sailing, they came to a river of noble size, almost three miles in width at the outlet. This is now known as the Broad River, but Ribaut speaks of it as the River Jordan. Up this great stream they sailed almost three leagues, coming to anchor about nightfall. Early in the morning all were abroad, and leaving only a few sailors on board to guard the vessels, the explorers rowed eagerly ashore. The Indians here,

Near the Site of Ribaut's Colony

more timid than their fellows in the south, fled at the sight of the boats, and Ribaut had much ado to lure them out of the dense forest into whose depths they retreated. He finally accomplished it, however, by aid of colored glass and trinkets, and in the end was able to persuade two of the braves to come on board his ship. His idea was to take them back to France with him, but the guests took

their detention so deeply to heart that Ribaut, more humane than many a later explorer, sent them back to their tribe with gifts, none the worse for their little sojourn on the water.

During the days that followed, the Frenchmen made many exploring trips in the vicinity; the land seemed ideal, with its tropical vegetation and its clear air, and Ribaut reached the decision that here was the spot to launch his colony. The men, still enraptured with joy of spring, were only too willing to help hold the New France for their young King; so much so, indeed, that when their leader called for volunteers, nearly the whole company responded. Only about thirty, however, were chosen, under the headship of Albert de Pierria, and all hands promptly commenced the construction of a fort on the little island in the mouth of the river. This fort was called Charlesfort, in honor of the little King, and was equipped with eight small cannon from the ships, and with a considerable store of provisions.

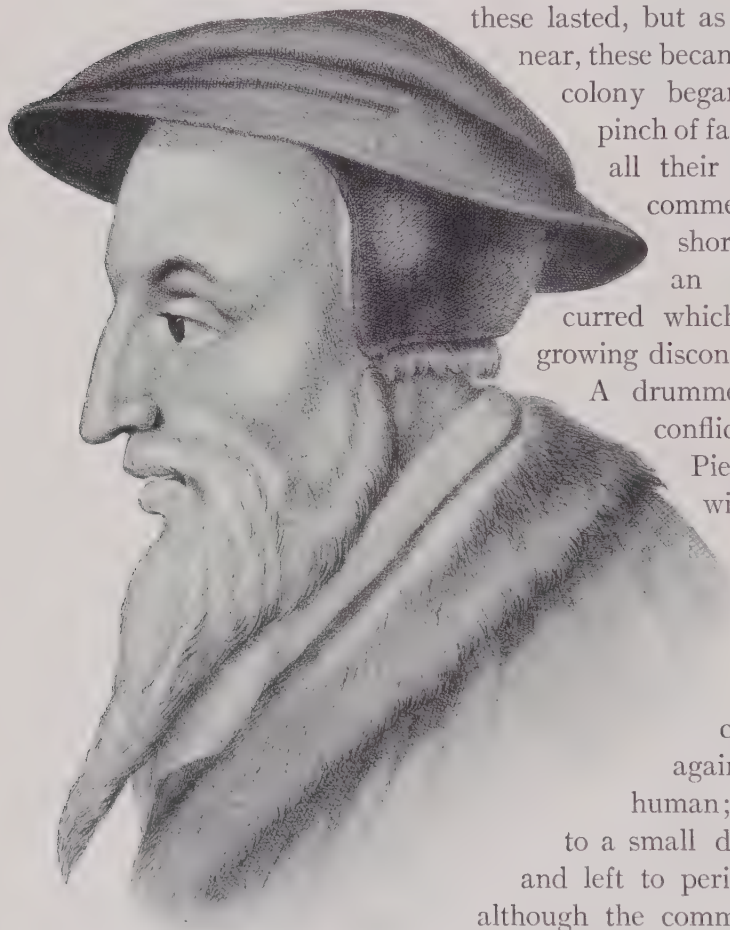
Gil was among those chosen to remain; he was loath to leave his master, but his was now a divided duty, and Ribaut directed him to stay, according to Coligny's wish, and make ready this new haven for those who were to follow. So Gil mournfully obeyed, and when the fort was completed, he with his few companions watched Ribaut's ships sail out of the river, and go slowly forth to sea. In an hour their white sails were lost to view. The colony was left alone on the continent.

Ribaut shaped his course direct for home, and after a quiet passage of less than six weeks, he arrived safely on July 20. He had to show for his voyage only a little silver which a sailor had "rescued" from the Indians, a few dozen small pearls, and a deerskin or two; not a very imposing exhibit, but as it chanced it could just as well have been more meagre still, for the promoters of the ex-

pedition were now engrossed with nearer matters. Luther had been dead since 1546, but the seeds of revolt against the Papacy he had sown remained to do their work. In Spain, as in other countries, his followers sprang up, but they were plucked out of the kingdom almost before they took root; of all the great powers Spain was the least affected by religious changes. In France, on the other hand, where John Calvin had systematized the doctrines of the new faith and organized its ecclesiastical discipline, its ideas came to fruitage. So many circumstances favored the religious revolution that for a time neither side felt fully assured of victory. But, becoming alarmed at the growing power of the Huguenot party, Catherine had finally thrown her influence over to the Guises. War had broken forth in many places at once between the Catholic and Huguenot factions, and Coligny was absorbed in the actual and more dangerous intrigues of the court warfare. In this warfare Ribaut, too, soon became involved, and so it happened that the colony at Charlesfort was even more alone than it knew.

When Ribaut's ships were sunk below the horizon, the little band started bravely to work completing their fort, and laying in a stock of provisions and firewood; this latter they were compelled to cut and dry before it could be used, and the former they obtained by barter, and perhaps by sterner measures, from the Indians. But when this was done, and there was no longer the necessity for constant labor, discontent began to arise. There were those now who desired again to go in search of Cibola, while some held that the Indians were holding secreted large treasures of gold and silver, which could be had by a little aggression. Many of the colonists were men who had never worked with their hands, and nothing was further from their ideas than to do so now; they rested secure in the expected re-

turn of Ribaut with provisions and more colonists, and did little but some desultory exercise at arms. The Indians were willing to share their supplies of maize, as long as these lasted, but as autumn drew near, these became low, and the colony began to feel the pinch of famine. At this all their tempers, too, commenced to grow short, and at last an incident occurred which brought the growing discontent to a head. A drummer came into conflict with De Pierria, who forthwith had him hanged, without debate or trial. A soldier named Lachére protested against this as inhuman; he was taken to a small deserted island, and left to perish of hunger, although the commandant promised to keep him supplied with food. Whereupon the colony, fearing for its own safety from the violence of their leader, rose against him as one man, and slew him.



John Calvin

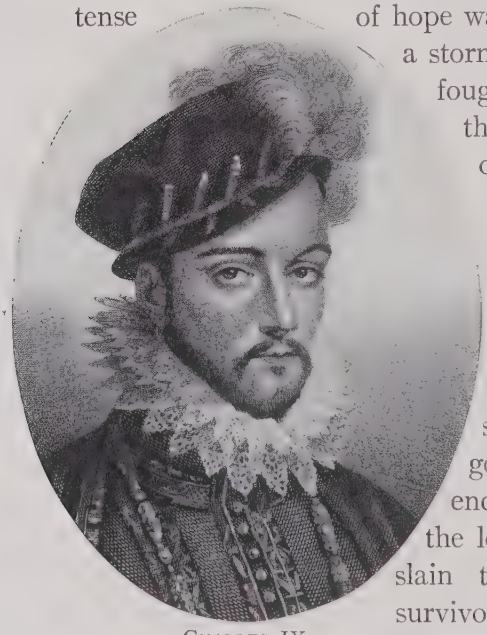
A little abashed by their own retribution, they hastily rescued Lachére from his island and looked about them

for another leader. After much discussion, their choice fell upon the silent Gil, or Gil Barre, as he now called himself. He made no comment on being advised of their choice, but his very silence, coming after the loud violence and protestations of his predecessor, soothed the troubled waters. Gil moved into the captain's hut, took hold of matters with an efficient hand, and soon brought order out of chaos. But the summer was nearly over, the Indians, their own stores of provisions nearly exhausted, grew less and less friendly, and the chance of Ribaut's return seemed every day more unlikely.

So at length it was determined to wait no longer; they must abandon the colony, — but how? They had no ship, only a small skiff. But they were not to be daunted by that. Under Gil's skillful direction, they hewed down trees, and by the aid of the forge which had been left them, they began the construction of a makeshift vessel of some twenty tons. She was a sad craft at best, her seams caulked with moss and pitch, her ropes made largely from vines and tough creepers, and her sails built crazily of their shirts and bedding. But anything, even voyaging on such a crazy bark, was preferable to remaining any longer in the wilderness, so stocking their larder as best they might, they turned their backs unceremoniously upon Charlesfort, and set forth on their terrible cruise across the unfriendly ocean. They had not even a compass, but Gil was a sailor of points, and he kept them headed straight for France. He might indeed, forlorn hope as it was, have landed them there in safety, had it not been for the calms which now ensued; these lasted nearly a month, during which the ship traveled barely a score of miles. Provisions, never too full, now grew scarcer; starvation glowered in the offing. Matters were as bad as they could well be; their rations were cut down to twelve

poor grains of corn a day; the water was nearly exhausted; and to add to their danger and discomfort the vessel gradually opened her seams. They were now forced to keep bailing continually to prevent their vessel being swamped by the sea, and this was almost more than they in their enfeebled state could endure.

The water finally gave out altogether; the poor pretense of hope was gone. In their extremity a storm arose, and for a time they fought manfully for their lives; then lethargy ensued, and only the return of calm saved them. On the third day after water had been exhausted, they drew lots on the deck, a terrible sight, — and Lachére, who had been preserved from starving once only to undergo this more frightful experience, was the one on whom the lot fell, and he was promptly slain to provide food for the survivors.



CHARLES IX

But relief was at hand, and on the day following the sacrifice of Lachére, land was sighted far to the eastward. All on board were now so weak that seamanship was at an end, and the vessel went drifting hopelessly before the wind. Gil, who had denied himself food that his men might be fed, was out of his head, but he refused to quit the helm, and steered crazily hither and thither, with no one to say him nay.

Here, in the very sight of the France they had suffered so to reach, they drifted helplessly about on the face of the

waters, singing, laughing, or shouting strange oaths. They might, indeed, have been blown again out to sea had it not been for the opportune appearance of an English vessel. The crew of the newcomer scanned the erratic movements of the wretched little bark with amazement, thinking at first that it must be a derelict, so weird and wonderful were its tacks and runnings with the wind; but the Englishmen finally drew near enough to get some inkling of the true state of affairs, and two boats of them put off for the helpless stranger.

Along the Saint John's River

As they crawled over her side they were confronted by what seemed the maniac crew of a *Flying Dutchman*; there were among the Frenchmen none with enough strength left in their legs to bear the weight of their bodies, shrunken as they were to emaciation. The English captain transported the whole company aboard his own ship, and left the wreck to its own devices. Some of the more wretched sailors he put ashore at once for the peasants along the shore to care for. Gil, who was now in a stupor from starvation, was one of those thus landed; but most of the

French were borne to England as prisoners, England and France being then engaged in hostilities around Calais. Gil, after being revived by cautious nursing, soon recovered his strength, and in a very few weeks had sought out Ribaut, and so was again content.

Thus ended, disastrously, the first attempt of the Huguenots to found a colony on the shores of New France. It was an ill-advised endeavor, and could have looked for no better end. And in the next two years, during which no other attempts were made, even the stones which Ribaut had planted with such ceremony were removed, either by the Indians, or, as the Spaniards say, by the expedition which Philip sent forth to "remove all signs of the hated heretics from the New World."

CHAPTER V

FRANCIS AT VALLADOLID

FRAY SIMON, of the great monastery of Valladolid, was walking peacefully in the garden. He was clad in the somber suit of his order, the dull snuff-colored robe and the rude sandals which formed his unvarying garb. From under his hood his clear grey eyes looked out with a serene and candid gaze. Fray Simon had of his own will renounced honors for which many a man struggled all his life, and hence had come to the wisdom and the peace which arrive only for him who follows his star surely and simply. The heritor of a great name and of a vast fortune and estate, he had bestowed all things earthly on his Church, to which from the time of that giving he had also given the heart and brain of him. He who had been at home in a palace, now strolled peacefully and happily behind the bleak grey walls of a monastery. In his dingy vesture nothing now of the courtier, the exquisite, which he in his youth had been; nor was there indeed anything left of the man that once he was, saving only a tiny cross, blazing with a most luminous jewel, which hung

PRINCE OF CONDÉ

to his rosary. This never left him, for it was the token of his master, for whom all thoughts and all hopes of his brain were spun, — King Philip of Spain.

Did the monk sometimes have thoughts of wilder and more splendid days? Days when the sword was king, and the world hung a shield for his lance? It may be, yet no one could have said that this was so; he had merely exchanged one field of activity for another. The spears he splintered now were of states and kingdoms; now he dealt with the hearts and souls of men, where once his steel moved bodies only. His was now the larger stage, in fact the most magnificent stage of any, — the theater of the world. Where once he had fought for glove or glory, now he strove for the victory of an idea, for the championship of his ideals, the honor of his Church.

With him in the garden walked now a young man, whose buoyant step and alert, athletic figure showed him to be in the prime of youth and vigor. It was almost two years since Francis Estévan had sailed away from Cuba, to face the world, and it seemed that he had found the world good. He had a cool bearing, and a keen, clear hazel eye; his hair was black and straight; his nose large, and his chin a little underhung, but firm. A pretty good sort, this son of his father; and Fray Simon's eyes rested on him with a tenderness he did not care to veil.

Fray Simon was speaking quietly, steadily, as they paced slowly to and fro, and the younger man listened with alert attention.

"His Majesty has little fear that the right will triumph in the end; I know that his latest reports from Señor Chantone at Catherine's court have been very encouraging. Indeed were it not for one man the Church would soon quench this flame of heresy which burns so fiercely. Ah, what a pity it is that a man like Gaspar Coligny should have

been so blinded! He is a strong man, and I believe an honest one; it would be a work of glory to rend away the veil that hides his eyes from the light. — but he is too obstinate for that: heretic he is, and heretic he will remain, and a menace and an obstacle."

"Is he alone the menace?"

"Alone; Condé too leans strongly toward this new madness, but he is only a soldier, or at least a soldier first.

LUTHER, MELANCHTHON, POMERANUS, AND CRUCIGER

Without Coligny the whole fabric would be dissipated into thin air, the entire Protestant tower would tumble to the ground. Ah, what a rain would there needs be to clean the earth of the stain!"

"How can it be that such blindness, such wickedness exists? Has the Church itself done some grave wrong, for which this is the scourge?"

"I am not of those who hold the Church impeccable, who think that from a thing so holy no wrong can come; for the men who serve her are, alas, only mortals after all, and

mortals err. The Church cannot err from its heart, but its ministers, sometimes even those who love it the most jealously, cannot always do wisdom. It may readily be that this plague of heresy comes as a message for our sins, to bid us search the utter corners of our house. Or it may be that it is an inscrutable test, to knit more firmly together the fabric of our faith."

"But what of the heretics themselves?"

"Yes, there is indeed the hand of God. For there is no doubt but that these miserable souls have in some way become so devoted to wickedness that only this cure, so much more terrible than death, would suffice. The Mother Church has tried to fight fire with fire, yet does the liquid evil flow through the land."

"But not here; not in Spain."

"Nay; it is the sign of her high election. It is in France and in Allemania that the evil grows, feeding on famine. The day is not far, however, when the heretics will be scattered to the great winds of heaven; nor in France nor in any land will ye be able to say where they have been. Coligny is a wise man; two years ago or more he saw that France one day would come back to holy paths, and he schemed to found a haven to which his followers might go to escape the avenging hand. This haven he endeavored to plant on land found and held by the Spanish throne, the land of Florida in New Spain. So, starting with a theft, the colony withered overnight, so that no man now can say even on what soil it stood."

"A fitting end; but will he not try again?"

"Yes; there is rumor now that another expedition is to be sent out, as soon as the funds can be obtained. The Regent Catherine has a place for all the gold she can find, and Condé himself has little to spend in sending forlorn hopes to the New World. But Coligny is indomitable, and doubtless he will arrange the thing in the end."

"But will his Majesty sit calmly on and watch them steal our land?"

"He will not move before there is need. God himself destroyed their first colony; He may also overwhelm their second. Yet if He does not, then you may be assured that our King will keep what is his own. His Majesty is aware of every move on the chessboard; he never sleeps."

"Father, how feel you, you yourself, toward these heretics? Do you hate them as I heard Brother Bartholomew swear he did this morning?"

"No, hatred is evil; the devil hates what is good. These Huguenots are not to be hated, but pitied. If we can but save one, whatever the cost, great worth has the deed. It is not easy not to hate them for the wickedness they do, — altars stripped, sanctuaries profaned; everything outraged which is of the old and established honor and faith. It is easy to hate them; but it is not right. They are evils to be borne while they must, then to be cast out. And may that day be near!"

"Surely it cannot be far?"

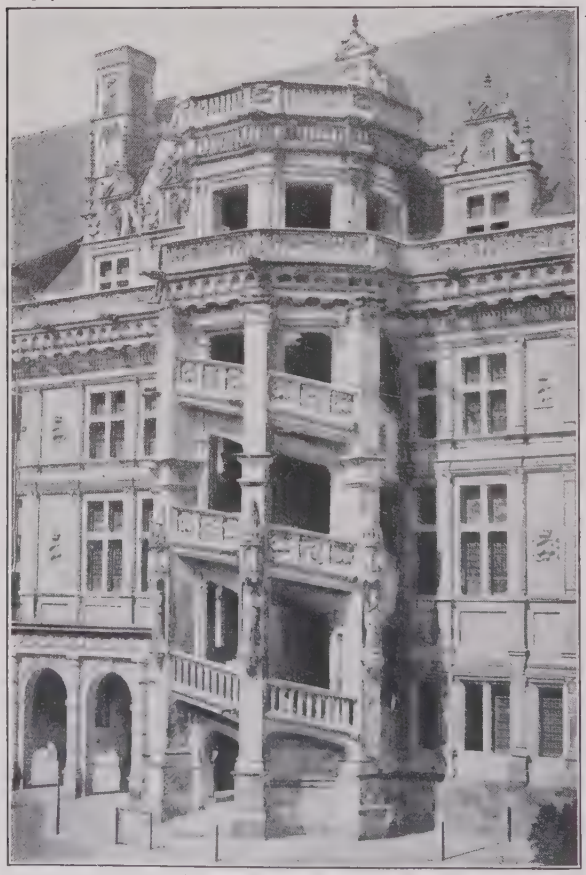
"Daily it grows nearer. When the hour is at hand, we shall know it. In France now great forces are working, silently, secretly, down beneath all the strife and open warfare which besets the land. The woof is a long time in the weaving, but it will be perfect at the last. And you, man Francis, how feel you toward these rebels? You do not hate them as does Brother Bartholomew? I should be sorry if that were so?"

"You, father, have taught me to hate nobody. I think I am a little afraid of them, as one is afraid of the insane, or a poisonous snake, or anything which seems possessed of an evil which cannot be understood."

"It is well. Hatred is bitter to the taste; but soon there will be no more need to hate or to fear, for they will have

vanished as yonder sun now vanishes behind the hills. . . . It grows dusk, and we must be inside. To-night we go forward with the chronicle of Saint Sebastian. Are you ready? Then, let us go."

They had been happy and busy years, these two which Francis Estévan had spent with Fray Simon in the old, quiet monastery, on the sunlit side of the long hill. When he had come to Valladolid he was little more than a youth, for he had never felt, other than dimly and half uncomprehendingly, the beat of real life in his veins. His master taught him with an assiduity more than repaid by the delight Francis took in the learning. Together they had read over the old Latin chronicles, spelling out the quaint letters, and making copies of rare passages for the archives of the monastery. They had read, too, of the secular writers, and of the poets, even of the



Famous Royal Staircase of the Chateau of Blois

livelier ones, for Fray Simon was no prude, and he believed in attaining virtue by knowledge, not avoiding evil by ignorance.

They were wont to spend an hour or two each evening, working together, there in the dusky old library, by the wavering light of flambeaux in the iron sockets on the walls. The older man would frequently read aloud to the young one from the classics, ringing out the brave periods with his rich voice, till at length Francis loved his favorite passages as much as the reader himself. He came to know whole pages from Marcus Aurelius, and the learned Erasmus, and he studied the saints from the same sources as Vasari. Greek too, his taskmaster set him to attempt, and he made copies of many of the old and immortal tragedies, of Œdipus Rex, and the Choëphoræ, which he lettered carefully and painstakingly out by hand in clear black-letter on durable parchment. These, too, found place in the library, but meanwhile Francis was learning not only Greek, but life and human nature. Fray Simon said little, but he watched him with his keen eye; for this boy was to do great things; he was to be worthy of the world in which he was to move.

All his time, however, was not spent over his books and missals, for his master had an eye to the body as well as to the soul and the mind. Daily he exercised with sword and lance. A Spanish gentleman whose leg had been crippled by a fall from his horse, but whose mastery of the sword-play was second to none, worked for an hour every day with the lad, putting flexibility and skill into his wrist and forearm. Señor Carvalho was a slender, drooping-eyed little man who talked with a lisp, and purred the final syllables of his words as though he was afraid to let them finally go. When they engaged he would stand perfectly still, leaning his withered leg against a cushioned stool, and Francis, who was of course free and swift on his feet to attack or retreat, tried in vain

to break through the impregnable defense of rapier which confronted him.

His sword, one of the most wonderful pieces of the work of Sahagun the elder, was the object almost of veneration to Señor Carvalho. He was never tired of lifting it, testing it, watching the beautiful play of light along its length. One day he proposed to Francis that they make a little journey to the near-by town, Sahagun, which had taken its name from the great swordmaker. Fray Simon readily accorded his assent, and they set forth, visiting the small hut where the great man was born, and the great workshop which was made for him after his blades had spread his fame through all the world. This was but one of the jaunts which Francis took, either with Señor Carvalho, or with Fray Simon himself. He went to Salamanca, to Segovia, and to the wonder city, Seville. Francis learned through every pore; his master guided him gently and easily, throwing in a word, a hint, that ofttimes opened great avenues of thought, unknown before.

They went together to Toledo, celebrated throughout Christendom for the blades which bore that name. When they came home they took up the study of armor and armorers. Fray Simon had entrée to the private arsenals of great warriors, and they browsed about in the dark corners, hunting for signatures, or identifying marks on the shining suits, whereby they could tell who it was had spent years in their making. Señor Carvalho himself had some wonderful suits of Milan armor, damascened as only the few great Italian makers could do it; he had also many suits of horse armor, now beginning to go out of use, though still met with in tilts and pageants. He had the very barding which his horse had worn when it fell and crushed one leg of its rider beyond help forever; this suit the old warrior kept in the place of honor, and cleaned with his own hands.

Palace of the Escorial, Madrid

Francis was made to practise with the lance and targe, but his teacher would never mount a horse after his accident. He directed the young man's tilting, however, and Francis soon grew expert at this chivalrous but rather useless accomplishment. Useless, for even tilting was being abandoned now in the northern countries, and becoming out of favor also in France and Spain. The joust grew to be more and more a matter of courtesy, a mere pageant, and a very different thing from the old, desperate game that it once had been. It still continued to be part of the training of a cavalier, therefore Francis was made to persevere. His work with the steel had quickened his eye, lifted his head, and lightened his carriage; he was quick as a cat, and as graceful. On the other hand, his studies had had their effect on his face and expression; his eyes were thoughtful, but not dreamy, — yet at heart he was still the child of dreams, of fantasy, of imagination. He was ripe, as young men ought to be, for hero worship; his heroes were Fray Simon, his own father, and King Philip the mysterious, that tremendous monarch who from the dark tower in the Escorial cast over the whole world the shadow of the mantle of his might.

On the occasion of his visit to Salamanca, Francis visited the University, one of the most celebrated in Spain, and there met a man whom he was never afterwards to forget, Barrientos, the professor of Latin; known to posterity as the historian of Pedro Menendez de Avilés. He spoke to the young man absent-mindedly, then, turning to Fray Simon, launched forth into a bitter invective at the officials of the Casa de Contratacion, whose ill-will for Menendez had compelled him to waste a year in prison, and had robbed Spain for that time of her most daring admiral. Barrientos spoke of Menendez with such a frenzy of enthusiasm as Francis had never beheld. He wished he might see this wonderful

sailor and fighter and commander, of whom this wise man spoke almost with reverence. It was only a few years after this time that his history was commenced, telling the full story of Menendez's voyages and explorations in the New World, and creating for all time an enduring record of the man without whom Spain's supremacy in the West would have been but a vanished gleam of conquest.

Late in the year 1563, when Francis was nearing his twenty-fourth birthday, Fray Simon made a sudden visit to Madrid. He called Francis to him at once.

"I wish to talk to you, sir," he began with a sort of ceremony in his tone, which sounded so oddly, coming from him, that Francis looked at him in a momentary anxiety. He thought he must have displeased his mentor in some way which he could not guess; he was soon undeceived.

"You have now been in my care nearly three years, during which you have been to me as dear as my dearest hope. I have tried to teach you what I was able to, and prepare you for the arena into which you will soon be called. I feel that my work is almost over. You will soon be twenty-four years of age, and you are a good man. There is boy to you still, and I hope there will be some of the boy always remaining in you; but the time has come when you are to spread your wings, to break your first lance against the hard shell of the world, in very earnest now. Grave things are brewing; there are tidings of grave import, looking to deep trouble and danger."

"In what quarter?"

"In France. The heretics have solicited the aid of the English in their unholy struggle against our Mother Church. And I say to you that war is in the wind. I have completed the arrangements by which you are to be attached to the person of one of his Majesty's chief admirals —"

"But — but — am I — you are so good to me; what

can I do to recompense you for the trouble and toil I have given you? I can never do it!"

"You can do it. You will do it. There is but one thing more. You are at liberty for a six-month before your new duties will begin, maybe for a year, the matter being dependent upon many undetermined things. In the meantime, I suggest two things to you: one to go home to visit your parents, the other to make a pilgrimage to Rome. Both of these I think you would do well to do. It may be the last time you will have the opportunity."

"I, too, wish to do them both, the more so if it be your wish."

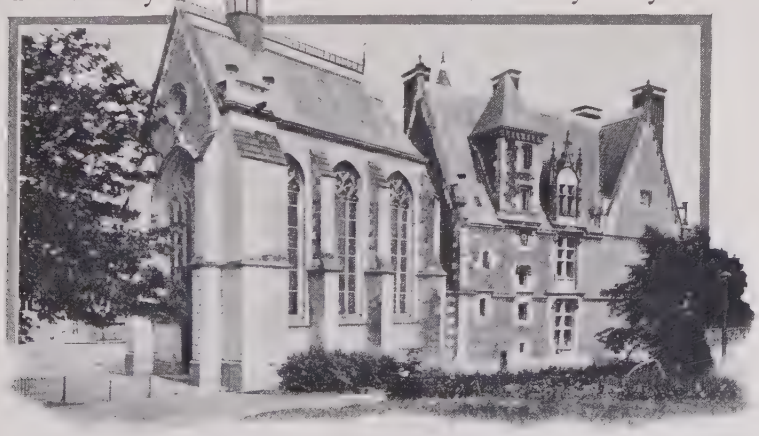
"Then that we may call settled."

"But when — ? Am I to go to Rome first?"

"Some students and lay-brothers from Salamanca are to start for Rome in less than a fortnight; I will make the arrangements for you to travel with them. They are to go afoot, which will afford you a chance to see much. I almost wish I could come with you."

"I wish so too; can you not? That would make my journey more wonderful still."

"I shall never leave Spain. Never more in my life. But for you, O son of my heart, lieth open every land and every sea. Go forth, for they are yours."

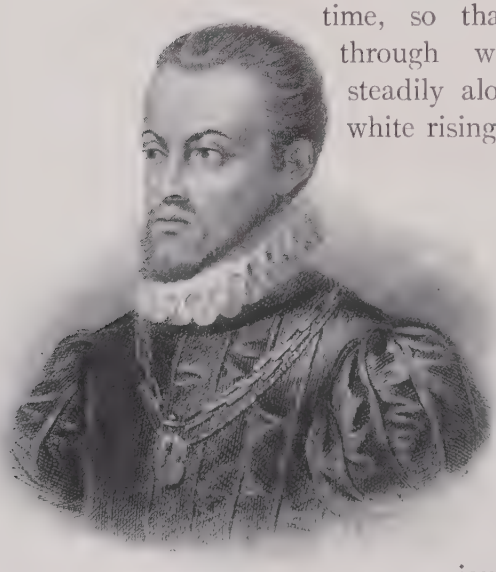


Chapel of the Chateau of Blois

CHAPTER VI

THE ROAD TO ROME

DOWN the long hill leading away to the eastward from Salamanca went a little company of pilgrims. It was sunrise of a brilliant autumn day, and the world lay smoky beneath a hazy sun. There had been no rain for a long time, so that the road was white dust, through which the company paddled steadily along, leaving a great cloud of white rising behind them.



PHILIP II OF SPAIN

It was a mixed company this which set forth so cheerfully on a thousand-mile tramp: there were in all two-and-thirty of them, of which number some twenty were monks from the various monasteries near Salamanca; the rest were men who, like Francis, had taken advantage of the opportunity to make their journey to the Holy City when they might join a goodly band of travelers. The party was under the charge of Father Felipe, a round, good-natured monk, whose shoulders heaved with the effort of carrying his 200 odd pounds, but who led the van for all that, and whose speed seemed to hold unvaryingly, no matter what the hardships of the road. Father Felipe came from Salamanca, and was a friend of Fray Simon, who had given Francis into his charge with the

knowledge that nothing much amiss could befall him under such chaperonage.

Their pace at first was mild, for not many of the monks were used to the road, and their feet were soft, so that every little while there had to be a halt called for recuperation. During the first day they covered but twenty miles. The other members of the party, aside from the monks, were for the most part silent, devout citizens, who plodded sturdily along, with little complaint and no words to say to anybody. There was, however, one, younger than his fellows, with whom Francis struck up a friendship. He was a youth hardly out of his teens, and his buoyant figure and roving black eye held Francis's attention from the first. He took his first chance to make acquaintance.

"Good morrow to you, comrade," returned the other, mockingly. "You must be a great gentleman indeed, to speak so politely to a son of a tailor. You are without doubt a Christian, and most certainly will go to Heaven."

"Sir," returned Francis, biting his lip, "I hope that I am a Christian, but that does not prevent my saying that you mock me without need."

"Not — at — all —" said the other, laughing with a quick burst of mirth. "You gave me good morrow like a prosy prelate, and you invited what mockery you got. For the matter of that, mockery is much too little esteemed; it makes wise men humble, and chasteneth the foolish. How do you feel, comrade chastened, or humble? So that thus can I tell if you be wise or foolish?"

Francis was constrained to smile with the fellow, he gave this forth in such an air of *insouciance*, and evidently without the least will to give an offense. Immediately he went on:

"Well, let that pass; I will pretend that you are wise; at least you are very probably wiser than I, who am not wise

at all. But I am better than that, I am clever. He who is clever needeth not to be wise; for look you, all is plucked by the hand of cleverness long before wisdom begins to pucker the brow, preparatory to making the grab. Take this journey now: did I want to go to Rome, to bow before the shrine? Not very much; in fact, not at all — tell it not in Gath! — but there were things I did want, one, to-wit, to see the world. Could I do this bent over my father's table and goose? Not I. Would he let me go and see the world? Not he. Would anybody else interfere in my behalf? Not they. So I became devout, and nothing will do me but I must make a pilgrimage to Rome. And here I am. I shock you! I am sorry,— not sorry to shock you, for you need shocking,— but sorry because you would be so much better company if you were not shocked."

Francis looked at him in amazement; this was a new make of man to him, but he caught a deep breath and decided that the first encounter with the new things was pleasant, albeit rather surprising.

"I will try not to be shocked more than is reasonable," he said, smiling. "And I think you are willing I should be shocked, for I fancy you are pleased when you can shock people, and rather piqued if you cannot."

"You have hit it. By Apollo! — you do not object to my swearing by Greek gods? — who would have thought you had so much penetration. I am so penetrative myself that it always surprises me a little to see anybody else so. I will on this showing amend my first impression of you, which was, to-wit, that you were rather an owl; I will say now that you are a good fellow, and you shall be my friend, if you do not object to being friend to the son of a tailor. If you do object, say no more about it, and I will go and talk religion to the Reverend Mr. Skeesicks there, who leads the van so manfully that he will be ten pounds easier by to-night."

"I do not object at all," said Francis, putting out his hand, which the other took. "My name is Francis Estévan; I was born in Cuba; I am four-and-twenty years old; and I make this pilgrimage to Rome partly to see the world on my own account, though I wish also to visit the seat of our Holy Church."

"Ha! You are generous. Comrade Francis, I like you well. I think I am a little more than your master when it comes to a grapple, but that likes me better than to have you master me."

The Snow-Crowned Pyrenees

"Which I think I could do," smiled Francis, agreeably.

"That is right, too. We shall determine that truth later. And now for me. My name is Pedro Villegas; my father is a tailor in Madrid, his father was a tailor in Madrid, and his father before him was a tailor in Madrid. But! If there is any idea lurking in Madrid that I, too, am going to be a tailor in Madrid, — well, poor Madrid! For I am going to see the world, and I think of becoming a soldier. But first, I will see the world. There is no error so bad as to start things with a preconceived notion; it blinds a man to opportunity, and will not let him free to seize the rose of the very world, if so be he has happened to set his heart on the pumpkin."

In this manner he rattled forth by the hour together. Francis and he took up their position a little in the rear, just so far behind that they would not have to take their fellows' dust, and they talked, talked of every created thing under the sun. It was the first time in years, indeed since he had been in Spain, that Francis had had the chance to talk with any one of his own years, except the silent monks in the monastery; and he found it pleasant. Again, this tailor's son was of such a merry kind, never sober an instant, and off like a humming-bird from one subject to the next before his companion could adjust his mind to the change.

On the second day they reached Segovia, and rested there the night. One of the monks had run a thorn into his foot, which gave him great pain, and made it necessary for him to purchase a mule if he was to continue the journey. He had not enough money to do this, so he finally found a muleteer, who for a moderate wage was willing to go with him as far as Guadalajara, leading his mule and letting the lame man ride. By the time they reached the town, he hoped he would be able to resume his walk. So, with Brother John astride his little beast, the procession started off on the third morning. The sun now had grown very hot, and many were the longing glances cast by the other members at the invalid sitting peacefully, sleepily, atop of his beast of burden, while all the rest must plod wearily along in the dust. They had their compensations though, for the mule, like many of his fellows, was a gentleman with a will of his own, and twice or thrice in the course of the day he came to the decision that he had worked enough, that his health demanded a rest. So, in spite of shrieks and blows from his master, down he would lie in the dust, and roll over; at which times great agility was needed on the part of his rider to keep from being involved in the downfall. After two of these glimpses of John, hopping desperately around on one leg, endeavoring to escape

disaster, the beholders lost some of their regret at being afoot.

When, at the end of the fifth day, they arrived safely at Guadalajara, John reported thankfully that a great cure had been effected, and he bade the mule and his master a long farewell without a tear on either side.

Francis and the cheerful Pedro found great diversion in the mule, and were sorry to see him go. Pedro said he was a devout Christian, and could not bear to see a pilgrimage to Rome made in any other wise than on foot. The weather became cooler and crisper as they drew farther eastward, and nearer to the sea, and they made better time.

The travellers' feet, too, were become hardened, and altogether they were a much stouter body of pilgrims than that which had started a few days before from Salamanca. At Saragossa they came to the River Ebro, and they followed its course almost to the sea, which finally they reached at Barcelona. It was a welcome sight, especially to Francis, who had not smelt salt water for more than a year, not since his visit to Seville. There was a ship about to sail for Rome, and some of the pilgrims decided to finish the voyage by ship; but all the monks, who were almost without money, and Francis and Pedro, who were under Father Felipe's charge, continued on foot, as they had started.

They followed the coast northward from Barcelona, and three days later they came to the foot of the snow-clad Pyrenees, marked at the sea's edge by Cape Cerbere. And then, with throbbing hearts, they crossed the border, and set foot for the first time in France.

Francis and his partner pressed forward with eager feet. As long as they had been still in Spain, they felt that their travels had not really begun, but this was France, — they were in a new and a foreign land. At nightfall they reached the little town of Perpignan, set on the base of the eastern

slope of the Pyrenees. Father Felipe spoke French very well, as did also Francis, while Pedro found that he could get on very well by signs and the freemasonry of his impudence and his smile. They lodged at the inn, and in the morning set forth for their first destination, the shrine at Beaucarre. As they progressed, they noticed that there were unfriendly looks cast in their direction by some whom they passed, but they thought little of it.

"That fellow behind yon cap has an unfriendly eye, a devil's eye, and a cast in it to boot. A man should be hanged for having such an eye," quoth Pedro, of one scowling individual who passed them horseback, and galloped on ahead, without even the scantest of civilities.

"No matter; we are not any more in our own country, that is all," said Francis philosophically, "we cannot expect every one here to treat us with the same courtesy we have met in Spain.

"That is all very well, my cavalier, but there was more than lack of courtesy in that fellow's eye. I wanted to pluck it out and roll it in the dust. Fellow has no right to have an eye with a cast in it, anyhow; it shows that he will surely go to perdition, like a very heretic. Indeed, it now occurs to me that almost all heretics have casts in their eyes; that is how one can tell a heretic; and these French ones are, they say, the most askew of all."

"Pedro, you talk folly."

"And who knows that any better than I, who do the talking? Never mind, it is worse to talk too little folly, like you, than too much, like myself. You ought to cultivate a little more levity. If you were to meet a lady now, I am sure I cannot imagine how you would get on. You couldn't quote the Lives of the Saints at her all the time; no lady would permit it, and very right, too. But you are all right at heart; you will get foolisher as you grow older."

A Mountain Pass in the Pyrenees

"And what effect will the years have on you, O motley one?"

"Alas, I fear I shall become sapient too, in time. But that time is as yet afar off. But Francis, do you know? I think that fellow with the eye meant trouble. I hope he did; I could go into a fresh little scrimmage with a clear conscience. I have never behaved myself so long before in my life. It is not natural. I hope he will go ahead and collect a whole company of heretics with casts in their eyes, and waylay us at the cross-roads.

"I hope he will not. What could we do against an attack? We are but a score or so of men, and almost unarmed."

"We could do more than you think, perhaps; and we are not so defenseless as you suppose. Our good father there could strike as good a blow as the next one if need be, I 'll warrant. And the good walking staves which you see are none such poor weapons, even if they did not conceal many a merry blade."

This was true, for the monks had not come altogether unarmed, and the other pilgrims, who were better supplied with money, were also better equipped for the defense of themselves and their belongings. They were soon to need them all, and more, for as dusk drew in, they approached Beaucarre, and as they reached the edge of the little village, they saw gathered together a body of men on the road leading to the shrine for which the pilgrims now were bound. Father Felipe, in spite of the protests of some of his party, held onward steadily. His confidence was apparently justified, for the group dissolved into the dusk, and they reached the shrine in safety. It was set within a small grotto in a rock, and there was an inner room in which they found lodging for the night. It was a rude lodging, but somehow they were glad of the protection lying in the rocky walls about

them. They were but a scant half-mile from the town of Beaucarre, and they could hear the sound of many voices raised excitedly in the square before the inn. It was decided that the wisest thing to do would be to leave on their road early in the morning before any one else was abroad; for they had no wish to seek trouble, and there could be little or no doubt that the townspeople boded them no good. Had they known that the Huguenots of the little community were

Chamber of Philip II

stung to anger by the wild reports which had floated to them of the wrongs which their fellows had received, their doubts would have been resolved absolutely.

It was settled, then, that they were to start at the coming of light, and all rested secure in the hope that actual meeting with these strangers could thus be avoided. Pedro expressed great indignation at this.

"What is this? Is this life? Is this just to me, to you, to Spain? Can it be that we, Spaniards, are to sneak like dogs away at dawn, fearing a whipping? Ha! I will

not go at dawn; I will remain, and meet the scurvy fellows who looked at us so crookedly. No dawn-departing for the son of my sire."

He need not have been so excited; for this, like many matters in this life of ours, was settled without bearing upon all their thought and careful precautions. They retired early, after making their devotions before the figure of the Blessed Virgin and the sacred relics, and by 8 of the clock quiet reigned in the little cave. Quiet reigned outside, too, but it was a different sort of quiet, an ominous sort, made of hushed breathings, hushed footsteps, threatening looks and movements in the dark. Around the cave now gathered about a score of men, armed with pikes and staves; they grouped themselves in posture of attack and waited the word from their leader, who was none other than the man whom Pedro had accused of evil intent.

Suddenly the empty night was peopled, peopled with rushing figures that swept like the sea into the cave, rolled back the slight barricade at its inner mouth, and with a great shout deep in their throats, fell in the dark upon the occupants of the inner room. The latter were, at the most but half awake, but they sprang hurriedly to their feet, and rapidly gaining sense of what was abroad, made a rush for the cave door and the open night. Francis and Pedro woke with the rest, and grasping their cudgels which lay by their sides they ran for the door, guarding their heads with their arms. The darkness of the apartment helped them even more than their opponents, and after a sharp conflict at the entrance, where many wild blows, mainly harmless, were struck, the party attacked was able to gain the open air, with a loss of only four or five of their force, who lay stunned in the passage.

Father Felipe shouted "Follow me!" and, hastily mustering their company, the pilgrims started down the

road at a run. They were not followed, whether because the intruders had only meant mischief and not battle, or whether they realized that they were outnumbered or outmanned; at all events there was no pursuit. Finding this, they stopped and took toll; all were found to be safe except for some few small bruises and skin-scratchings; but of their number four were missing. They stopped in the road to consider, and even as they did so two of the missing came flying down the highway as though pursued by the Evil One himself. They stopped and joined their comrades with alacrity, glad to find themselves safe, and when they found breath made answer as to the two who had been left behind.

These were Simon Sahun, a merchant, and Francis Estévan; and these the newcomers declared were most assuredly dead.

"I was next to Simon when he went down," asserted one. "His skull cracked like a falling tree, under the blow of a cudgel. And at the door I fell over the body of young Estévan; his head was laid open by just such another blow. They are certainly dead at the hands of these villains."

Whereat Pedro spoke.

"I am going back, father, to find out what has befallen Francis," he said quietly. "You may wait for me, or come with me, as you will, but I am going back."

They tried to argue the uselessness of it; he waited for a moment. "Wait for me here if you will," he said again, and disappeared in the night. He doubled back on his course, and soon reached the site of the encounter. There were to be seen dimly the shadowy figures of men walking about, and talking in low, somewhat scared voices.

"I did not know I struck so hard," said one. "These papists have skulls like parchment anyway."

"Bury them together, and quickly," said another. "They are both gone."

Pedro stepped fearlessly into the little circle; two motionless forms lay at his feet.

"Show me the body of him that was my friend," he said, in a low, harsh voice. Utterly regardless of eyes and motions alike, he knelt by Francis's side. It was too true, then; it was over; he was dead. For Francis lay with his skull apparently

Chairs used by Philip II

fractured beyond hope. A half-sob broke from the tailor's son. He rose and faced the men, with a sneer on his lips.

"Kill me, too, then," he said, almost with hope in his voice, as he leaned toward them.

"Not you, lion's whelp!" cried the leader. "Get you gone upon the road."

When Pedro had gone, the group scattered hastily. There was talk of burial, but it was agreed that morning would be time enough for that. The two silent figures lay side by side, lonely in the night.

But no blow on the head ever struck was to be the death of Francis Estévan. After ten minutes he stirred slightly,

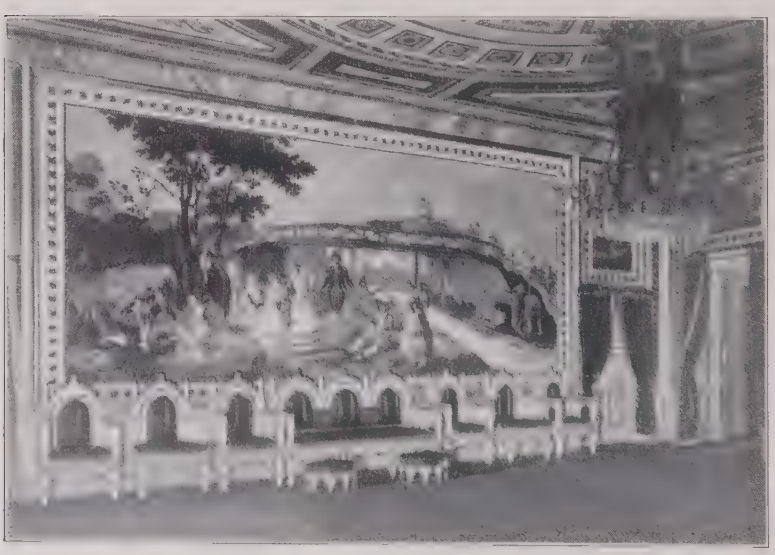
then moved painfully, drowsily. He could not imagine where he was; he tried to think, but found his head was ringing so that he could not remember. At length he sat up, but promptly, for the pain in his head was excruciating, swooned away again, sinking back in a heap upon the ground.

"One of them is alive," said a soft voice. "I heard him move."

"Praised be God!" said a still softer voice, very low.

"This one is dead; he is already cold," went on the first speaker. "Ah, here is the live man. Why, it is hardly more than a boy! Take his head, my dearie, into your lap — gently — gently. . . . So-o-o!"

And, at the thrilling touch of lilies on his brow, Francis awoke.



Interior of the Escorial

CHAPTER VII

THE GODS IN THE GARDEN

ABOVE them swayed the green and gold and crimson of the autumn-painted leaves. The sky's far canopy of intensest blue sparkled and glimmered through the whispering branches; a brook made of laughter rippled

ESCAPE OF A HUGUENOT FAMILY (*From painting by E. S. Kennedy*)

and chuckled before their feet. Yet all these things they saw not, neither heeded; for time was for them held still, and they were alone in the Garden of Eden.

It was only a week since the night when Francis had awakened to see the azure eyes bending so near to his, wonderful and luminous even in the darkness, even through the weakness of his swoon. A week — yet there is no thing for measure, in these springtide gardens; eternity takes place of time, and real things, in a world of unreality, are real for once.

"Élise," he said, and again, "Élise! In all my life I never knew there was so beautiful a name."

"It is beautiful, when you say it so. It was never beautiful before."

"It has been beautiful since the beginning of time! But it was beauty not yet crowned, beauty kept out of her kingdom, until you came to wear it; until eighteen little years ago — "

"I have the honor to inform you, m'sieu', that I shall be nineteen years of age in less than a fortnight. Eighteen indeed — say nearly twenty!"

"It is twenty if my lady wills. No matter for a year or two in names; but all that time I have been in Cuba, five thousand miles away, and never knew. I never knew!"

"Never knew what, absurd one?"

"Never knew that — that you were here, wearing this name, and looking like this!"

"I cannot help how I look."

"Nor I. Yet I have been used to think that there was wonder in the world. All nature is become a mere part of thee, meaningless without thee. Even this our garden is senseless till it holds Élise."

"You are extravagant of speech, young Spanish man. I cannot think that all you say can be true; or at least I have heard nothing of all this before. Are you so much clearer of sight than all the world, m'sieu'?"

"If all the world loves not you, then all the world is blind, to me. I am not wise, yet have I the wit to love thee, hence am I wiser than the world, if the world does not; yet I think that the world does."

"Are all pilgrims so extreme in their ideas? Is there no moderation where you live? All the world indeed! Can your own ears listen to your talk without blushing for you? Means the truth nothing to you?"

"No, nor anything else, but you. Élise . . . Élise . . . Élise!"

"Yes, m'sieu': did you call?"

"Do not mock me! Yet mock me, laugh at me if you will; that laughter is sweeter than the birds at dawn. Laugh at me still, that I may store the sound within my ears and within my heart, to keep it there forever; so that in my sleep I might hear it, and hearing, grow nearer to you."

"Nay, I will mock no more. . . . Are you happy, m'sieu'? I think I have never been happy before. Or at least, it was so long, so long ago."

"I would give my life to keep you happy forever. You were meant for happiness; the good God made you two things to be together. Are you really happy now?"

"I am so happy that I dare not think. Hush! Speak not of it, or it may go from us. Space draws in upon me; I feel the sweep of wings I cannot hear. So whisper then; I could hear you even if you made no sound."

THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA

Thus spoke the woman, who but a week before had been a child, but who was now living, who was breathing for the first time, for the first time was learning, in the very shadow of her Eden, to feel the rushing of Fate's wings:

Fate's terrible, soundless wings, whose wind is felt upon the heart only in the most sacred moment in the most secret shrine.

Francis was a man, and he gave over to no vague forebodings; having no premonitions, his heart was untroubled, his eye unclouded. In such wise they differ, the man from the woman.

Seven days only had they been together; seven days ago she had not known that he was on the earth. She thought back over the intervening days, which had flown so swiftly, so magically over, yet which seemed, by aftersight, to have lasted almost forever. She remembered that terrible night when she and Marie, busy about their twilight tasks, had heard the angry murmur of the men gathered in the square. "They mean mischief," Marie had said, shaking her head. Then had the sounds died away, as the gathering broke up, or drifted off on the road to the shrine. Marie had grown anxious, but had tried to hide her anxiety from the girl, and had prattled feverishly as she cleaned away the remnants of their evening meal. Presently had come a neighbor, thrilling with the news.

"It is a band of Catholics on the road to the shrine," she had said. "Our men have gone out to drive them away."

"Drive them away, only that?" Marie had asked, sternly.

"Ay, only that; but what matters it?" was the response. The woman went away, to spread the news elsewhere. Élise remembered how swiftly the dark had descended that night, how suffocating the air had seemed to grow. Finally Marie had risen at the sound of cries far across the fields.

"Go you to your bed, my child; I must go out to see what it is they do. Lock the door carefully behind me. I shall not be long away."

A Scene in Rural France

Élise, though, had felt that she could not remain, dared not remain in the little house alone; there had been another element in it, too, only she had not recognized it then, not until later, when she first laid her hand on the brow of that silent, nerveless figure which lay so pitifully beneath the open sky.

"Why, it is but a boy," she remembered hearing Marie say, as though from a great distance. In thinking of it now, she looked at her hand curiously; yes, it was the same hand. How soft his forehead had felt, under the mat of hair, stained with his own blood. Then, suddenly, she had understood why it was that she had been compelled to come; it was the call of life to life. He, in his helplessness, making no sound, had nevertheless called to her, and she had answered the cry, unhesitant and undelaying.

She remembered the thrill she had felt when his eyes had opened and looked into hers, as she bent low over his white face. Not while she lived was she to forget that.

What had followed next she was not so clear upon. The two women had managed to carry the relaxed body only a few feet; but they had fetched a barrow and had managed, he being still unconscious, to get him back to Marie's cottage at last. Marie had dressed his wound, which had not been so serious after all, and they had laid him to sleep in Élise's own bed, underneath her well-beloved rafters.

All that night had she lain awake and listened, her heart one white flame, to the little sounds and noises that came from the attic room. Every little while his voice would be heard, now strong and firm, now in disjointed mutterings; and each time Marie would steal quietly up the narrow stair to hold a cool cloth to the feverish head or a cool draught to the parched lips. Élise, who had never in her life known envy, had found herself envying

Marie. So the long night wore itself away, and in the small hours she had felt that she could bear it no longer; so once when Marie had fallen into a doze beside her, she had stolen softly up the stair, and in the grey dawn had peered in upon the sleeper. Perhaps in that instant the thing became irrevocable; for she felt within her heart a great wave of tenderness almost maternal, a protecting flood of affection that swept through her to the ends of her being. Flown now was the possibility of retreat; helplessness had done what perhaps no power could have accomplished. Those who live much alone question little the great messages from the sky; simply and quietly they accept them, making no struggle; for their life is so near to nature that they have grown to recognize her voice. As Élise crept softly down the stair, her heart was at peace; there was none of the turbulence felt by some of her sisters at the first coming of love, no protest, no unease; she was in communion with the heart of things, and there was no doubt in all the earth.

Then their first real meeting that next morning when the great, red sun poked his level rays along the attic floor! With broad day, custom and inheritance from ancestral women had come to Élise, bidding her put her heart down somewhere out of sight; but it was there, shining through those azure eyes, its wonder-light glowing through the room. She and Marie had taken up the invalid's breakfast on a tray. Marie had gone ahead, and, finding him greatly improved, had partly dressed him, after renewing the white cloths on his wound. He was still a little stunned, and there was a ringing in his head, but he was sound and sane, and at the first glimpse of Élise the blood rushed blazing into his cheeks, and then retreated, leaving them whiter than before.

"You!" he had said. "You!" She made no answer.

"I — I did not know you were real. . . . I thought you were a dream. . . . All night I dreamed of you. . . . I thought you were a dream!"

He paid no more heed to Marie, in that first moment, than to the wind in the trees. Élise stood before him, trembling, swaying like the wind-flower that she was. Francis followed her with his puzzled, awe-struck eyes, as she moved about him, setting the tray, smoothing the cloth, making, meanwhile, her eyes hold aloof from his. He left her long enough to find Marie, and to thank her with word and look for the care which he divined was the work of her hand. Presently Marie descended to the kitchen; they did not even see her go. He reached out his hand in a pleading gesture, as if to detain her.

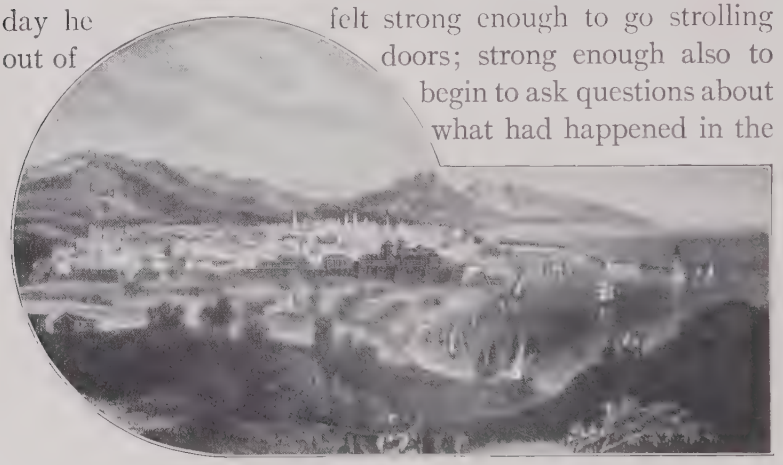
THE HUGUENOTS (*From the painting by Carl Hoff*)

"Come nearer," he whispered, "let me see your eyes — again."

Roses hung behind her cheeks; she would not look up; then, all at once, she did, and their eyes met. . . .

Nevermore was she to be other than his; he other than hers. The moment was immortal; yet, a moment, and it was fled.

After this, his convalescence was rapid. On the third day he felt strong enough to go strolling out of doors; strong enough also to begin to ask questions about what had happened in the



Barcelona

cave, and in regard to the fate of his comrades. Élise told him, for the news had, of course, flown swiftly around the community, how his party had fled swiftly down the road, unharmed, leaving him and one other behind, with cracked skulls, as all supposed. She told him, too, of the youth who came back, and burst like a specter in upon the startled group as they stood around the unmoving bodies of himself and the other, — of this youth's bravery and daredevilry, and of his grief at finding Francis, as he supposed, dead.

"That was Pedro," said Francis, greatly moved. "No other would come back to see whether I lived or died. For Father Felipe had the others to consider. It was Pedro," he said, softly.

"Who is Pedro?" asked Élise. He told her of the tailor's son, of his dancing humor, and his buoyant spirits, and how he had come to see the world.

Élise kindled as she listened; the tailor's son could have wished for no prettier tribute. From her work in the kitchen old Marie watched the two, and smiled, and sighed, and stepped about her work with a light foot; for she knew that the thing which cannot die had come to these her children, and that no deed or act of hers or Heaven's could now avail. She was not troubled by the thought of the difference in religion. Élise, following Coligny's advice, never spoke to any one of her religious belief; indeed, she kept so discreet a silence that even Marie sometimes forgot that this was a Huguenot maiden, sent here for safety from hands that might have sought to force her to the way the elder Church would have had her go. As for Francis, she saw in him a man of honor, of education, of birth and gentleness; it could not be better. Marie had lived long enough in the world to know that the women are few indeed who, at the call of love, are not ready to say, with her of Moab, "Whither thou goest I will go . . . and thy God shall be my God."

She watched them from her window, and sighed and was happy; she remembered, perhaps, through many a year across the sea of time, the garden which she once had known, and the nightingale that sang therein.

Sweetly, naturally, ripened this love between these two who had not ever loved before. They passed like wraiths through the pageantry of a magnificent autumn, draped in the pathetic melancholy of this most beautiful of seasons. They roamed together through the turning fields, the whole world for each within the reaching of the hand. The throbbing present filled every crevice of their being, leaving no time nor space for future or for past. Still at the heart of Élise beat dully the warning she dared not hearken to, yet

could not, even at the most divine moment, utterly forget. Jealously she grasped each hour. One day she turned suddenly upon him.

"Why did you come here? Was it because you had to — did you answer an urging you did not resist? Did you wish to come?"

"Flower of the wind, it was a deeper thing than that. I felt no urging; you might say it was pure accident that brought me here at this time. It was a call so strong that there was no need of urging. I came in answer to the thing that rules the world. Do you imagine I could have done otherwise than come? Nay, how could it be otherwise? Of all the world this path was mine, and on it my feet were set. What matter the means?"

She questioned him no more. Their converse dealt now with the deep facts of nature, with the silent things. He loved her, and she loved him, and there was no need for words. The world was as yet afar from either; they walked so far above it that not even the vaguest of rumors came to their ears. It may be that he feared to shatter so perfect a dream by intruding upon it with talk of practical futures and concrete plannings. Their talk beneath the autumn moon was of the fabric of the wind, of the fragrance of memory, of departed sweetnesses. Few even were the caresses that passed between them; they dwelt still in the ideal, not yet having mixed it with the human. Like a rainbow it hung over their hearts, the bond between them. Yet there is no weapon which can cut a rainbow.

They walked one day by the river, Élise more quiet than usual. Francis questioned her anxiously, did she not feel well? Yes, she was perfectly well.

"But you are pale; you are anxious! Something is amiss! Can you not tell me what it is?"

"It is nothing; I did not sleep very well. I — "

Even as she spoke, she reeled slightly, her cheek going ashen before his eyes. She leaned faintly against the trunk of a tree, her breath troubling her bosom. He watched her with terrible anxiety.

"What is it, what is it, O my dear?"

There came from her lips the faintest of whispers, so that he had to bend his head to catch it. She was trembling; her hand was suddenly cold.

"It is he; I saw him, there. I am afraid."

"Who is it? He, be he whoever he is, shall not frighten you, when I am here. . . . I see no one; where was he? Speak to me; tell me!"

"There — by the hedge; across the field. It is he!"

"But you are safe; he will not harm you. Are you afraid — with me?"

She made no answer; and as they stood at gaze, there came from behind the hedge the burly figure of a young man, who without a glance in their direction passed on and soon was lost to view within the wood. Francis strove to soothe her, but she wanted only to get home, out of the wood where the stranger had been, and until she stood once more safely in her own threshold not a word could he get from her.

When at last she did speak, he laughed at her fears. It seemed that the man whom they had seen was the son of the rich man of Beaucarre, Jean Gyrot by name. He had seen Élise once or twice, had spoken to her once with what she had felt to be insulting admiration, and had looked at her out of sinister eyes. That was all; and Francis pooh-poohed the whole matter. But Marie, when she heard the story, looked grave, though she said little. She knew the house of Gyrot, grandfather, father, and son, and she knew that there was no good in it, root or branch. There had been grave stories in her time, of men and of women, too, who had disappeared after dealings with the Gyrots, and while

nothing had ever been said or proved openly, a shadow brooded over the house. Old Marie knew what she knew, and the shadow of the house of Gyrot brooded now also over her heart.

Jean Gyrot, third of that name, was a stout young man almost six feet in height, and with even more than common swarthiness of complexion. His hair and eyebrows were black as a crow, as were also his eyes. He was not ill-made, and carried his weight easily. The soul in him was rather smaller than a mustard-seed; and this was the man who had cast his eye upon the flower-like beauty of Élise.

He was now in his twenty-eighth year, and had recently returned home after fighting for two years in odd corners of the world. He had not become involved in the Catholic-Huguenot struggle, and he probably had no intention of immediately so doing, for he had a well-defined predilection for being always on the winning side. And that, in the present case, could not yet be fully determined. So he stayed on for a few weeks at Beaucarre.

One day he had met Élise, and while he was not particularly attracted at first by her beauty, which was too delicate for his more florid taste, he had been pricked to anger by the way in which she shrank from him as though he had been a snake. In that moment there was born in him the desire to have her, to tame her, to crush against his breast the slender figure that hastened by him with averted face. For the next few weeks, however, she had successfully avoided him, and he had almost, in the rush of new matters, forgotten that he had this score to settle.

But now, seeing her almost in the arms of this graceful stranger, whom he had never seen before, the depth of inherited lawlessness in Jean Gyrot came welling to the surface with no uncertain sweep. She could despise him, could she, and then fall into the arms of yonder stripling? He

would see. For a heavy man, he was subtle; he went about his inquiries in so secret and circuitous a manner that he soon had all the facts known to the village, and without having betrayed his own interest in the slightest. He learned that the stranger could be none other than the Catholic youth left behind after the scrimmage at the cave, learned

THE ERA OF THE REFORMATION (*From the painting by Kaulbach*)

also his name — in short, all he needed to know of the man whom now he was angrily pleased to call his successful rival. By an unlucky chance it happened, too, that there came a weapon to his hand in the shape of a stray piece of knowledge in regard to Élise; no one will ever know how he found it out, or whether it was at most but a grave suspicion, but he had somewhere become possessed of the conviction that Élise was the ward of Coligny. Hence, Élise was a Huguenot; now the stranger was a Catholic, and a much less astute man than Jean Gyrot could have seen that

his was now a powerful weapon. He lost no time in putting it into effect.

The next afternoon he presented himself at Marie's door, bowing low and obsequiously to her, and asked for the honor of a word with mademoiselle. He introduced himself formally, and maintained throughout a sort of rough dignity which set not ill upon him. Marie asked his business; he replied that it was a courteous errand only, that he would detain mademoiselle but a moment, and that as he was leaving Beaucarre very soon, he hoped that the interview might be granted him. Marie still hesitated, but was interrupted at this juncture by Élise herself, who had overheard.

"I will see Monsieur Gyrot," she said firmly, and walked calmly to the threshold whereon he stood. Marie shook her head, and while she let the girl go, she kept close to the door, where she could watch Élise's shadow upon the floor. Gyrot began to speak in a low voice, and Élise after the first tremor listened with a white, expressionless face.

"Mademoiselle is a Huguenot, the ward of Coligny. Monsieur the stranger is a Catholic. You have not perhaps told him that you are not of his faith?"

It was a daring shot with him, but a quiver showed that it went home; she had not told; it was well, then; the other threats could wait.

"Then, mademoiselle, I offer you the chance to tell him yourself; you would no doubt prefer it to having me tell him, since you are so ashamed of it."

Her head lifted proudly.

"I am not ashamed of it, I will tell him myself; for I see that you would all too readily do so. Good day, monsieur."

"He will despise you; he will shun you, — flee from

you as though you had the plague. . . .Why not" — insinuatingly — "dismiss him without telling him? He will then never know it from me."

She said, "Good day, monsieur!" The door was flung to in his face. Whereat he went smiling away from the house; for he knew that his work was begun.

Élise went to her room, pleading an aching head; and not until evening did she reappear. When at last she came down to greet Francis in the deserted garden, the moon shone no whiter than her still, pale beauty. He went toward her, whispering her name, stretching out his hands. With a look that pleaded, yet forbade, she held up her hand in a gesture of warning.

"Do not touch me," she said very low. "Do not touch me until you know."

"Élise! Élise!" he cried. "What is the matter? Until I know what? My love, why do you look so strangely in my eyes?"

"Listen," she repeated faintly. "Do not look at me. I can tell it better if you do not look at me." He obeyed.

"Francis Estévan, I have loved you; there will be that to remember if we never see one another again. No, do not interrupt me. . . . only I wanted to tell you that once more before — before — It is this: you, monsieur, are a Spaniard and a Catholic; I am a Frenchwoman, and am — what you call — a heretic. Yes," she went on hastily, "I am a Huguenot, a Lutheran, a believer in Calvin, a follower and ward of Coligny. I dared not tell you before. . . . I have told you."

Silence. . . . Far away she could hear the windy roar of the sea, and a dog barked sharply across the fields. But Francis said no word. She waited with closed eyes, not daring to look, her whole soul listening, listening for the sound of his voice. At last it came, hoarse and choking,

and she trembled at the sound; for it was the voice of a strange man.

"A Huguenot! You!" Then he laughed, a loud, jangling, mirthless laugh. Then, very low: "I have sold my soul to Hell." And at the tone she shrank, for it was as cold as the snow-summits of the Pyrenees. She stumbled to her feet, her hands catching at her heart.

"Good bye, monsieur," she gasped, and waited, a long moment; but from the stony figure before her came no sound. Silently she turned. Through the dim garden she passed, and through the gate, and on into the house — her feet stirring with hopeless tread the dead leaves as she passed.

Out in the garden stood, as though turned to stone, the rigid figure of a man, as the long, white moonlit hours came and fled. From her attic window Élise watched, her heart breaking for two, as the long night waned, and still he did

In a French Garden

not move. Not till the first flicker of dawn did life come to him; he went from the garden without a backward look, to face a terrible world where hope lay dead. Down the long road he walked, and cast no look to right or left at the little village of Beaucarre, which he was to behold no more forever.

On the floor of the little attic room lay Élise, white and still, her body as cold as death, but with fever brooding in her brain. It was so Marie found her. She laid her tenderly in her bed; but it was not for many weeks that the light returned to those eyes, and even a hint of springtime to that voice. The dawn of Élise was over· sober day remained.

On the road to Valladolid walked a young man with a wild and haggard face. In his brain a fiery memory burned, in his heart a voice sounded, a voice never to be stilled by any sound on sea or land: "I am — what you call — a heretic. . . . Good bye, monsieur!"

CHAPTER VIII

RENÉ LAUDONNIÈRE

ON the twenty-second day of June, 1564, there appeared off the eastern coast of Florida a French fleet. Almost two years had elapsed since the ill-fated venture at Charlesfort, and now for the second time the French were daring the doubled perils of ocean and wilderness. This fleet, too, consisted, of three vessels; and they sailed under the command of René Laudonnière, gentleman of France.

It was a better-advised venture, this second expedition; there were in all about 300 men, of whom nearly one-half were soldiers, and the remainder were artisans of all descriptions, young Huguenot nobles, servants, and even four women, one of whom came in the capacity of housekeeper for the leader. There was also an artist and draughtsman, Jacques Le Moyne, many of whose maps and drawings still exist, and form the most valuable of records and commentaries on this fresh attempt of the Huguenots to conquer the wilderness.

Also, mixing quietly and unobtrusively with the rest, was a heavy-browed, dark-haired man of sinister look. It was Jean Gyrot. He had left Beaucarre shortly after Francis had done so, and, Élise being now his brooding passion, he had started for Paris to find Coligny, to learn what might be learned. Here he found out about the new colony which Coligny was projecting: what so likely as that the Admiral intended to send Élise to this refuge, when once it was prepared. So, with a lying tale between his lips, he sought Coligny, professed himself to be a relative of Élise, and learned that Coligny did in truth intend to send

the maiden out of turbulent France to this new haven as soon as the way was clear. Whereupon he promptly volunteered for the company of Sieur Laudonnière; and here he was, subtler, craftier, and, with his brooding anger and desire, more dangerous than before.

Laudonnière, who had been one of the gentlemen that accompanied Ribaut on the first expedition, had been also careful to bring with him three soldiers who had survived the unlucky Charlesfort. One of these, a clever though somewhat unprincipled native of Dieppe, by the name of Dengas, was especially valuable to Laudonnière now, by reason of his acquaintance with the Indian tongue. Dengas had been a street gamin of Paris, who lived by his wits, and was all in all as slippery an interpreter as could have been found; but for the first part of the time he was invaluable, even though he

René Laudonnière

did beguile the ears of the credulous colonists with tales of fabulous wealth just beyond the visible horizon.

Laudonnière, going ashore near the mouth of the Saint John's River, almost at the same spot where Ribaut had landed before, was met by the same Indian chief who had greeted his predecessor. This chief, Saturiba, occupied the position of overlord for several tribes, or villages, in the vicinity of the Saint John's. He was a tall and fine-looking savage, and, remembering clearly the gifts and courtesy with which he had been received by Ribaut, he rushed eagerly down to the water's edge. It appeared later that Saturiba had another motive in greeting the French with such effusiveness: he and his people kept up a sporadic warfare with another chief, farther up the river, named Outina, and he thought that Laudonnière would be a decidedly valuable ally. His first move was to lead the Frenchmen to the stone which Ribaut had planted, and which had been overlooked by the Spaniards coming after; this stone the Indians had crowned with gifts of maize and branches of evergreen; and in every way they endeavored to show welcome to these "children of the Sun."

Saturiba made a speech of welcome, which was very freely translated by Dengas, who may well have been a little rusty in his recollection of the Indian speech, especially as the language was greatly modified from that used by the Indians near Charlesfort. But he rendered his version unabashed, and Laudonnière replied in a similarly extravagant fashion, which Dengas passed on to the chief as best he could. It may well be imagined that right here was sown the seed from which later sprang bitter fruit; for bad blood arose in the course of time because Laudonnière refused to fulfil promises which he had never intended to make.

In the morning the French leader called his principal lieutenants to him, and spoke at some length his plans.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are here upon a foreign, if not an unfriendly, shore. The Indians whom we have met seem anxious to be our friends, and we should have no difficulty in retaining their service and affection. This land on which we stand, however, was once claimed, though afterwards abandoned, by the King of Spain; there may be other and stronger tribes of Indians who may resent our presence in this place; and lastly, these forests may contain no one can say what store of dangerous monsters, like to the huge crocodile which this morning we have seen. It is my belief, therefore, that we must wisely select some place endowed by nature for a fortification, and rear thereon our refuge with as little delay as possible."

Ottigny, Erlac, Vasseur, and the other lieutenants expressed themselves as cordially in favor of this project, and all agreed that the less delay the better. So Laudonnière sent out scouting parties under each of these three men, bidding them search for a suitable location for the fort. He himself went with the artist Le Moyne and a suitable retinue, to pay his respects to Saturiba at his village. At this point a new surprise awaited them; Le Moyne came hurrying to his chief with an astounded expression, and began to tell of the marvelous thing which he had found, which was, to wit, a man 250 years of age. The French, greedy of marvels, listened readily to his story, which presently he bolstered up by adducing evidence of its truth.

"Here," he said, "is the man. And here his progeny. Behold now!"

Whereupon, as Le Moyne tells it later in his excited narrative, "the olde man strucke twise upon his thigh, then laid his hands upon the shoulders of two who were, this was to saye, his sons. These in turn strucke upon their thighs, and indicated others not so olde, which were the children of the two first; and in such wise did they until the fifth generation.

And yette the father and oldest of them all did have a father alive more olde than himselfe who still might in Nature expect to live for forty more years to come." Many other cases of even more remarkable longevity did Le Moyne unearth, and he apparently gave all these marvels the fullest credence.

The explorers, then, after bidding Saturiba farewell, moved back toward the river, where they recalled the other parties. All together they started slowly up the majestic Saint John's, keeping a bright lookout for a suitable place to fortify. This was not long a-seeking; about five miles above the mouth of the river there rose on the south bank a wooded bluff, which, over the flat lands around it, stood out prominent and bold. It was an ideal place for their purpose, having a river on two sides, and a marsh on one, leaving only one side, the rear, to protect. So suitable indeed did it appear that almost every man hailed it at once as the very spot for which they had been seeking. Not to be precipitate, however, the cautious Laudonnière sailed several miles farther up the river and down, and some distance along the coast, before his final decision was made. His further ventures served only to strengthen the minds of all in their selection; and so the die was cast.

Bright and early on the following morning Laudonnière himself turned the first shovel full of earth, while "Maistre Robert" read from the psalm-book a blessing on their undertaking. The sides of the fort toward the river were protected by palisades of stout timber; the forest and swamp sides were protected by earthen banks reinforced with timber and earth, and having a wide ditch at their foot. The ground plan was of triangular shape, and there was room inside for the citadel, Laudonnière's cabin, and several houses for the men. This was Fort Caroline; and the first real intrenchment of the French against the wilderness they hoped to conquer was begun.

In Saturiba's Country

The work went forth apace. Not many hours had elapsed when Saturiba and many of his men appeared upon the scene. He advanced to Laudonnière, after bidding his warriors, who were all in full panoply, wait a little to the rear; and a long colloquy ensued. Dengas willingly dropped his pick to serve in the less arduous duty of interpreter.

"Do the children of the Sun intend then to live here in Saturiba's country? It is a great honor, and Saturiba hardly knows what to think."

"Tell him," answered Laudonnière, "that the children of the Sun find this a very delightful and friendly spot, and do here propose to tarry, and are therefore setting about to build a habitation to keep them from the cold."

"The land is one of perpetual warmth; is then so high a wall needed by the white men to keep out the winds?"

"Tell him," answered the Frenchman, "that the wall is not intended to keep him or his people out; that they will be always welcome as long as we have a roof to shelter them."

After more mutual compliments, the chief came to the second part of his programme, and, calling up one of his young men, delivered into Laudonnière's hands several good-sized lumps of fairly pure silver. The sight of this was naturally the occasion of much excitement among the French; indeed, the crafty chief made even more of a sensation than he had counted on. The white men gathered around in a frenzy of enthusiasm and impatience to learn whence came this treasure, and could with difficulty be persuaded to return to work.

"Whence comes this metal?" queried Laudonnière, attempting to assume an off-hand air, somewhat incongruous by the side of the soldiers' excitement. None of this had escaped Saturiba, who proceeded willingly enough to the second move in his plan.

"Great mines of this metal exist far to the southward, in the lands of another chief, Outina by name, and the deadly foe of my people."

"How for to the southward?"

"Very far; three suns." As a matter of fact, it was only a score of miles up the Saint John's River; but the Indian did not wish them to think that they should be able to get there without his aid.

"My people are at present engaged in warfare with this Outina, and I am come to propose to the children of the Sun an alliance."

"An alliance! On what terms?"

"That your men come with my men in an expedition against our enemy; all I ask is the victory; the white men will be welcome to all the rich booty we find, and to all the store of such metal, which lies there in heaps."

Laudonnière pretended to consider, but his answer was a foregone conclusion. Still, he thought it wise to seem to bargain a little; so Dengas was told to haggle and to make conditions, and commit the French as little as possible. Dengas, not relishing the work with pick and shovel, put in on his own authority the stipulation that Saturiba's men should assist in the building of the fort. This was instantly agreed to by the chief, and the alliance was formally cemented with some ceremony.

With the help of the Indians the fort was soon completed, several houses outside were built and thatched with palmetto leaves, and the colonists, with this duty off their hands, began to look about for more interesting ventures. The Sieur Ottigny was, all points considered, the most intelligent and loyal gentleman in Laudonnière's band. He was a man of family and education, and of influence among the men. He now came forward, asking to be allowed to lead an exploring tour up the river, to detect for themselves, if possible, the

whereabouts of Outina's mines of gold and silver. Consent was readily granted, and he started forthwith, taking two of Saturiba's braves as guides. His boat started intrepidly up the Saint John's, and he had not gone far when he came upon a village of one of Outina's tribes. Leaving the Indians on board, to their great disgust, and taking only Dengas and three soldiers with him, Ottigny went ashore, armed with gifts instead of guns. After some difficulty the white men dispersed the natives' fears, and after presenting his gifts, Ottigny returned to his boat and resumed his voyage. At two of the other villages he acted similarly, and when he returned to Fort Caroline he was able to advise Laudonnière that he had opened up friendly relations with at least three villages of the people whom the French, by their pledge to Saturiba, were soon to be marching against in full battle array.

In the Wild Woods of Florida

Laudonnière had already come to the conclusion that he had been too ready to ally himself

with Saturiba, and this evidence confirmed that belief. He, therefore, sent another officer, Vasseur, up the river, bearing more gifts, and with instructions to find out exactly where these rich mines were to be found. Vasseur was a credulous and somewhat hysterical soul, and he set out with great confidence in his own ability. His first landing was made at the village of a chief called Mollua, and friendly and even affectionate terms were soon the result of his gifts and protestations.

"Where are the gold mines?" asked Vasseur, as soon as he thought the way had been sufficiently paved.

"The gold mines?" returned Mollua. "They are far to the sunset, in the mountain region, far to the westward."

In the Florida Jungle

"But I understood they were in your land?"

"We have some store of gold and silver, but it came from our wars with the people of Potanou; in his lands are the mines. If you will help us to conquer Potanou, each of our chiefs will give you a pile of gold hip-high."

Vasseur, kindled with this picture, hastily gave the promise to help the Thima-

goans, or Outina's people, against Potanou; and returned with high delight to the fort. Indeed so great was his elation that, under its influence, he played a very pretty little comedy before Saturiba, if Le Moyne's account can be trusted.

Saturiba, who had become suspicious of the Frenchmen's dealings with Outina, came to find out the truth. As he approached the fort he met Vasseur, just returning. Saturiba asked him for an audience, and Vasseur was nothing loath; whereupon the Indian inquired what dealings had the white men had with his enemy.

"What dealings?" cried Vasseur, astonished. "I have set upon him, and have smitten him hip and thigh. Yea, with my sword have I killed him and driven him into the wilderness besides."

Saturiba displaying some unreadiness to believe this round statement, Vasseur and one of his aides drew their swords, and acted out in full pantomime before the awe-struck Indians, the whole scene of the slaughter of the Thimagoans. Their realism was so great as almost to deceive themselves.

"Look!" cried Vasseur, "so it was that we set upon them! Thus, and thus we slew them. Thus flashed the sun upon our terrible swords!"

Accompanying his words were such weird and wonderful evolutions and whirlings of his sword, that Saturiba was greatly impressed, and finally begged the brave warriors to partake of a banquet to commemorate their victory. Vasseur accepted with alacrity, and thus ended that little comedy.

Though the comedy was ended, the more serious part of the drama was to come. For Saturiba, encouraged by this episode, and by the repeated promises of the French, now summoned all his chiefs together to make war upon Outina. One morning the French were awakened by the

sound of terrible shrieking, which made them arm and rush hastily to defend themselves from what seemed to be a furious attack. It was only, however, the band of reed-players that preceded Saturiba's army; and the chief was come to hold Laudonnière to his promise to exterminate Outina.

"Are the children of the Sun ready to come with me against Outina?" the chief asked, when audience with Laudonnière was at last, after many evasions, obtained. Laudonnière, whose last intention in the world now was to attack Outina, pretended to be much surprised.

"So soon?" he replied, with well-feigned innocence. "My men are not at all ready for a war. Many of them are sick, and some are away on exploring trips. I cannot spare any soldiers now. After a while, perhaps —"

Saturiba hid his anger, and returned a week later. The result was the same. He drew off his men, and without a word disappeared into the forest. For seven days the French heard no word; on the morning of the eighth day the Indians returned in triumph, laden with spoils and scalps. They had also ten prisoners which they had taken, and which they were reserving, possibly for hostages, possibly for torture in their rites for the celebration of their victory. And now new folly beset Laudonnière; he conceived it to be a great thing to secure two of these prisoners to return to Outina, thinking that this would cement for all time his friendship for that chief. Wherefore he sent a demand to Saturiba for two of his prisoners. To this the surprised chief at once returned a flat refusal, stating that he owed no favor to the French after they had so wantonly broken faith with him. Laudonnière had now no alternative but to enforce his request, or lose the respect, as well as the confidence, of the Indians. So he set forth with twenty fully-armed arquebusiers, proceeded to Saturiba's village, entered

the chief's lodge, seated himself with his guard around him, and waited for a full half-hour without uttering a word. At the end of that time he called for Saturiba, and renewed his demand for two of the prisoners.

"The sight of so many armed men has frightened them away," replied the indignant chief, not deigning to look in Laudonnière's direction. The Frenchman grew angry, his men stood to their weapons, and trouble was only averted

Native Palms on the Coast of Florida

by the entrance of Olocatora, son of the chief, leading the prisoners. With these, and as much dignity as he could muster, Laudonnière returned to Fort Caroline. He had managed to alienate Saturiba forever.

That night a terrible thunder-storm came up, and the lightning was so brilliant and the thunder so near and so violent that the Indians became persuaded that the French were in some way responsible, and that this was their way of showing their anger. At dawn the storm still continuing, Saturiba sent an embassy of his principal braves to the fort with gifts, and asked the children of the Sun to let the Sun

their god appear once more. Laudonnière at once took advantage of the situation, told the natives that he would pray to his gods to lift their wrath, and scanned the skies for promise of a change. By a strange chance, blue was already beginning to show in the east; so he announced that the danger was over, that they were pardoned, and that the sky would soon be cleared; and especially, that they were never, on any account, to repeat their unfriendly acts toward the children of the Sun. Saturiba, seeing that he could not hope for success against a people aided by the sun and moon, made the required promise; but before long removed himself and his family to another village farther away. What might have been Laudonnière's greatest hope and ally in the trouble near at hand was lost to him never to be recovered.

A Florida Marsh

Little heed did he pay to that now, however; his chief thought was to ingratiate himself still further with Outina, who stood at the gateway to all the treasure for which the French hearts panted. He lost no time in sending Ottigny and Vasseur back up the river, laden with gifts, and bearing the two prisoners, dressed in tawdry finery from the ship's stores. They found Outina, who received them with great cordiality, and immediately showed his gratitude by offering them a chance to join an expedition against Potanou, all the gold proceeds of which were to go to the French. Vasseur was smitten with a strange attack of caution, but ten of the soldiers, Erlac at their head, agreed to take part in the raid.

Outina at once sent out word to the near-by villages and to his medicine-man, or shaman, as he was called. This personage was an important one in these tribes, and occupied a position of almost as much authority as the chiefs themselves. In the present instance, the shaman was called upon to tell what should be the point of attack. Le Moyne reported the sight to his chief when he returned, and while it is possible that he embroidered the fabric a little, his account was probably realistic in essentials.

When all the tribe was assembled, the shaman, after standing for some ten minutes in a trance-like state, called suddenly for a shield. One of the soldiers hastily offered his, and the shaman placed himself upon it, allowing no part of his body to come in contact with the ground. In this curled-up position he remained for a moment, muttering to himself, then launching into a long and violent incantation. In the course of fifteen minutes, during which the Indians stood around in a silent circle, he began to make loud noises, and was apparently thrown by some irresistible force into terrible contortions, so that his arms and legs were thrown out of joint, with loud cracking sounds. He spent some time gyrating and acting thus, when of a sudden he returned to his normal appearance, rose from the shield, and quietly informed the chief that his attack should be made in such and such a place and time.

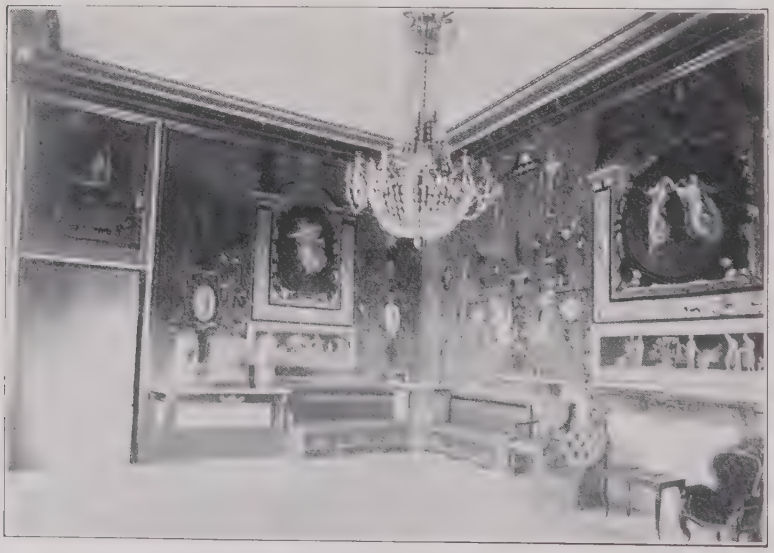
The French looked on in amazement, but his incantations were evidently to some effect, for the results of the foray were very fortunate — to everybody but the French. The Indians and the ten Frenchmen started off through the swamp, and after marching an interminable distance, fell upon a village of Potanou, the men of which were mainly absent on a hunting trip. Those who remained were speedily killed, as well as most of the old men, women, and the children; and the Indians, abandoning

further projects, returned in triumph to their homes. The French were extremely disgusted, for they saw no signs of any gold, and they were coming to believe that they had been made a tool of by Outina, and that no gold was ever to result from any such source.

They returned to Fort Caroline extremely footsore and crestfallen, and reported the result of their expedition.

"And I believe," said Erlac in concluding, "that we shall never find any treasure until we abandon these Indians, one and all, and start for the root of things ourselves. I believe that these Indians are the greatest liars, as well as the greatest thieves, in the world. They steal with the feet as well as with the hands; and I am convinced that they lie with tongue and hands and feet and all their bodies."

Perhaps. If so, who taught them?



THE POMPEIAN ROOM IN THE ESCORIAL

CHAPTER IX

THE CUNNING OF THE SERPENT

AMONG the many and versatile characteristics of the French nature is the capacity for intrigue; the most subtle diplomats and statesmen in the world's history have been Frenchmen; and indeed the history of the French court has for some hundreds of years been nothing but an intricate and ornate meshwork of plot and counter-plot, scheme beyond scheme, wheels within wheels. It had not been a month from the time of the establishment of Laudonnière's colony till, in the little company of less than 300 men, there were formed as many cliques and cabals as there were in any court of Europe. There were almost as many parties as there were colonists, and all were malcontent.

There were Saturiba's adherents, and Outina's friends, and those who thought that the third tribe, that of Potanou, was the safest to tie to; there were those who did not believe in any Indians whatever, and were for marching against them, one tribe after another, and taking their treasures away from each of them by force of arms. There were those, and nearly all were of this party, who wished in any event to spend all their time in gold-seeking; there were some thrifty few who thought the soil ought to be tilled and crops planted. There were those who objected to Maistre Robert, and his Sunday morning psalm reading; and those who complained because they had not a regular minister, who could hold regular Huguenot *prêches*. Some liked the country, some hated it, some thought the country well enough, but the river district unhealthy, as beyond doubt it was at many

seasons. Some wanted to sail on up the coast, some up the river, some back to France. But of all these views, mad or sane, next to nothing reached the ears of the commandant, other than as vague mutterings and anonymous rumors. It was in short an excellent field for a bold, unscrupulous man, who desired to foment disturbance; and such a man was at hand, in the person of Jean Gyrot.

If a man's nature has a wicked or unhealthy bias, ten months of poor food, little exercise, and a malarial climate are not going to be of any material benefit to his disposition. Jean Gyrot, besides being a conscienceless and unscrupulous man, was now a disappointed one as well. He had counted on a country rich in gold and silver, where every man would soon be rolling in benefits and power; he had perhaps expected to have become the governor of a prov-

A Scene on the Upper Saint John's

ince before this; yet here he waited, with discomfort present and famine ahead, kicking his idle heels against the rotting timbers of the fort he had so arduously labored to erect. To add to his ill-will, there was no sign of any word from the mother-land; and whenever he thought of the little Huguenot maid left so far behind in old France, he heartily cursed the whim that had sent him on this fool's errand.

Gyrot, however, was a cautious and a cunning soul; openness and straight methods did not appeal to him at all; he worked best at night and underground. He saw no reason for his appearing openly as a malcontent, especially when he could work so much more efficaciously through other men not so wary. Among the more discontented of the colonists was a soldier named Fourneaux; he was a man of gentle blood, according to some reports, but there was very little gentleness left in it at this stage of his career. He was in certain sympathetic circles extremely violent in his denunciations of Laudonnière, who was in his opinion the seat of all their misfortune. He waxed quite bitter on the matter, and one night he went so far, in the presence of Gyrot, as to frighten himself a little; for if his words had been repeated to the commandant, the result would have been immediate. Laudonnière was, and rightly, swift in his judgment on spreaders of treason to the colony. But Gyrot, hearing, smiled, for he saw that he had found the weapon which he needed. He took Fourneaux aside soon after, and the two walked out by the edge of the forest, alone in the moonlight.

"You do not care much, one fancies from your words, for this man they have set to command us?" he began insinuatingly.

"Look here," returned Fourneaux, threateningly, "if you mean to play the spy and repeat my words, we fall out

right here. Say the word now; where do you stand, comrade? And no roundabout either."

"Cavalier of France," replied Gyrot suavely, "you need not lay your hand on your hilt thus for any words I shall ever say in behalf of our commandant. He displeases me also very much; I am not so violent in my speech; I do not lay myself open to allegations of treason, for nothing is gained by hard words, nor ever was, nor ever will be; words have edges, but draw no blood."

"I am only too willing to cease talking, and come to deeds," protested Fourneaux eagerly; "but how? It is a dangerous project — as you so nastily put it, treason is not a long disease, once caught."

"Nay, do not put it in just that manner; it will not perhaps be necessary to lay one's self open to the charge of treason; there is another aspect."

"And what may that be?"

"It is this," pursued the plausible Gyrot. "A commandant is supposed to interpret, in an affair of this sort, the minds of those whom he commands. If, for any reason, he seems determined to walk counter to the will of the majority, it is not precisely treason to intimate it to him."

"Intimate it to him? What talk is this? Who wastes words now? Who was it spoke of deeds but a half moment ago?"

"I. And it is deeds I have in mind. But words must come first. We must discover the minds and wishes of our comrades."

"You know those as well as I do; there is not a man contented. Laudonnière keeps himself for his favored few, and we, of as good or better blood than they, must spend our time rotting in this fort. Ottigny, Erlac, Le Caille, and Le Moyne have all the plums; we get the rind, and bitter enough it is. The men are all discontented; why do we

Spanish Moss

sit and sit here, when gold and who knows what treasures are to be had for a little enterprise? But bah! this is talking again; and you prefer to do the talking yourself."

"Fourneaux," spoke Gyrot, sharply, "I should so deeply regret to have to remind you of some talking I heard not long since. Leave this matter to me. But first find out how many allies among the soldiery we could count on in a pinch. I will study over the affair. And now adieu; we must not be seen together, now that we are thinking together. I bid you good night."

"Good night. I will be silent; and we shall see whether the world will not find some way to begin revolving again ere I take root forever."

This promising little plot, so hatched, throve apace. Fourneaux made his inquiries on all hands, sounding all the soldiers and many of the artisans; everywhere he found the same story of discomfort and ill-will. One night in the forest they held a secret meeting of some dozen of the ring-leaders, and the mutiny was formally begun. From their shirts, they managed to sew together a makeshift flag; this did them no good, but it seemed to throw somewhat of a military air on their plot. Many of the soldiers carried their weapons with them all the time, watching for a favorable chance to kill Laudonnière. But no such chance, fortunately, offered itself, for the commandant fell ill of a fever, after having been prostrated by staying too long in the fierce Floridian sun. He was watched over by close friends, Ottigny and Erlac, and the mutineers were for the moment foiled.

But Gyrot came to the fore. He so manœuvered as to gain the position of one of Laudonnière's guards. To do this, it was necessary for him to swear even additional oaths of loyalty and fealty to Laudonnière's person; but he laid his hand upon the Book, and swore all that was re-

quired, without the quiver of an eyelash. He now had access to the commandant at all times, but they usually watched in pairs, and he could do little.

The apothecary, Quillet, was a stolid Basque, with wide sheep's eyes, and little sense except as regarded his drugs. He came twice daily to doctor Laudonnière, and Gyrot immediately seized upon him as a possible means

In the Lowlands of Florida

to compass his ends. He waylaid him in the corridor one day, and tried to get from him some arsenic. The apothecary refused.

"Nay, what want you of arsenic? Arsenicum is a grave poison; I cannot see that you can use a poison righteously. Why want you it?"

"A friend of mine wants it."

"Let the friend ask for it; if I know what it is for, he may get it; if I do not know, he does not get it."

"Listen then, friend; and sink this in your heart; my

friend wants it to drop into the food of a friend of his, who is sick — with the fever."

"If he did that, the sick man would die; no; you cannot have it." Shaking his head sullenly, the man of drugs went on about his business. One more plan had proved unavailing, and still Gyrot hoped and schemed.

A short time before, their party had been augmented by a Captain Bourdet, who sailed his own vessel from France; he was a gentleman of fortune of the sea, and his men were privateers at best, and cutthroats at their ordinary. Two of Laudonnière's ships returned to France, the mutineers taking advantage to send letters to the court, preferring against Laudonnière all manner of absurd and outrageous charges. Some of Bourdet's men remained, and from listening to their tales of life and plunder on the high seas, another idea was born in Gyrot's fertile and feverish brain.

It is striking commentary on the discontent which existed, when it now appears that even the loyal Le Caille was this time a party to the project. One bright morning, before Laudonnière was recovered from his fever, he was summoned to come forth by an embassy of his soldiers, headed by none other than this man, so near to Laudonnière in ideals and in friendship. He read to the commandant a request, signed by nearly all the colony, that they be allowed to go a-cruising along the Spanish Main, to procure for themselves food and raiment, by purchase "or otherwise." The document set forth their unhappy condition in most moving terms, and was couched with great moderation. Laudonnière, however, denied the request with great indignation, asked them if they, who had come with such high aims, desired to become no better than pirates — and spoke most sharply and bitterly to them, so that his fever returned upon him even more dangerously than before.

This brought matters to a head; Le Caille saw the mind of the mob, and served notice on Fourneaux that he would not be a party to any violence. He, with Ottigny, Erlac, and Vasseur, remained loyal to their helpless chief, but the remainder of the camp now openly joined the mutineers.

Quickly they laid their plans, Gyrot spreading the snare. He sent at once for Fourneaux and two others of the ringleaders.

"I have the matter all planned," he informed them. "I have come to the conclusion that we shall not do wisely to kill Laudonnière. It would be all very well for the present, but we will want to return, perhaps to this colony and certainly to France. And he has friends who are powerful. It is therefore unwise to kill him. It is equally unwise for us all to appear as traitors to himself. I have decided to remain loyal to him — nay, do not start — it is only for appearances. We shall need a friend at court, perhaps, some day, and I intend to join your project only under compulsion. In other words, you are to compel me to become one of you by force."

"And you get off scot-free, while the rest of us hang, if it comes to a settlement? A very pretty plan, Monsieur Diplomat, but we are not so young. We share and share alike, in risk and gain."

"Not in this business. I have this matter to suit me or it drops with me right here. You may have your way when the deed is managed, but while it is still a-doing, I am to be obeyed."

"What is your plan, then?"

"You do accept my terms, do you? Otherwise you shift for yourselves; and a pretty pot you would get yourselves into. Plan, plan? The whole thing depends on the brains behind your steel. Let me hear what plans you

have for the affair? I 'll warrant they will be marvels of statecraft."

"Well, I admit most of my thoughts go to the rich old church of San Pablo, that I propose to sail for first. I have n't given the overture much thought. I suppose we shall just go."

"Simple and easy; my compliments. That will make you mutineers and pirates on the face of it. His Majesty himself could hardly help you from hanging if you insist

In the Heart of Florida

on being fools. Listen: by my scheme, there will be no violence, no shedding of blood — or anything else, save a few crocodile tears perhaps from my own sympathetic eyes; there will be no mutiny, or at least not open mutiny, for I intend to have an order, signed by the commandant's own hand, giving us privateering privileges on the Spanish Main. I intend to go away from this place openly, legally, and with no absurd haste; no rushing off to pillage on our own authority; no! we shall be sailing under the King's orders and papers, signed by the King's deputy, Sieur Laudonnière."

"It sounds well; but how are we to do this? And why is it necessary for us to shoulder all the blame, while you

remain a loyal servant, with an unblemished reputation? Why can we all not remain angels, too?"

"Because you have not the wit for angels, and because I choose it this other way, and because I — think — you — will do as I — request.'

"Well, speak on. We agree. What is the game?"

"Swear it on your swords."

"Swear what on our swords? Are not our words enough?"

"Indulge me thus far. Swear that you will not inculpate me in any deed which we may do looking toward the procuring of our cruise; swear that you will state in any tribunal that I was made one of you only by force and under your compulsion, that I was loyal to the King and his deputy. Swear so!"

"Well, then," sullenly, "we so swear."

"Patriots! It is well. And now to business. There are but three men we need to fear, Ottigny, Vasseur, and Le Caille, Erlac being ill with the fever. These three men will be called from their beds and placed under guard, first. I shall myself be guarding the commandant. When the three are safely secured, you will come to the corridor outside our door. Fourneaux there will lead. You will demand an entrance; I will refuse it; you will break down the door and force your way in. I will rush to my sword, as will also the commandant, weak though he is. You must disarm us, it will not be hard — and leave the rest to me. Only be sharp enough to take your cues when I give them. Threaten violence to my patient all you like, but do none. And now we must disperse, for to-morrow will be our last of servitude."

"Then ho! for the open sea."

"And it 's out to the open main —"

"And hey for the little gold church of San Pablo, with its shining altars waiting for our eyes and hands!"

"We are not there yet; much lies between. And so, good night."

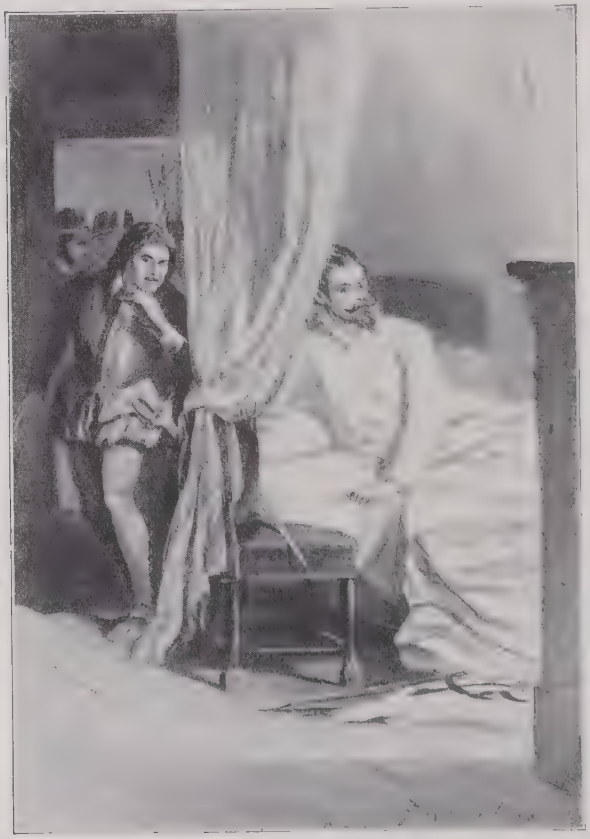
The next morning dawned clear and crisp. There was an autumn tang to the air, almost, which sent the blood, for the first time in weeks, hurrying gladly through the veins. The change in the weather helped tempers,

A Marsh on the Upper Saint John's

too, and there was sound of laughter in the fort, and something even akin to cheer. In the hearts of the conspirators lurked an unwonted exhilaration, and they strolled about with a rakish air, as if already they fancied themselves on deck of their vessel to the promised lands. Laudonnière too, stretched out upon his cot and weak from his fever, felt the vigor returning to his limbs.

He sent for Ottigny, and spent two hours in planning some method to keep down the growing disaffection. Ottigny was of the opinion that all would be well if they could

set out in good earnest on their Appalachian trip, to find the gold mines of which they had heard so much and seen so little. He was strongly of the belief that prompt action was needed, for he had seen the men about the fort that morning, and an inkling of their intent was dawning on his mind, though he had no idea of the imminence of the danger. It was at last agreed to by Laudonnière that the trip would be commenced as soon as he was on his feet again, and Ottigny was dispatched to announce the good news to the men. It was by this time, however, nearly sundown, and he decided to wait until the following day. It was then too late.



The Betrayal of Laudonnière

Night: and a single candle burned flickeringly bright in the sick man's room. The fort outside was wrapped in silence, but through the open window came the thousand tiny hummings and rustlings of the tropic forest. By the

side of the couch watched Gyrot, his manner solicitous almost to tenderness, but his quick ears listening, listening for the sound he awaited. Meanwhile he paid flattering heed to the monotone of his patient, who was wakeful and who insisted upon making himself more wakeful yet by describing in detail to Gyrot the campaign which he was then planning against the mountain tribes who were supposed to guard the treasure he hoped to discover. Gyrot smiled on him caressingly, and nodded an absent-minded assent to everything he said, his ears straining for that other sound that did not come.

Suddenly it came! A low whistle from without. He glanced at the bolted door, and waited. Then came the sound of forty feet in the corridor without, voices, cries, and the rushing of heavy men.

"What is that?" demanded Laudonnière sharply.

Gyrot dashed toward the door, blockading it with a heavy billet of wood. Laudonnière leapt to his feet and fumbled for his sword. Gyrot drew his, and they looked at one another.

"Who is there?" cried Gyrot, loudly, putting his mouth to the door.

"It is I, Fourneaux, and twenty men. We would speak with the commandant."

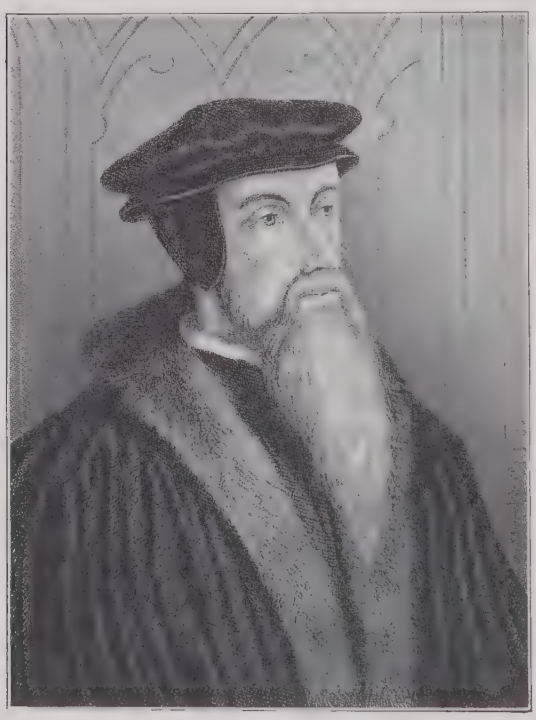
"He is ill; you cannot come in," cried Gyrot, angrily.

"We have business that cannot wait. Open the door or we will break it down. Open, we say!" And thunderous blows shook the door.

CHAPTER X

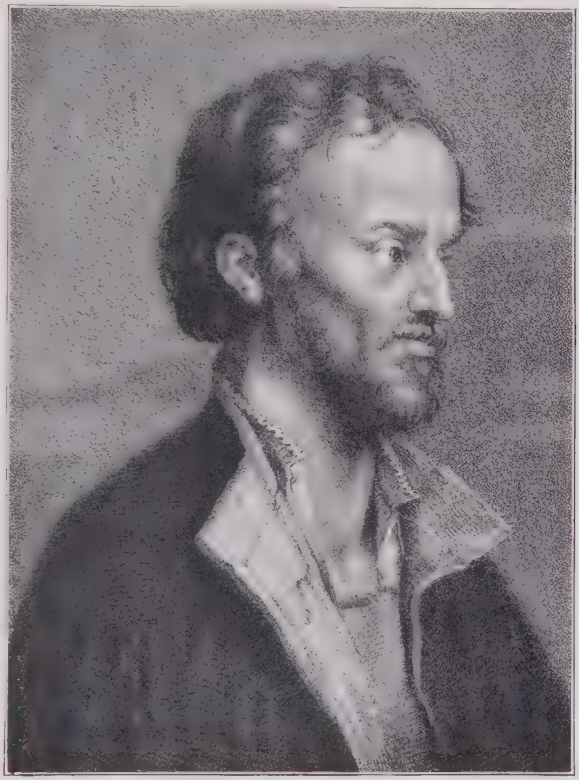
ON THE SPANISH MAIN

THE year of grace 1564 was drawing to a close. The revolt against the Church of Rome had just lost the most illustrious of its French leaders through the death of John Calvin. An exile from his native land, his work was necessarily done outside of France; but it was none the less effective because of his residence in Geneva, whither he had fled from Paris. There, in free Switzerland, he erected such a government as the Puritans, his followers, later aspired to in New England — one wherein the Church was the State. He ruled his people with a rod of iron; and always for what he believed to be their best good. Though they once rebelled against his authority, they soon brought him back and willingly kept him as their head as long as he lived. Indeed, their indebtedness, and the indebted-



JOHN CALVIN

ness of Protestantism to this stern, intolerant and self-repressed theologian is hardly to be exaggerated. He was, as Watson points out, the spiritual father of Coligny, of William the Silent, and of Cromwell, three notable captains in the great battle Freedom's host must always wage against tyranny and greed. Melanchthon's gentler spirit had been at rest for four years; Calvin's death following so close upon his, left the spiritual cause for which the new life in Florida had been sought an object of real solicitude to devout believers.



PHILIP MELANCHTHON (*After an engraving by Albert Durer*)

Nor did the cause of the little colony seem strengthened when, from the mouth of the Saint John's River, there came forth into the open sea two little ships, manned by about fifty men each. It was the two-ship fleet of one Fourneaux, mutineer, cutthroat, and now about to become freebooter and pirate on all the seas. For the open sea they headed first, like a falcon scenting its prey; then straight and true they sought the regions of their hearts'

desire, or in other words, the sea-road for the ships of Spain and the lands that owed her sovereignty.

The two pinnaces were stout little craft, and they were equipped with the King's guns and munitions of war, and with stores from the fort. All the same, it was pretty close quarters for the forty-odd men cooped up in them, and as soon as they were well away from land, the two drew together and held a consultation.

In the larger pinnace, commanded by Fourneaux, were Gyrot, Trenchant the pilot, who had been compelled by force to join the expedition, Watkins, an Englishman and a wise seaman, and Oranger, a great crony of Fourneaux. He was also one of the three who were party to Gyrot's plan for the mutiny. The other prime conspirator, a Flemish soldier who called himself Sergeant Bleur, was in command of the second pinnace; the only thing he knew and understood was the use of a sword.

With infinite difficulty and some danger, the two pinnaces were lashed together at the bow, and Fourneaux stood upright in his craft, to make oration. After some clamor for silence, his voice could be heard, and he said:

"Comrades, we are less than a hundred men, but one hundred men, Frenchmen and soldiers true, are a match for any five hundred papists of them all. But in one thing we are very short, and that is the wherewithal of food, and of raiment befitting our merits, and of munitions, and, last and before and above all, we are short of booty. These things are grievous, but they are not fatal, and more than that, they are not everlasting."

"No, no!" came the chorus. "Not by a long chalk."

"I know that it is the wish of many to sail first straight for the church of San Pablo, which at this Christmas festival will be a booty well worth our pains. But we cannot sail into a Spanish port in two little pinnaces."

"Yes, yes, yes!" they cried. "Sail in on a raft, so we get there!"

"Sail in and be wiped out by the papists; not much! We must go in with dignity and honor, in ships of our own; then may we be sure of the victory."

This raised a storm of violent denial, and discussion. Many of those in Fourneaux's own vessel stood up for his plan, and some few in the other ship, but Sergeant Bleur himself and most of his men gave a decided dissent.

"We are a match for 'em as we stand," spoke the sergeant, stoutly. "I am against waiting. It is almost festival time now, and we may be too late; you never can tell about these papists; they may take their booty back when the festival is over. No waiting, say I. San Pablo a-ho!"

Many echoed his cry. Confusion reigned, with every one shouting his view and listening to no one else until he was out of breath. At length Fourneaux bade his trumpeter sound a call, and in this manner secured a moment's silence.

"Let us put the matter to vote by number, then," he said. This was at once agreed to, and Bleur and Oranger were told off to count the votes. They checked them off by making nicks on the gunwale, and when the counting was done, it was found that of Fourneaux's ship all but four were in favor of going on in triumph with the large ship which they felt sure they could soon capture, while all but ten of Bleur's company were for going to San Pablo as straight as wind could take them, and of waiting for nothing or nobody. But this threw the scale on the side of Fourneaux and his more cautious plan. The ships were unlashed, and the oars took up their work.

The night was dark, and the vessels drew apart for safety, taking their course southeast by south, to intersect the line of traffic-ships from Spain to Cuba. Fourneaux's ship bowled merrily along under canvas and steadied by

the rowers, and made ten good knots an hour. The lantern of Bleur's prow was before long lost to sight, as he fell slightly behind. It was a mere trick; he had no intention of wasting time by following Fourneaux; not he; his men one and all agreed to sail straight for San Pablo, and for San Pablo they steered their prow, bearing broadly to the south.

Calvin's House in Geneva, Switzerland

The lookout on Fourneaux's pinnace looked out at dawn upon an empty sea. Bleur had deserted, led on by the double lust, for fighting and for gold, which he was not a man to resist. His career after this double-dealing was as inglorious and brief as could well have been imagined: sailing straight for Cuba, he fell in with head-winds, winter storms, and other troubles that racked his frail craft severely; his pilot knew little of navigation, and steered him toward an unfrequented part of Cuba. Here he went ashore and sacked a few villages to no profit, and to his own great misprofit, for his men ate of fruits that made them ill, and

became generally demoralized. So that when, growing desperate, they determined to attack a cathedral in one of the larger towns, they were met by an overwhelming force of Spaniards and natives, their pinnace was sunk, Bleur himself killed after a terrific defense, and the rest taken prisoners to Havana. At which place, cowards and recreants as they were, they sought to gain clemency and save their necks by betraying to the Spanish authorities the full location and particulars of their unhappy colony. This came home later to the unhappy survivors at Fort Caroline, in the vision which they beheld, months later, of the royal and revengeful banner of the King of Spain.

The pinnace of Fourneaux flew gaily before the breeze. Buccaneers have in all times been partial to small vessels; they liked them first because they were swift and handy, easy to manipulate. They could usually sail all around the heavier and more unwieldy galleons and brigantines which were the objects of attack; and many instances are found where buccaneers, having conquered fine and solid vessels, sank them with all their equipment, and stuck to their open boats, which in many cases were really little more than large canoes with sails.

The present craft, a pinnace, was of about twenty tons; she had only a small cabin in the stern, and for the forty-five hands she bore she soon became very close quarters indeed. Fourneaux was captain, but he knew better than to push his authority too far; only in time of action was his word law, and he was too wise a soldier to attempt to stretch his sway. But Watkins, who was appointed sailing master and boatswain, was an old English sea-dog, with ideas of his own about sea-discipline. Immediately after his selection he addressed his men soberly, with few words but with sound sense. He divided them into watches, parceled out the work, the rations, the water. He picked

out the best marksmen and made them exempt from rowing, in readiness for the times of going into action, so that their aim might not be disturbed by the shaking of their hands after hard work. There were eight banks of oars to the side, and with these and the sails, the vessel made such headway that on the morning of the third day they came in sight of the northeast coast of Cuba, just west of the entrance to Windward Passage, between Cuba and San Domingo. They touched at a small village, where they replenished their stock of provisions, but with no sort of violence, and stood again out to sea. Off the island of Tortuga they paused, ran in under her lee shore, found a suitable anchorage, and waited for their prey.

They stood in the direct line of ships, and it would be odd, indeed, they reckoned, if more than a week could elapse without bringing them what they awaited. It was in truth but the morning of the third day when the lookout reported a sail dead ahead to eastward. The crew felt the blood sing in their veins, and leapt for the weapons never far away. Fourneaux questioned the lookout.

"Can you make her out? Heads she for this passage?"

"Ay, she comes on the starboard tack."

"Looms she large — what is her weight?"

"Too soon yet; the morn is misty; she comes near apace."

"Call out her progress! Men, are you ready?"

"Yes!" came the answer from forty throats. Fourneaux gave orders to ship anchor, and the pinnace, with the men tugging eagerly at the oars, and with all sail set stood out to the center of the channel to meet the oncoming stranger. She was nearer now, and they could see she was a brigantine of some forty or at most fifty tons. The wind was light, but she made progress, and rode the water easily. A sound and sturdy craft, Fourneaux noted with appraising eye.

He, with Oranger and Gyrot stood near the helm.

"What think you, gentlemen?" asked Fourneaux, after a close scrutiny of the brigantine. "Will she do for us?"

"She seems a stout and handy vessel," said Oranger, eying her. "It is no bad thing to have room to move one's legs. If she be as good a sailor as she shows by this wind, would she not serve our turn as well as any?"

The Bridge at Geneva

"We 'll take her first, my friends," put in Gyrot, in a fine sarcasm. "There will then be time to plan whether we wish to sail the seas in her."

All this time the vessel was drawing steadily nearer.

"Put out the Spanish flag," shouted Fourneaux, as it was seen that the stranger bore Spanish colors. The pinnace soon showed from her helm the flag which Gyrot had thoughtfully taken from their foraging trip ashore. The brigantine was now but a scant half-mile away; the men at her bow could be plainly seen; in another minute she was close enough to hail.

Fourneaux stood forth, and a short colloquy ensued. It did not last long; the pinnace stood across the other's bow,

rocking gently in the trough, and thus waited. The Spaniard came on, unsuspectingly, and soon but twenty yards separated the two. Then on a sudden, a great cry broke forth from the larger vessel. The lookout had seen the close row of the pirates hidden in the bow of the pinnace, and awoke to the truth.

"Jesu, save us!" screamed one. "We are beset by pirates. Hard-a-port!"

It was too late now. The ships wavered, lurched, touched. The Frenchmen threw out grappling-hooks, which the demoralized Spaniards were too startled to disengage. Twenty men, armed with cutlasses, halberds, and pikes swarmed up and over the side of the ill-fated stranger. In five minutes it was over.

Taken by surprise, the brigantine's men never had a chance. Forty of them, inclusive of all the officers, lay dead; ten more were mortally wounded and were thrown overboard; three were taken prisoners, a native from one of the islands, a negro who turned out to be the ship's cook and who was gladly adopted by Fourneaux in that capacity — and one old Spaniard. This last, when first his hands were freed, whipped forth a dagger and fell dead at their feet. The sun beat splendidly down upon the shining sea.

The French, wild with triumph and delight, threw the bodies overboard, and started to take account of their casualties. They had lost only three men killed, while a dozen others were nursing wounds more or less serious; but one and all started cheerfully below to see what booty they had gained. The vessel proved to be the *San Pablo*, sailing from Seville, and at the discovery of her name, the pirates sent up a great shout of laughter.

"Ho! we found San Pablo first after all!" they cried. "Let us now to the altar, and see what festival spoil is there."

The *San Pablo*, however, much to their disappointment, proved to have no treasure of any sort aboard. She had however, a considerable store of cloths and laces, which she had brought for barter to the Indies; she was also well equipped with food and stores of all kinds. She was of forty-five tons burden and was sound in all respects. Fourneaux and his companions went all over her from stem to stern, as did also Watkins, the boatswain; their unanimous opinion was that she would do. No sooner decided upon than they returned at once to the deck. Fourneaux called at once for a levy of six men. These set out in a rowboat with two casks of powder; they cut loose the pinnace, descended into her tiny hold, bearing the powder, and laid their train. The *San Pablo* in the meanwhile was scudding before the wind to a safe distance.

The six men, having laid their fuse, tumbled hastily into their rowboat and rowed furiously off in the wake of the *San Pablo*. When they were still less than a half-mile away, the explosion came. They turned in their trembling skiff, which quivered beneath the shock, and saw the shattered, fragments of their old vessel blown in ten thousand splinters in the air; the pinnace was no more. They turned and rowed steadily on to join their comrades. The *San Pablo*, with a new captain and a new crew, but still bearing the Spanish flag, sailed steadily on her cruise for gold.

In the cabin they found many rich stuffs of Indian weave from the Orient, and from these they devised many a fantastic dress; some, too, had taken the garments from the dead Spaniards; altogether they were as gorgeous a ship's company as had been seen in those waters. Old Watkins, however, as soon as the first transports subsided, served notice on them that discipline of no ordinary sort was to be the rule. Gyrot and Fourneaux, after listening to the old fellow's talk, backed him up most emphatically, and the pirates

found that they had come from Fort Caroline's easy, if tiresome, routine, to an iron-handed despotism that forced them to clean themselves, their ship, and their weapons daily, observe regular rules in eating and drinking, and even controlled their amusements. For the men must be kept fit, and they were going to be brought so and held so, if the steel-glitter of Watkin's eye meant anything. The men grumbled, but they obeyed.

Under this surveillance, however, they rapidly gained efficiency, and this was speedily reflected by their successes. They met several small ships, which they rifled of their treasures, and turned adrift, and they even grew so confident that they ventured to attack several of the smaller towns along the coast when they were in need of provisions, or when the booty promised well. These land expeditions were successful, and by this means they prolonged their cruise indefinitely; but their winnings had not been large, and they grew impatient for larger prey.

Meanwhile, their only relaxation was gambling. This went on at all times when the men were off duty; groups collected in several spots about the deck and gamed with dice or cards. Some of the crew were notoriously lucky, and frequently almost all the wealth aboard was in the hands of these few; this began to cause hard feeling, until one day active hostility broke out.

Oranger was a great gamester; there had been chapters in his past, never spoken of now, nor even remembered, when he had been a gentleman at court, and no mean courtier either. There had been, to revive these forgotten stories, rumors then that he was a little too clever for a gentleman with the falling dice and the turning card. At last it happened that another gentleman had caught, being unusually quick of sight, the flicker of white along the edge of a card that was slipping unobtrusively in where no card was supposed to be; there

The Atlantic off the Coast of Florida

was a pause, a rising from the table, and a flick across Monsieur Oranger's eyes of the glove of his opponent. Oranger, cornered in his deed, struck back with such force and pith, that the gentleman, getting on his legs again, willingly waived the question of Oranger being a gentleman, to avenge that blow. They fought, and the gentleman fell. Now, Oranger, on his ship 2000 and more miles from the scene of that encounter, found his nose on a Sunday afternoon tweaked, and in no uncertain manner, by one Talliant, who also had caught the gleam along the edge of a card where no card should be, to wit, in Oranger's lace sleeve.

There was even less ceremony on this second occasion than on the first; the crew gathered round in delight; both the combatants were cavaliers of parts, and handled a shrewd sword. A ring was made in a twinkle, and the two faced one another. Oranger, however, knowing his opponent's weakness with the pistol, chose that weapon, greatly to the crew's disgust; but he was the challenged party, and his was the word. They measured off fifteen paces, and marked the deck. The two took their places, back to back.

"When the word comes, fire," said Fourneaux, simply. The word soon came. Two simultaneous reports smote the air, as the two whirled and fired. Oranger had gained nothing, as the excited spectators instantly saw, for both proved bad marksman. Another exchange of shots proving equally futile, they came to close quarters, and engaged, without further parley, with rapiers.

Stout swordsmen were they both, and for a while the battle wavered; for Talliant, cool and wary, ran no risk of exposing himself, and Oranger could not break down his guard. Their breathing grew quicker.

"*Santa Maria!*" gasped the negro, in terror; he had learned only this one Spanish oath, and he repeated it over

and over in his excitement, hopping up and down on the outer edge of the ring which enclosed the fighters.

Gyrot, a flush appearing on his usually pale cheek, watched with intense interest, and with a malignant smile he beheld Talliant pressing Oranger closer and still more closely. At last, in a little gasp of silence, it came — a

A Panorama of Geneva, Switzerland

keen, clean thrust through the chest, the bright sword passing completely through the victim's body, and emerging, stained with crimson, between his shoulder-blades. Without a sound, Oranger sank slowly to the deck. The Master Dice-Man had taken him for his sins.

Soberly they took him up and threw him into the sea. But Gyrot, with his half-smile, watched them in exultation of heart, though with a strained half-frown on his face. Ser-

geant Bleur lay dead off the Cuban coast, Oranger was dead, and he and Fourneaux remained. Gyrot did not, of course, yet know of the death of Bleur, but the look which he turned on Fourneaux would have caused that gentleman some reflection had he seen it. The *San Pablo*, her decks free for one night of the little groups of gamesters, stole warily on into the gathering twilight.

Gyrot approached the silent Fourneaux, who stood looking moodily out across the waters, now growing purple in the dusk. He drew nearer till his shoulder touched that of his companion, who started at the touch.

"He was a brave man, Oranger," he said. "But he should have known better than to cheat at cards. For what after all is Life? a game that you play, and by your playing are you weighed. He should have cheated and won, not cheated and lost. Losing, that is the one mistake."

"You take care never to play at cards, monsieur?"

"I play — at other things. And I take care never to lose; never. Will you not remember that, monsieur, if you should feel yourself inclined to forget? If you should feel a forgetfulness coming over you?"

"What mean you by that remark?"

"Nothing, nothing, my friend. I mean merely to remind you that had it not been for me, you would hardly be here, sailing on the Spanish Main in a fifty-ton brigantine, with food and treasure in the hold — "

"I am not aware of your absolute necessity to our cruise. We should have left Fort Caroline, with or without you, I think, monsieur."

"Ay, left it; but how? As mutineers, freebooters, outlaws! Not as free seamen, under his Majesty's colors."

Fourneaux smiled sardonically, waving his hand at the masthead, where floated still the Spanish pennant.

"No matter; we are merely masquerading under that sign, but — "

"Well, but what? Why are you telling me all this again? Do I not know it as well as you. Why choose this evening to rehearse your virtues?"

"That you may not forget," said Gyrot softly. "That you may not become careless. Oranger became careless; there he lies."

"Do you threaten? I like not the way you purr in my ear. What means it?"

"It means little. I crave your pardon for having mentioned it. I did but start to moralize on Life, and thus it led me."

"Moralizing, bah! Of what use is that? It leads to nought."

"That is not so; it leads to knowledge. . . . See, how the night draws down. Soon it will be dark, soon black, and the whole world, once so green and beautiful, will lie hidden, waiting for a new dawn. Just so now the dead man lies at the bottom of the sea, with sand in his eyes. He, too, is awaiting the new day. Will it come? Who knows? Yet who ever knew the new day fail to come? Oranger will know ahead of you and me; he lies in the East, belike, where the dawn will strike his eyes first — if dawn there be."

"Well, for my own part I am content to postpone my knowledge to its own good time; I will live the life out of this world before I begin to fret about the dawning of any other. Bah! You give me the creeps, monsieur!"

"You turn away your face at the calm quizzing of death, yet day after day you walk reckless to and fro before him, without a quiver. You who have him for daily guest, always likely to drop in upon you for his long stay, you should not, of all men, blench before my idle speculations about what stuff the creature is really made of."

"Let him come, then, in his time; but save me from having you trot out his grinning jaws before they open, for I like not your philosophies."

With a covert smile, Gyrot turned and left him. It amused him to spread his nets of nothingness around Fourneaux, for he fancied that, like most men who live by action, Fourneaux would hold in awe the workings of a superior

The River Rhone and Lake Geneva

intellect; if these workings appeared subtle and devious, so much more their effect. Fourneaux, gazing after the dark form moving lithely away along the deck, felt indeed some awe of Gyrot, but the preponderating sensation was that of anger, a sort of dull, slow wrath which would need only a swift breath to fan it into flame.

Meanwhile the dusk descended, and the brilliance of the stars crept into the sky. The *San Pablo* held peacefully on her course to eastward, her nose dipping cheerfully into the white spume ahead; she was now far from any land.

having left in this venture the West Indies 200 miles to westward. The stars grew brighter and larger, and a keen night wind sprang up, under which the vessel leapt quivering ahead, responding like a live thing to the call of life in the wind. Fourneaux, standing by the helm, stretched out his arms unconsciously to the beauty of the night. Suddenly, electrically in the darkness, came the sharp hail of the look-out up aloft:

"Sail-ho!"

CHAPTER XI

THE TAKING OF THE GALLEON

"SAIL-HO!" came the call again.

"Whither away?" cried Fourneaux in a great voice, cupping his hand that the sound might carry surely to the lookout aloft.

"To starboard; afar off, but a sail surely."

"Whither bound; which way bears she? Can you see?"

"Wait; I lose her now — wait; I will have her again — "

"Have you got her — answer!"

"I have lost her — I caught but a gleam — wait! — "

"Well? Have you got her?"

"She is gone; I can see her no more."

Fourneaux, breathing curses on the darkness of the night, ran furiously half way up the shrouds, and shading his eyes with his hand, scanned eagerly the southern expanse of black sea and sky, which yet was not black but was illumined in some curious manner by a sort of grey half-light.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SAINT JOHN'S RIVER

The sea was bare; as far as the eye could reach there was no break in the silent, almost silky, darkness.

"You are sure you saw her?" Fourneaux snarled to the lookout.

"Ay, I saw her all right; a flash only, and she was gone, but I saw her as surely as I see you now; my oath on it."

Fourneaux made no answer; he was sliding back to the deck.

"All hands on deck!" he cried, and the boatswain echoed the cry in the door of the seamen's quarters. In a moment the whole ship's company, many blinking with sleep, but all eager and excited, came tumbling on deck.

"What is it, a ship?" they asked the boatswain, who made no reply.

"Orders, captain?" he asked, approaching Fourneaux.

"All hands aloft to come about; take charge, you; we go southward."

"A ship in sight, sir?" inquired Watkins, eagerly.

"None of your business, sir; but — yes! Lookout spied her far to southward. We go for her."

"Huzza!" cried Watkins. "All hands aloft, to come about!"

The men swarmed into the shrouds. The magic word, a ship, had driven sleep from their brows as if by magic itself, and they laughed grimly or merrily, each according to his nature, as they tugged at the heavy ropes, and trimmed the sails anew. The vessel lost her headway to northeast, and slowly swung about, her great sheets flapping, till finally they filled on the southern tack, and the *San Pablo* began to draw away toward the great Cross still visible in the sky. Fourneaux questioned the lookout still more closely as to the probable direction in which the stranger had been traveling, but could gain no further light.

"We must take a chance, then. Bear two points to

starboard; we must plan for what we cannot foresee. If she be going west, we stand to overtake her on this line; were she from the Indies, she is not so much of a prize anyway. Keep her three points to westward!"

"Ay, sir; three points it is!"

The *San Pablo*, her sails thrilling as they gathered the full force of the breeze, the white foam flying upward from her plunging nose, swung gallantly off southwest by south, following the prey she could not see. For some time Fourneaux, pacing impatiently along his deck, queried the lookout every minute; but this availing nought, he finally fell into silence, and, fixing his eyes on the spot where he hoped to see that longed-for gleam reappear, said no more. So the hours lagged on to midnight, and the longer, blacker hours came. Nor had there been another flash of white.

At last, faintly in the East, came the first hint of dawn, the first dim glimmer of breaking day. The clouds of mist that hung around the vessel now gradually became visible, grew silver-grey, and finally, gathering their airy tissues to themselves, vanished into the white flood of the dawn. Then, wonderfully, breaking suddenly, triumphantly over the cold white water, came the morn, and the huge and flaming monstrance of the sun. It was day.

In a voice trembling with eagerness, Fourneaux now took up his call.

"Do you see her?" he hailed. "O, whither away?"

Instantly came the answer. "Sail-ho!"

From forty throats the cheer broke forth. Fourneaux's voice could not be heard, but the lookout in his next breath answered the question he did not hear.

"Dead ahead!"

"How far?"

"Perhaps twelve knots. I see her clearly now, the mist has broken. She is a galleon of proud burden."

"How big; can you make her out?"

"Four or five hundred tons, she seems." Nearly ten times the burden of the *San Pablo.* But Fourneaux waited not an instant.

A Noble Spanish Galleon

"All hands aloft; full sail ahead! We go after her!"

"We go after her!" screamed the men in echo, as they sprang again into the rigging. Under Watkins's direction they spread every inch of sail the *San Pablo* could muster; every spar quivered and groaned, but bore its burden bravely, and she raced through the water in a way that bade fair to eat up the distance between her and her prey before many hours had passed. In fact, it could soon be seen that she was gaining rapidly. And the morning wore on.

By noon but a scant two leagues separated the vessels; by 3 o'clock hardly more than a mile.

On board the Spaniard all was confusion. She was a noble galleon from Seville, laden with all manner of costly gear; but, save for a few small cannon at the ports in her waist, her only defense consisted of small arms. This was injudicious, perhaps, but she was a merchantman by ordinary, and used to having convoy. Her crew contained few soldiers, and almost no passengers, and altogether she was, had the pirates but known it, betrayed by the fall of the dice helpless into their hands. The pirates, though they did not guess her defenseless condition, came furiously on in their recklessness; they would have done the same had she bristled with ordnance from a hundred ports, for their blood was up now, and they were to be stopped by no human agency.

Prudence was with them, too, in the person of their invaluable boatswain. Watkins was in his glory; under his sharp orders the pirates cleared their ship for action. They intended to board the Spaniard, but all the same he did not intend to neglect any precaution. Tubs of water were lugged on deck and placed between the guns; these tubs contained soaking blankets, to quench any fires that might be started. The guns were cast loose, and loaded, the extra munitions being carefully placed alongside, and in such a manner that no rolling of the ship could free them. The light sails were furled now, the heavy sails reinforced, all important yards being doubled. The powder was stored in large leather-covered bins amidships, and protected by all the additional barriers that could be found.

The ships were now close together, the *San Pablo* gradually stealing up under the Spaniard's bow. In ominous stillness the pirates drew nearer, their light vessel sailing three yards to the other's two. Not a word had been exchanged; not a shot fired. The high poop of the Spaniard

was covered with men, watching with angry dread the silent approach of the brigantine. On the pirate's deck no one save a few men could be seen; under Fourneaux their main force was collected out of sight amidships. Here, huddled together in the waist, they murmured, growled, and chuckled together in hoarse whispers, moistening their lips, feeling the edge of their blades, or looking to the priming of their arquebuses.

Suddenly, as though he could stand the suspense no longer, the Spaniard hailed, through the medium of a tall man in a red cape, standing high in the stern. He hailed in Spanish, demanding to know who the strangers were, and what was their business. No answer. He hailed again; still no answer. The *San Pablo* was now only a boat's-length astern. In the waist three men, crouched low beneath the bulwarks, coiled anew the ropes of their grappling-irons, and waited for the sign.

The Spaniard, all her guns helpless on account of their position, could do nought but wait. The tall man in the red cape was giving orders in a loud voice. The bulwarks were rimmed with heads, mostly helmed with shining steel morions. They were evidently determined to sell their ship as dearly as possible; the muzzles of arquebuses could be seen by the crouching pirates.

Suddenly the ships touched. The helmsman brought them off again, and the *San Pablo* forged a little farther up on her huge opponent. Such was the height of the latter that the boarding could only be done from the poop of the brigantine to the waist of the galleon. As they came together, the storm burst.

The Spaniards fired a volley directly down upon the deck. At the same instant, as by a concerted signal, the pirate sprang to life. The crouching soldiers rushed forward; as if by magic the three men with the grappling-

On the Spanish Main

hooks threw and tightened them. From the five cannon on the port side of the *San Pablo* came five thunderous reports. Through the splintering side came the bullets of the pirates' arquesbuses; then, forty men, led by Fourneaux, swarmed up hand over hand, anyhow, everywhere, cutlass in hand, knife in teeth, and with a tremendous cheer swept upon the Spaniard's deck.

They were met by all the force the Spaniards could muster, but their resistless rush could not be withstood. The little band fought bravely, but were almost instantly scattered like chaff before the frenzy of the invaders. The tall man in the red cape, evidently a man of some experience and authority, saw almost instantly that their first stand was of no avail. He called out some signal in a loud, strange-sounding call, which cut the tumult like a whistle, and was at once joined by as many of the soldiers as could disengage themselves. At the head of his little band, he raced backward to the stern, where he barricaded himself and his company on the poop, behind heavy oaken chests, and bales of cloths which had been dragged forth from the cabin.

Seeing him thus fairly well intrenched, and his men but a handful, Fourneaux turned his attention to the rest of the vessel. His men went forward, cut down all the Spaniards they could find who gave fight, and shut the hatch upon those who fled that way. Some of the terrified crew leapt into the ocean, some took refuge aloft, whence they were soon picked off by the pirates' arquebuses; in less than ten minutes after the first shot had been fired, the pirates stood sole masters of the ship, save for the little group of men behind their costly barricade.

Setting a guard on the hatch, Fourneaux now took account of his own forces; he had lost only two in killed; if any were wounded they had not yet had time to discover

A Spanish Fortress

the fact. So Fourneaux, collecting his men, marched back to the poop-stair, up which he went without hesitation, and called upon the Spaniards to surrender forthwith.

There could be no manner of doubt about the response; the Spaniards intended to fight to the last; that was intelligible even to French ears that could not catch the exact words of defiance. They could hear the man in the red cape exhorting his men to courage, and the pirates drew together to plan the manner of their rush. Five of them broke suddenly for the port bulwark, which ran aft to the line of the Spaniards' barricade; their rush was so unexpected that they were able to gain safety under the very

protection which the Spaniards had themselves provided, for they were so close that the defenders dared not expose themselves sufficiently to fire upon them.

On the starboard side waited Fourneaux and his men, alert for the crucial moment. The five pirates now began to tug at the bales which formed the barricade, thrusting their cutlasses into them, and endeavoring to pry them loose and so weaken the barrier; failing in this at first, they all together fixed their attack on the topmost bale, which with a mighty shove they managed to topple over on the Spaniards' side. At the same instant the thirty men to starboard made a concerted rush, clambered head first over the deck-house, which formed part of the defendants' fortress, and were upon the little band, tooth and nail. Such an unequal contest could not last long; the man in the red cape went down, stunned by a blow from the flat of a cutlass, and his followers, beset with panic, threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

Fourneaux struck up the weapons of the few pirates who seemed unduly bloodthirsty, calling in a loud voice to "Cease fighting!" Soon the tumult had subsided into an unnatural calm, almost uncanny. Only five Spaniards were left alive, including the man in the red cape, who lay stunned upon his face, his cape flung over his head; the five were speedily secured, tied fast with ropes to the capstan, and Fourneaux turned his attention once more to the hold, where a scant twoscore Spaniards were in hiding. He was in no mood for parley, but went direct to the hatchway and demanded their instant surrender in no uncertain tones.

No reply came to him, so he turned; his eyes asked for volunteers, and every man responded. Down the dark orifice they went, whence immediately arose a tremendous din, followed by cries and shrieks for mercy. In less than five minutes the cries ceased. One by one the pirates

returned to the deck. All was over; of a crew of 110 men, only seven remained alive; forty had been slain in the first attack, thirty odd in the hold, and the rest at the barricade, saving the recreants who had leapt overboard, preferring a watery death to a steel one — or worse.

For worse was to come. The pirates were in a raging fury; ten of their forty lay dead, and nearly every man of the remainder now nursed some wound, not necessarily dangerous, but all sufficiently painful to cause the last fragment of good-will in their souls to vanish into air. It began to look as though it would go hard with the seven prisoners, who stood dully by the capstan, bound hand and foot. The fallen leader lay huddled against a pile of rope; he had not regained consciousness, in spite of the shrewd kicks and blows that the enraged captors had showered on his body. The entire pirate force gathered cursing around the helpless Spaniards, and with terrible oaths demanded vengeance for their own losses and wounds. They called for "Fourneaux! Fourneaux!" and presently he forced himself to the front.

"Death to the Spaniards, the Papists!" they cried. "We will have their lives to pay for this, and this, and this!"

Fourneaux looked at their inflamed eyes, and knew that it was in vain to cross them; he dared not risk his authority so far; he could not even temporize, for they were in a temper that would brook no denial.

"Their lives are forfeit!" the frenzied chorus continued. "Well, Captain Fourneaux, say the word: are they ours to do with as we will?"

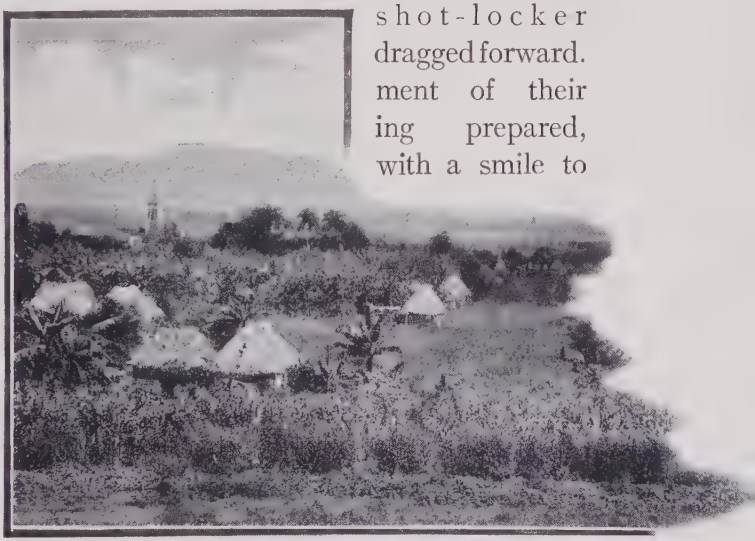
All too well the Spaniards guessed the purport of this terrible colloquy, not a word of which could they understand. They saw Fourneaux waver, start to speak undecidedly, and finally venture a half-hearted "No."

A scream of rage went up. One of the men, a large, grey-haired old villain with a leering eye, shouted for a hearing.

"Captain, those men are ours!" he said. "We have earned them by these wounds and those dead men that were our brothers. I claim these Papists in payment. We dare not leave them alive, anyway; they might escape and spread the word of this; it is much better to kill them now."

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the pirates, in a unanimous voice. Fourneaux having demurred all he dared, gave subdued assent.

In a twinkling all their anger was forgotten; forgotten in an eagerness even more awful to behold. They ran aft and returned in a moment with a long oaken plank which they tore loose from its position as a brace to the deck-house. This beam they gripped, four on a side, and ran it over the rail some distance, so that about six feet of it protruded over the water. The other end they lashed firmly to a double shot-locker which they dragged forward. This instrument of their spectacle being prepared, they turned with a smile to the men who should make their sport for them.



A Typical Cuban Village

There they stood, the seven, with the red-caped man still silent, and now

lying a little to one side. The chirurgeon had now come aboard from the *San Pablo*, and he had at once turned his attention to the wounded, paying no heed to the tempest that raged about him. He loosed the ropes that tied the fallen Spaniard, and putting forth his strength, bore him aft and laid him down in the lee of the cabin, where he could work over him at his ease.

Forward, by the shot-lockers, the terrible comedy began. The pirates ranged the prisoners side by side, and selected the tallest of them.

"He shall go first!" they cried; the victim, whose cheek turned a dull white, opened his mouth to speak; in vain; no word came. Hastily they urged him forward, bundled him upon the plank, and with their cutlasses and pikes commenced to prod him in the legs. He moved out trembling, his head swimming and his eye clouded with very terror. Slowly they pushed him on, out, out, farther and still farther along the plank. Soon only a foot separated him from the end; beyond that lay the infinite; for his arms were bound behind him, and underneath him, blue and beautiful in the sunshine, lay the sea, whose countless fathoms of crystal water led downward to the very sepulcher of the world. Still in his back and limbs he feels the maddening thrusts of the weapons that never cease.

A stagger, a convulsive movement of head and fettered hands, a smothered sob . . . the blue waves close over him, almost without a sound. In these cold seas he is never to rise again.

The six others swiftly followed the first; it was as though the pirates were anxious to have it over; so with deadly sureness and precision, one and another of the fettered, white-faced things were placed on the plank, and walked terribly to its end. Over them all the sea smiled, blue and

RURAL CUBA

at peace. If there had been a score between these men and their God, it was evened now.

Fourneaux, with face almost as white as the victims' own, watched motionless from his place. By his side Gyrot, a sneer on his lips, watched also. Neither seemed conscious that the other was there, until Gyrot spoke.

"A clean job," he said. "Now for the loot!"

The pirates ran the plank in; its work was over; even they seemed to have lost their fury, and they moved now silently, talking almost in whispers, and acting like lambs rather than the wolves they had been but ten minutes since. They now set about throwing the dead overboard, and this grewsome work occupied them some time. Gyrot, however, headed aft for the booty, followed a step behind by Fourneaux; as they reached the entrance to the cabin, they came upon Debras, the chirurgeon, who was still working over the red-caped man, who had now partially regained his consciousness, and lay staring vacantly at the sky. As his eyes fell upon the prisoner's face, Gyrot gave a loud exclamation, and stepped back in consternation almost upon Fourneaux's toes.

"By God!" he cried. "The little Catholic lad!"

Fourneaux stared at him in amazement; he could see nothing so strange.

"That 's their leader," he said. "And a brave one he is; if they had all had his heart, we might not be standing here this way now."

Gyrot paid no heed to his words; he was still staring like one possessed at the face of the fallen Spaniard. He knelt by his side.

"It is the same," he said, almost in a whisper; then, suddenly, to the leech, "Will he live? Is he to recover?"

"He has had a hearty rap on his brain-pan; he is all right, or will be when his wits come back again."

Gyrot began to laugh. Fourneaux looked at him in awe, thinking that his wits, too, might be wandering, as peal after peal of harsh, metallic laughter burst from his throat. Not till his laugh was done did Gyrot vouchsafe a word in explanation; then he turned to Fourneaux with a glitter in in his eyes.

"I know this man; I have known him a long time, and

Along the Spanish Main

I have an old score to settle. I take this time to settle it!"

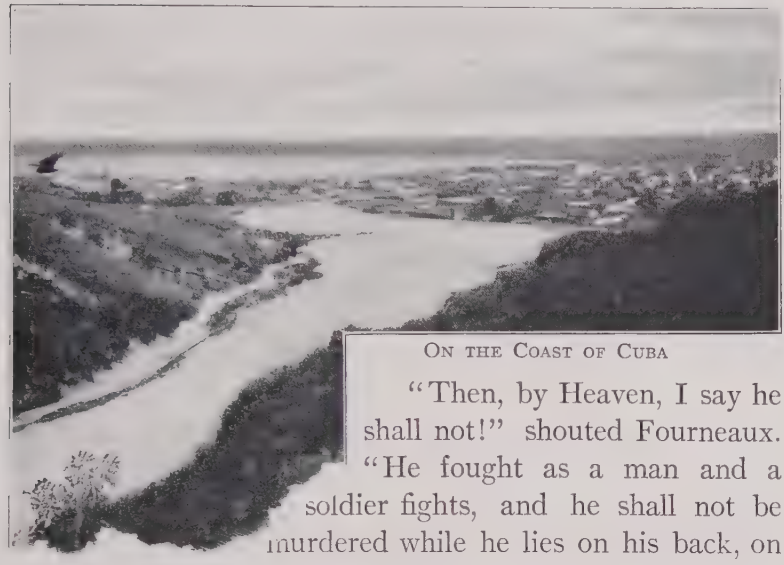
"What do you do?"

"No matter; I settle my score, here and now; it has stood too long!"

He laid his hand upon his sword, and advanced upon the Spaniard.

"Would you kill an unconscious man?" cried Fourneaux in horror.

"He will be unconscious forever in ten seconds," said Gyrot, quietly.



On the Coast of Cuba

"Then, by Heaven, I say he shall not!" shouted Fourneaux. "He fought as a man and a soldier fights, and he shall not be murdered while he lies on his back, on any ship of mine! Stand away from him!"

He drew his sword; they faced each other; the eyes of neither wavered.

Gyrot turned and walked away; in a moment Fourneaux heard him summoning the men; they came on the run, and he led them aft to where Fourneaux still stood with his eyes fixed on the face of the man who lay so very quiet before him.

"I demand this man as my due, mates," said Gyrot, addressing the crew. "I have a score to settle that has waited three years; he is mine; I will have him; but Fourneaux, Captain Fourneaux," with a sneer, "denies me!"

"Ay, and I will deny you till hell claims me," shouted Fourneaux. "Men, he would have slain this man while he lay helpless on the deck if I had let him. He demands him; well, choose between us, for I demand him too! I demand him, and do ye not owe me something?"

The men wavered, murmuring among themselves, and Fourneaux went on.

"I have led you on this cruise, and to this rich prize; for my part I claim this man. Deny me if you dare!"

The harsh voice of Watkins cut the silence that followed this speech.

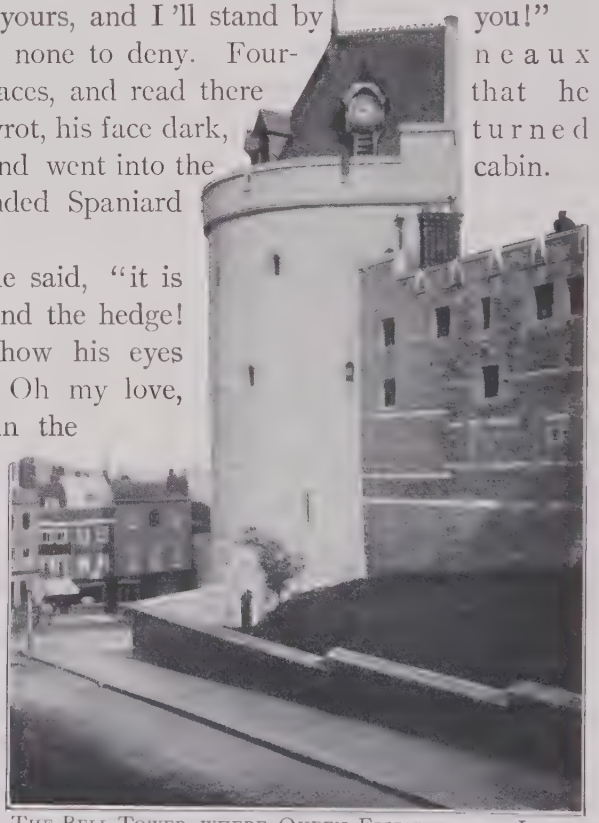
"He is yours," he growled, "take him, captain! There has been enough killing for one day, and no good comes of a man's killing a helpless soldier that has fought like a man. He is yours, and I 'll stand by you!"

There was none to deny. Fourneaux scanned the faces, and read there that he had won. Gyrot, his face dark, turned on his heel, and went into the cabin.

The wounded Spaniard spoke.

"It is," he said, "it is the man behind the hedge! I remember how his eyes looked. . . . Oh my love, that waited in the garden, where are you now?"

Closing his eyes, he sank back into his swoon.



The Bell Tower, where Queen Elizabeth was Imprisoned as a Girl

CHAPTER XII

THE WAGES OF SIN

FOUR months had passed since Laudonnière's fevered eyes had beheld the half of his colony sail away, vindictive and triumphant, leaving him helpless and alone, robbed of his friends, his vessels, and his authority. Their departure, however, was the immediate signal of a happier fortune, for hardly were they out of the harbor when he was rescued from his discomfort by his loyal friends, Ottigny and Arlac; they conveyed him back to the fort, and at his return to health he found the situation in many ways materially improved. The mutineers had taken with them all the sources of trouble, and thenceforth the colony's ills were not to come from within at least. Laudonnière at once turned his attention to the completion of the fort, which was still in an unfinished state, and to building vessels to replace the two of which he had been despoiled. As the men worked on these, they wondered perhaps over the fate of the runaways, and the general sentiment was that they deserved scant fortune. The wish was freely expressed that they

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THE BEGINNING OF HER REIGN

might never be heard of again, and as the weeks went by without word, it seemed as though these wishes might be realized. One day at the close of March an Indian came to the fort with news of a vessel hovering around the mouth of the river.

"Do you go and reconnoiter," said Laudonnière to Ottigny, who took the two pinnaces just completed and went down the river to meet the strange ship, which proved to be a Spanish brigantine of fifty tons burden — in short, the *San Pablo*, manned by the despairing and famished remnant of the mutineers. Ottigny sailed straight up to them and demanded their surrender; Fourneaux, still in command, attempted to hold out for honorable treatment, but Ottigny silenced him, and towed the boatload up the river to an anchorage; whence the company of only twenty men was imprisoned in the fort.

Le Moyne's Sketch of Fort Caroline

Fourneaux kept demanding an early trial and full release, but the talk among his men was openly to the purport that they were all to be hanged, and that it would serve them right. Their trial was not long in coming; on the second morning after their arrival they were all led before Laudonnière, who faced them sternly, flanked by his loyal lieutenants, Ottigny, Le Caille, and Arlac; if he remembered the time when he, a sick and helpless man, had been at the mercy of the men before him, he made no reference to it.

Gyrot was among the prisoners, as was also Francis Estévan; the latter had survived Gyrot's enmity, thanks to Fourneaux; but now they were all prisoners together. Laudonnière, however, was a just and even a merciful judge; he began by addressing Trenchant, the pilot, whom he believed to be innocent of mutiny.

"It is true, sir, that I was borne into their company against my will," testified Trenchant, quietly. To Gyrot the moment seemed ripe for his plea.

"It is true, sir," he broke in, vehemently. "I can testify to the truth of that myself. I was myself, as you know, overpowered and forced to join the cruise, and Trenchant was in the similar case. He is a pilot, as you know, and a pilot was essential to the success of their venture."

"I am aware," rejoined Laudonnière, dryly, "that Trenchant is a pilot, and I am also satisfied that he was an unwilling passenger. Trenchant, you are acquitted. Stand aside, sir. . . . As for you, Monsieur Gyrot, it is known that you were presumably overpowered in my defense, that you even sustained a wound, and that you were borne loudly protesting aboard the mutineers' vessel. Yet there are those who believe that you were not so helpless or so innocent as you pretended, — no, do not interrupt me. It is not from you that I desire a reply; it is from the leader of your expedition, it is from you, Monsieur Fourneaux, that I should like corroboration of your assertion."

Gyrot looked at Fourneaux with sick dread in his heart. He had Fourneaux's sworn promise not to betray him, but the feeling between them had already come to be open hatred. In Laudonnière's voice he had read incredulity, and if now Fourneaux were to betray him, the noose might grip him yet. Fourneaux smiled cynically as he spoke.

"We all know," he said, "that Monsieur Gyrot is just a little, a very little, lower than the angels. It was to him a

matter of the greatest torture to be compelled to come on our unrighteous expedition; he was downhearted and unhappy every hour away from your side. I assure you that he is your most loyal and devoted servant." And again he smiled.

"And what of yourself, sir?" said Laudonnière sternly.

"There is not much to be said for me. Had I returned to you in triumph, crowned in spoils, I might have been a hero; now I am a criminal, and as such have no defense to make. Do what you will."

"I shall indeed do so. Have you after all anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you? We will listen to your plea, if you have one to make."

"I make no plea. If you wish to hang me, hang me and let that close the score. But do not preach to me about it."

Laudonnière bade him stand aside. Four others of the ringleaders he sentenced to death; the remainder, all common soldiers or sailors and nothing but tools, he punished with flogging and hard labor. There now remained only Francis Estévan.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the commandant.

"I am a Spaniard, sir," answered Francis, "from a galleon captured by your men, and preserved from the fate of my companions by Fourneaux's interposition."

"Fourneaux?" exclaimed Laudonnière in surprise.

"Yes, sir. While I was unconscious from a blow received in the capture, some of his crew wished to kill me; Fourneaux accounted it shameful to slay a man thus, and saved my life. I am called Francis Estévan, and am a native of Cuba, whither I was returning after three years in Spain, when our vessel was taken. I pray that you may find some way to send me back to Havana, where I am long overdue."

"Is this story true, Fourneaux?" asked Laudonnière.

"It is," replied the condemned man, succinctly.

"It may stand to your credit hereafter; it cannot in this

world. Yet am I glad to learn that you had thus much humanity."

To Francis he said:

"I cannot send you to Cuba, sir, for I have neither time, men, nor ships; nor are any vessels likely to come hither bound in that direction. You are, however, welcome to stay in Fort Caroline; certain that eventually you can proceed."

The trial was now over. Fourneaux and the four others were at first condemned to hang; later commuted to shoot-

El Moro from the Entrance to Havana Harbor

ing at the wish of Ottigny and of almost all the colonists. Fourneaux alone remained unmoved; hanging or shooting, it was all one to him. He smiled at the last, and cast one final gibe at Gyrot, who knew no comfort until Fourneaux ceased to breathe.

"I bid you a long farewell, monsieur. You being so holy and I so wicked, it is not reasonable to think we can meet hereafter, so I must say adieu forever. The world is to be congratulated at losing me and keeping you; think how dreadful it would have been 't other way around!"

Francis Estévan pressed forward as the men were led to execution. "You are a brave man, monsieur, and I owe you

my life. Brave men, my father used to say, have nothing to fear in this world or any other. I wish you good bye, and *bon voyage*, as you say in your language!"

So thus tragically, in the courtyard of Fort Caroline, the fortress they had deserted and betrayed, the five mutineers made an end. Relief in his heart, Jean Gyrot walked insolent and unabashed in the sight of men.

The story of the last chapter of the cruise was soon told. Estévan and Trenchant became the centers of interest, and they told briefly of the disastrous ending to the voyage which had at one time promised so well. Fourneaux had steered for Jamaica, after the taking of Estévan's ship, and, landing, had spent a week in resting and carousal. The vessel bearing the governor of the island being sighted, the pirates sailed out to meet her; they overcame her resistance, captured the governor, and held him for ransom. He managed to give the alarm to the next town; the pirates were set upon at dawn by three Spanish ships. One of their own ships was lost with all her men; but Trenchant, by the most skillful sailing, managed to bring the brigantine off, without the booty, and with less than half the men with whom the *San Pablo* had scoured the sea. Trenchant, with almost no opposition, beat straightway back to the mouth of the Saint John's River, even though the men knew that punishment and perhaps death awaited them there.

Francis and Trenchant had become friendly on the voyage homeward, and Francis began to find, for the first time, that a man could be a Huguenot and still be a cavalier and a Christian. Except for that magic interlude at Beaucarre, Francis had never had intercourse with any Huguenots, but now, looking at Laudonnière's calm brow and courtly air, he found his mind beset with strange misgivings. He still believed that heresy was a deadly sin; he still believed that heretics were the property of the powers of Evil; and yet

. . . he could never forget the maiden in the dusky garden by that sea so far away. Deadly sin it must be to remember her, — yet every day remembering grew more dear. He chafed at this delay, which so postponed his visit to Cuba and return to Europe, the Europe that held her.

Life was engrossing, however, at Fort Caroline, and he threw himself into it with all his heart. As the spring advanced, their provisions, which had been growing more and more scarce, almost ran out altogether. They were now dependent entirely upon what they could get from the Indians, either by craft, by begging, or by barter. The Indians themselves found their supplies running short; they were still willing to help the French, but they had not enough for themselves. Saturiba having removed out of reach, Laudonnière was left with only Outina as resource, and this crafty native had no intention of giving something for nothing. He made Laudonnière agree to help him in his wars with Potanou, and Ottigny and ten arquebusiers went on one of his forays far into the interior. The expedition ended in triumph for Outina, but the result was barren; the men, weary and sore of foot and of heart, returned to Fort Caroline, where the grain was out, and starvation upon them.

All minds now turned to the relief which Coligny had promised to send, and daily the gaunt-faced soldiers dragged themselves wearily up Saint John's Bluff to scan the empty sea for some sign of a sail. France seemed a long way off, and it must be that Coligny was dead, or had forgotten his colony; fears beset them — and still the sea was bare.

The Indians, moreover, now conceived the idea of making profit of the Frenchmen's necessities. They caught fish where the French could find none, and these fish they brought to the fort and sold at exorbitant prices; the soldiers were soon compelled to purchase supplies with their clothes, after all their finery had gone; they also attempted to barter some

of their hand-arms, but Laudonnière at once declared that the giving of weapons to the natives would be punishable by death. The Indians proved veritable Shylocks at bargaining; in vain the soldiers represented the high value of their garments; the Indians merely retorted, "Why don't you eat them then? And we will keep our fish for ourselves."

So the spring wore on, and at length the grain began to ripen in the fields; the Indians took almost the entire crop for themselves, declaring that they had none to spare. Two starving Frenchmen, attempting to get a little grain that was standing in the field, were discovered and slain by the natives. This act, while not strictly overt, was construed by the soldiers as the first opening wedge for open hostility, and they gathered around the commandant in a frenzy of rage, demanding to be led against the Indians that they might exterminate the whole tribe. Laudonnière sadly showed them the impossibility of such an undertaking, as nearly all of his men were weak or sick, many almost without any clothes; moreover, they had no provisions, and very little ammunition left.

He agreed, however, to send a special embassy to Outina, asking for aid; this he did, but all that he elicited was a meager supply of half-green corn, and an insolent demand that Laudonnière send him men to join in another raid on one of Potanou's villages, "where he could take supplies in plenty from those who had plenty and would need no more." It being so desperate a case, Laudonnière had no alternative but to accede; Ottigny, Vasseur, and a small company set out as before, and after marching almost two days through the wilderness, were informed by the chief that the medicine-man had discovered that the birds had flown, and their trip was in vain.

This was the last straw; when they reached home and told their story, the storm broke. Every able man in the

The Saint John's River at Jacksonville, Florida

colony gathered in front of Laudonnière's cabin, demanding vengeance upon Outina. The commandant, as he looked on the white, famished, and despairing faces before him, had no desire to resist them; he gave orders at once. That day at dusk, a band of fifty of the best soldiers in the fort gathered at the water's edge. Under Ottigny's eye the fifty embarked in utter silence, armed to the teeth, and put off in two row-boats up the river to Outina's landing. This they reached about midnight.

"Not a word from any one," cautioned Ottigny, and with muffled oars they beached their boats and landed a quarter of a mile below the village where the treacherous chief lay sleeping. The Indians kept no watch that night, and the French reached the very door of Outina's hut before an alarm was given.

"Who, who, who?" demanded the startled savage. They gave no answer, but hustled him down to the river, and pushed off into mid-stream. Here they lay waiting for the dawn, which seemed to delay forever. At last it was light, and the soldiers looked out upon a river bank alive with howling, moaning, indignant, demoralized humanity; the Indians ran about wildly, howling with all manner of strange cries, and pleading for the return of their chief; the women especially being almost frantic in their grief.

Ottigny explained to his prisoner that grain was the price of his freedom, and no stinted measure at that; this message he transmitted to his people on the bank, who apparently gave no heed whatever, but went on with their lamentations. The truth was they had no doubt, reasoning from their own conduct in similar cases, that when once the ransom was secured, their chief would be put to death by the French. Ottigny finally, at nightfall, was forced to give up the hope of immediate ransom, and went back down the river to the fort. Here for a week they held Outina captive, and still the ran-

som was as far away as ever; so at last, yielding to Outina's repeated entreaties and promises, they again embarked, and set out for the main village, at which place, Outina averred, his people would be met, and the ransom could be had.

Arrived there, the Indians refused to treat unless their chief was returned to them; they offering two hostages in exchange. This was finally agreed to by the French, and Ottigny and Arlac, with a small body of arquebusiers, went to Outina's lodge, to await the payment of the ransom. Again there was delay upon delay, and at length it became apparent to Ottigny that his safety depended upon the celerity with which he regained his boats, for the Indians were now gathering in the forest by the hundreds, and for every sack of corn deposited, ten warriors were added to the list of their foes. Accordingly he set out at once upon the return, each man shouldering a sack of corn; at the edge of the village they ran into the Indian ambush, and in an instant the wild storm of savage warfare burst about them. From the woods came a shower of arrows, and a pandemonium of war-cries, imitating the calls of owl, and wild-cat, and loon,—all cries most unearthly and awe-inspiring. The French set down their burdens and stood to their guns, but the Indians either fell flat on their faces or retreated into the swamps safe from pursuit. Whenever the French attempted to resume their march, the storm of arrows recommenced; so, harassed and footsore, the little band fought their way through the gathering darkness whither the rest of their number waited anxiously in the boats. Of all their hard-earned spoil, only two bags of corn were finally brought off. Two of the soldiers were dead, and many more bore serious wounds from arrows. Outina, once more secure in the midst of his swarming warriors, could laugh at them now at his will; but there was no laughter in the little party that floated down the river to Fort Caroline. The last resort had

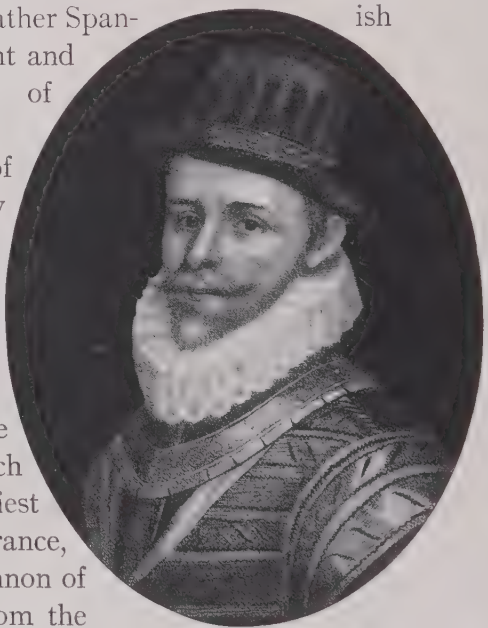
been tried; the sky held no promise; nothing remained but flight.

All hands demanded all things of the distracted Laudonnière, who having nothing, could do nothing. The boat on which they expected to return to France was not even seaworthy; and all the carpenters were slain. Further, provisions could not be found to last a week, let alone the two months required for the trip across the ocean. Day after day, the sun rose beautiful in the glowing East, and drifted his glorious way across a hopeless sky.

YUMURI VALLEY, CUBA

The men were now too weak to work, and it was painfully, and with lackluster eye, that the lookout cast his glance seaward one blistering August morning. He could not believe the evidence of his senses, and called in superstitious terror for his mate, to corroborate his vision. It was all true, and like wildfire the thrilling news went through the colony.

A ship was in sight, two ships, four ships! Men hugged one another, danced, sobbed, laughed, and raved like wild men. They did not stop to ask even whether these were friends or foes; that consideration could come later; there were ships and that was enough. Yet to the wiser came the doubt; were these, indeed, the vessels of Coligny sent to rescue them? were they not rather Spanish vessels armed with the might and intent upon the vengeance of Spain?



Sir John Hawkins

With shouts and cries of welcome and delight, every man in the fort ran down to the water's edge. The ships were now plainly to be seen, one a huge craft of 750 tons, with a convoy of three smaller ships; and at the peak of the largest floated that flag which was later to be the mightiest in the world, not that of France, nor yet of Spain; but the pennon of England, flying dauntless from the masthead of one of the greatest captains of the sea, Sir John Hawkins, sea-dog of Devon.

Sir John Hawkins, to whom, as much as to any other man, England owed the supremacy which she was so soon to assume, was at this time thirty-two years of age. It is usual to picture him as a composite of melodrama pirate, illiterate coal-heaver, and dock-fellow. He was none of these; on the contrary he was a keen, well-balanced soldier and seaman, a great navigator, an unsurpassed disciplinarian and organizer, and, far from being uneducated, he had a much better education than many of the

court favorites of his time; he was a keen strategist. and no mean diplomat. His portrait, still in the hands of the Hawkins family, shows him as he stood in 1591, or three years after he and Drake had swept the Armada, the Invincible Armada, off the seas; in that painting he lives, his keen eyes fronting the years, calling through all time to lovers of good fighting his motto of Don't give up!

This was the man, now on his return from one of his slave-trips, who sailed his fleet calmly up the Saint John's River, and came to anchor before the walls of the fort. From his flag-ship, the *Jesus of Lubeck*, Sir John promptly put off for shore, and soon was greeting Laudonnière with a heartiness which brought heart of grace at once to that discouraged gentleman. To the Englishman's sympathetic ears, the commandant now poured out most of his woes, and Hawkins proved a friend in need. His first offer was that of provisions, and in no time the French, many of them white to the lips with hunger, were overwhelmed by the sight of three boatloads of flour, and salt, and wines, and all manner of useful and edible material, and gear as well for their tired bodies. Sir John, when this was done, offered to Laudonnière to convey him and his whole colony back in safety to France. This would have been only too acceptable to every one of the French, but it was not to be; they were saved for other ends. Laudonnière, bred now to suspicion, feared that Hawkins meant to annex Florida for himself, so he declined the offer; Hawkins, his generosity thus refused, manifested no pique, but offered the Frenchman one of his own vessels outright, on which the return voyage could safely be made —and this for no payment other than the commandant's note of hand. This done, and after a farewell dinner, garnished with good will, the English reëmbarked in their four ships, and the little colony beheld them no more.

When historians would tell you of the bloodthirsty, brutal slave-trader who rejoiced in the name of Hawkins, — get you the narrative of this French expedition and read of the kindliness, honor, and Christianity of this blunt Englishman who sailed in and out of the Saint John's River, leaving behind joy instead of despair, fullness instead of famine, life instead of death. His career is the story of almost a single-handed fight against Spaniards on the high seas, and against the subtler enemy at home which he met in the disloyal and niggardly policies of Queen Elizabeth. Almost unaided he organized and held together the fleet which made 1588 the most memorable year of its time; he paid the men himself, clothed them and fed them, when the Queen, gripping every penny twice between thin Tudor fingers, groaned at letting it go even to protect her own shores from the most formidable foe that would ever menace them. In his own narrative of the Armada he says simply, "the Spaniards have been put to flight, and we are following them as close as our stores will permit." Let him rest in peace where he lies, Sir John Hawkins, gentleman of Devon.

At Fort Caroline reigned now a measure of content. Food was still scarce, for their stores from the English must be carefully conserved; but hope was restored, and that was more than many sacks of corn. Cheerfully now they awaited a favoring wind to bear them home to France.

CHAPTER XIII

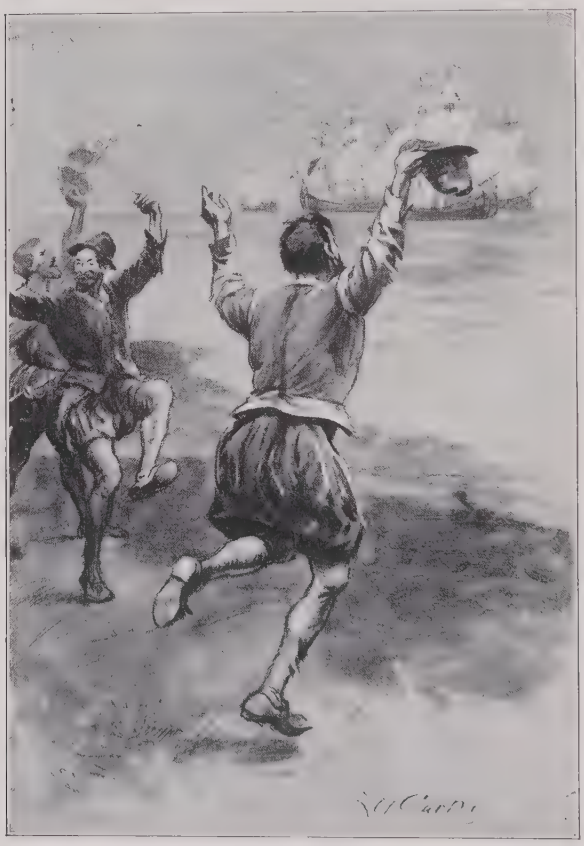
WHAT THE SUN TURNED TO FLAME

THE English had now been gone almost a week, and the homeward-turning eyes of the colonists followed often to the horizon on the east where last the white top-sails had faded on the view. The wind for which they waited was not long in coming. The preparations were made, the ships were fitted, the stores carried aboard, the few remaining cannon unshipped and made ready for transporting to the boats. Without a regret they made ready to leave the spot which had been their abode, if hardly their home, for so many months; but they were not to go, for other winds were bearing other argosies.

The captains of the two vessels, *Verdier* and *Vasseur*, returned in haste from a short voyage down the river, bearing tidings of another great fleet standing off the mouth of the Saint John's. They were of the opinion that it could not be the English returning; more opinion than that they dared not hazard. They bore the news swiftly to Laudonnière, and once more the fort went into frenzies of excitement; they had hoped before, so often, for the coming of their allies. Could it be they at last? Rather was it the menace from which their dreams were never free — the hosts of Spain!

Their fears were increased by the peculiar behavior of the approaching squadron, which stood off the mouth of the river, and made no move to advance; so all that day they waited. Shortly after noon Laudonnière sent forth a messenger with a flag of truce down the river to the strange fleet, but no help came from that, for the messenger

never made sign or signal; when he was seen to reach the squadron, he was taken aboard the largest of the vessels, and there he stayed. At this their fears increased still more; these strangers must be enemies, else why did not their envoy return? The anxious day wore on, followed by the yet more anxious night. But early in the morning the sentinel announced the approach of seven barges filled with armed men, their golden-colored morions shining in the sun. Silently they drew near; the sentinel challenged again and again, without result, and finally, convinced that these could be none other than enemies, Laudonnière gave the word to fire. The sentinel immediately discharged his piece, but the shot fell short, as the barges were still at some distance; and still no answer; and no flag or pennon could be seen. The few remaining cannon were now



THE ARRIVAL OF RIBAUT (*From a drawing by F. A. Carter*)

dragged forward and trained upon the approaching barges, which steadily came on.

"When they reach the line of the white tree, fire!" ordered Laudonnière.

Breathlessly they waited; then, suddenly, a scream rent the air; it came from one of the soldiers on the Fort wall, nearest the river.

"Ribaut!" he cried. "I see Ribaut, standing in the bow!"

One hundred voices echoed the cry; for now all could see the commanding figure, and the great brown beard of the French leader. Down to meet him they ran, wild with delight, dashing forward even into the river to pull his boats to land. Their fears and anxieties were over; at the last hour Coligny's aid had come. The colony was saved.

Down from the fort, too, came Laudonnière, and greeted Ribaut cordially, albeit with some constraint at first, by reason of his queer behavior.

"Why came you as an enemy?" he asked.

Ribaut did not at once respond; but in a moment he adjudged full candor to be the wisest course, and requested an immediate conference with the commandant. He began by apologizing at having for a moment been deceived by the calumnies which had been launched at his host, and assured Laudonnière that he would be the first to write home his conviction of their falseness. He then with reluctance brought forth a letter from Coligny, which firmly, though in most courteous manner, requested the commandant to resign his position and to return at once to France to clear himself of the charges against him. These charges were of course tissues of falsehood, being merely the fabrications of the disgruntled mutineers, and sent by them to Coligny by means of Captain Bourdet's vessel. Outrageous and trumped-up as these charges were, in Laudonnière's anx-

ious condition, weakened as he was by his fevers and privations, they proved so terrible a blow to him that he was again taken sick, this time almost unto death. After all his effort and care and thought for the infant colony, to be deprived of his command seemed indeed too sad a reward. Ribaut, assuring him of his belief in him, tried to get him to stay on, keeping his command of the fort, while he, Ribaut, went farther down the river to erect his settlement. But Laudonnière sadly refused the generous offer.

Ribaut had come, this time, in full panoply for the war against the wilderness. Three hundred and fifty colonists were aboard his ships, among them some thirty-five women; the company included soldiers, artisans, some few tillers of the soil — in short, all elements for the making of a substantial and permanent settlement. Only one of his ships dared, on account of the shallowness of the river, venture over the bar at the mouth; the rest of them anchored farther out; and so that day they remained.

Bright and early the next morning the disembarkation commenced. The entire force of the French went down to the shore; the ships were brought in as close as safety permitted, and the barges commenced to ply to and fro, bringing off the rest of the colonists, and the stores and provisions.

Through all this moved Francis Estévan, struck to the heart with a new and unconquerable melancholy. Perhaps he thought it was the sight of ships from across the sea, or the spectacle of the gladness of the French on being reunited with their kinsmen and friends; but the real reason he did not guess. Yet a strong and a powerful reason it was, and it caused him to gaze on the hastening barges with spiritless and sorry eye: it was simply that he had heard that there were Frenchwomen aboard the fleet — Frenchwomen, and coming here.

PHILIP II PRAYING FOR THE REPOSE OF HIS BROTHER'S SOUL (*From the painting by C. Ooms*)

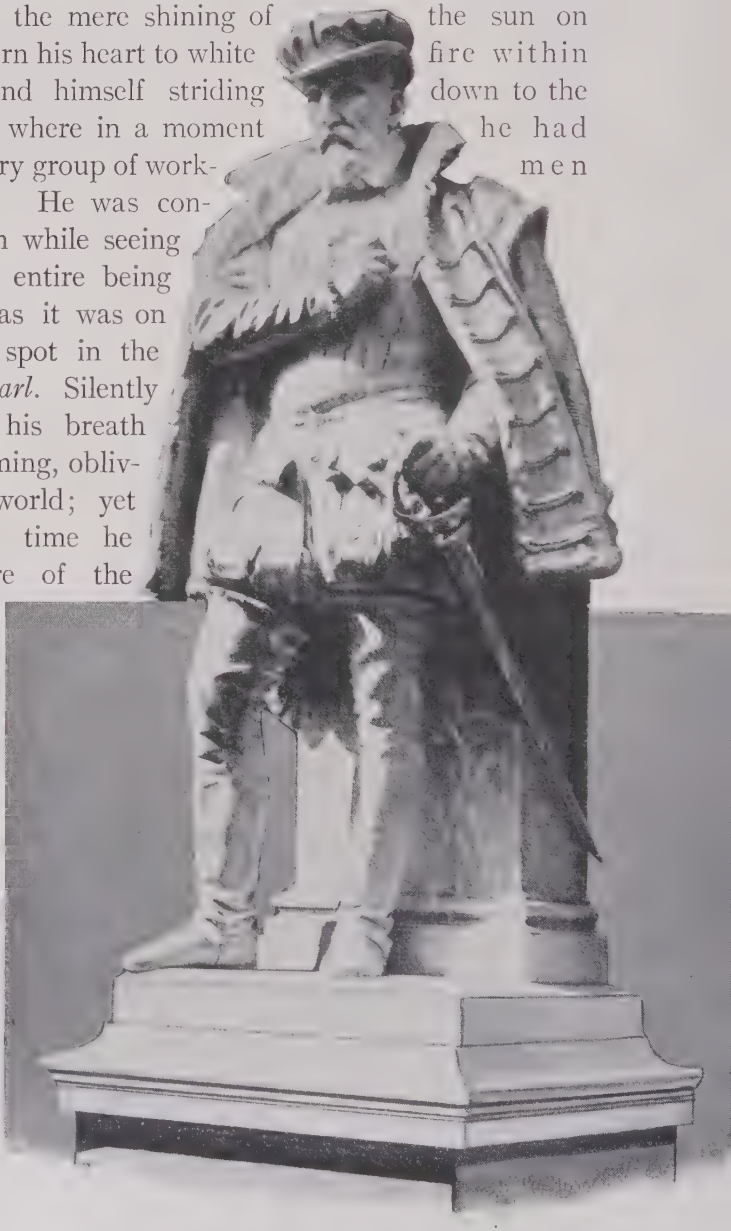
At the thought, the eye of his heart grew tender, and he saw, and remembered what all his life he was to see and to remember. It was the vision of the little French girl, swaying dim and wonderful in the garden. He cried a great cry within his soul, for he knew now that this thing which had come to him was that which is stronger than death. Huguenot or no Huguenot, heretic or no heretic, damned or beloved of all the angels, — whichever she was, he knew he loved Élise de Barre with a love that he could not kill; body and soul he knelt before her memory; in all the world henceforward there was to be no beauty save in her. Gone was his horror of her faith, the horror which had driven him headlong and soul-stricken from Beaucarre; all that was gone, swallowed up in the vast and devouring tenderness that her echo on the night brought to him. He was conscious now only of a compelling force that drew him, unerring and inevitably back to that charmed region of his dreams where he could see once more the glimmer of the sun upon her golden hair, and hear once more the silver of her voice.

So poignantly did his memories beset him on this day of delight and thanksgiving for every one but him, that he drew aside from the others, and walked by himself on the river's edge, a little way from the place where the barges plied back and forth with their freight of men and things. He had not the heart for looking at their busy happiness; yet he turned his glance out to the vessels where they rode at anchor, being delivered of their stores.

There came to him, so standing, a sudden clutching of the heart within him. His cheek paled, and like one who has seen a vision, he stared almost in terror at the foremost ship. For there, shining in the bow, stood a figure whose head flamed in the sunlight, as though reflecting fire from a flood of fire. It was probably merely the re-

flection from the gilded morion of one of the French soldiers; yet it was not that, and Francis knew that it was not.

A wave of pure exaltation swept through and through him; she was come at last; there could be no other with hair like that, the mere shining of the sun on which could turn his heart to white fire within him. He found himself striding down to the landing-place, where in a moment he had joined the merry group of workmen and watchers. He was conscious of them while seeing them not, his entire being concentrated as it was on that flaming spot in the prow of the *Pearl*. Silently he watched, his breath going and coming, oblivious to the world; yet after a little time he became aware of the presence of some one at his elbow, some one who kept crowding closer and closer. Twice he moved away, abstractedly, not even looking at the intruder; but at length he



Coligny's Statue at Paris

turned in annoyance at some unusual encroachment of his clinging companion — and looked into the glinting eyes of Jean Gyrot.

For a long minute they faced each other, the eyes of neither falling.

"Did you desire to address me, sir?" inquired Francis, coldly.

"It is not perhaps a desire, my Catholic friend," returned Gyrot, in a low and menacing monotone. "It is a necessity. I am constrained to tell you that Monsieur Trenchant was seeking for you a few moments ago at the fort."

"Is his business then so urgent that you must be his messenger?"

"I thought I knew where you might be found, and he requested me to tell you that he was searching for you with tidings of special import."

"If you run his errands, run also mine. Pray run straightway and inform Monsieur Trenchant that I will be most happy and desirous to speak with him at his leisure, and that I will await him here."

"Will you not then go?"

"I stay here, monsieur. Had you not guessed it? And now pray excuse me."

"With readiness." Biting his lip, Gyrot, frowning black, withdrew to a position a few paces to the rear, where still he could observe Francis.

The barges kept busily coming and going, depositing the loads; soon the men were all ashore, with the exception of those who were to stay as permanent guards on board the ships; the stores, too, were almost all ashore, and Francis heard one of the rowers say with a laugh:

"Now comes the real freight; this is the weightiest burden of them all."

Uproarious laughter greeted this sally, as the barges

pushed off again; and Francis, looking seaward again, saw that the bow of the *Pearl* was now filled with the forms of women; their laughter and faint screams could be heard across the water. The barges drew under the side of the vessel; the women were carefully lowered into them, eight or ten in each of the three; and the short journey back to the land commenced. As the boats drew nearer the French upon the bank sent up cheer after cheer of welcome; they waved their hats, ribbons, coats, anything that they could wave, and danced and exulted in the greatest good humor imaginable. For it was a long time since they had set eyes on any woman save the poor chambermaid and her companion whom Laudonnière had brought for his own housekeeping.

Presently the boats drew near enough so that the faces of the fair cargo could be seen, and the air was filled with cries, snatches of song, and glad exclamations of all sorts and manners; the women, for the most part working-women, or the wives or sisters of the sailors, took this in the best part, some of them rising unsteadily from their seats to wave and sing in return. In one boat, however, the last, the passengers were of a different stamp; they neither waved nor signaled, nor did they pay any noticeable heed to the loud welcome of the soldiery. On this boatload Francis's eyes were set, for in the stern, her golden head half-covered by a cape, and with one arm around a girl at her side who trembled and hid her face, came the maiden Élise de Barre. Her proud face remained cold and sweet, as she spoke quietly to the shrinking figure at her side, or laid her hand gently upon the arm of an elderly woman who sat upon her other side; she seemed unconscious of the uproar and tumult, as she was certainly unheeding of the rather coarse compliments and jests which were flung their way.

The first of the boats touched bottom, and in a twinkle

was pulled to shore by many willing hands; its laughing and shrieking freight was bundled none too daintily out on the bank. The second, third, and fourth boats swiftly followed. The heart of Francis stopped beating for a moment, for from her seat in the stern Élise rose, slender and graceful as

Palace of the Escorial, Madrid

of old, and cast her clear glance calmly toward the seething mob of lively humanity on the shore

"It is she! It is she!" sung his heart.

Their eyes met.

She remained perfectly still, not even a tremor taking her lips; only her bosom rose and fell, with a long, sighing breath. Silent they stood, and gazed into each other's souls; the world was not, yet all the world was in that gaze. Slowly she recovered herself, and with recollection came modesty. She blushed, turned her face swiftly away, and turned abruptly to give her hand to the two on her either side, to help them to the landing. She cast no further look at Francis, who for his part gazed still as though he were in

a trance of dreams. So still he stood that he did not even notice that the sinister figure of Gyrot was again at his elbow, drawing closer, closer, yet making no sign, saying no word.

The boats were emptied; the last of the precious argosy stood now upon the mainland of their refuge, which they had come so far to find. Élise held tight to her two companions, who seemed terrified and unnerved at the sight of the crowd and the sound of their welcome. It could be seen that the girl at her left was a pale, fragile creature, of white skin, and with almost waxen lips and hands; frail timber this for adventuring to a new land, and frail enough, poor child! she proved; for in less than a week after she reached the end of her voyage, she started on a longer one still, one from which she did not purpose returning. The other companion of Élise was a woman of gentle blood, a Madame Brissot, kinswoman to Coligny, and chosen by him for companion and friend to his ward; she was a matter-of-fact sort of soul, who looked on most things with a sodden, spiritless optimism — no Icarian flights across the sky of imagination for her! She was sane and safe, to a degree — in other words, a desirable protectress for a young girl flung into a wilderness peopled mainly by men.

Slowly the three advanced. On being apprised of their arrival, Laudonnière had started down to greet them, and he could now be seen coming along the path from the fort, Ribaut with him. They passed hastily through the throng, and greeted Madame Brissot, Élise, and the stricken girl at their side with courtesy and warmth, Laudonnière expressing his great joy at meeting the kinswomen of Coligny, and in ornate and florid language offering them the perpetual hospitality of his fort and his land and his heart; a gallant speech.

"I thank you, monsieur," madame made answer. "That is all very well, and I am sure you are a gallant

gentleman, but I have been a long while at sea, and I should like first to sit down, some place which will not be always moving."

Élise and the pale girl merely bowed their acknowledgments, and the party moved slowly off toward the fort, Laudonnière and madame in front, and Ribaut with the two girls following close behind. Still from his point of vantage Francis gazed and gazed, his soul singing pæans within him; and well did Élise know that he was there, though after the first she had not even glanced his way. Now she came almost level with where he stood; and slowly, calmly, with a beautiful, pure lift of head, she raised her eyes once more to his. She stood still, drawing her breath in terror; her lips fell a little apart, her hands leapt to her bosom. For not into Francis's eyes had her own look fallen, but into the flaming orbs of the man who stood beside, threateningly dark and mute, and with all the strength and evil desires of his soul smouldering in his gaze. A moment stood they thus, the time of five heartbeats. Then the girl's face regained its color, and she stept on by Ribaut's side with unhurried step and untroubled smile.

Francis turned, but Gyrot was slinking away. Francis did not care to follow, for he wanted now nothing so much as to be alone to think. For she was come to Fort Caroline, she was here, in the same land, the same air — the same sky sheltering them both. It was enough.

That day he saw her not again, nor for the most part of the next one; for the frail girl her friend had fallen ill of a fever, and Élise would not quit her side. As the long hours pulsed by, she heard the calling of his heart, and she knew that he awaited her, as he had awaited her through all the long months since they had met; and as she had awaited him. At twilight stole she forth from the house, hardly past the threshold, yet enough to see that he was there, waiting

in the shadow of a thorn tree that grew by the wall of the fort. All the men, save those on duty, were gathered a bare thirty paces off, having built a blazing fire to keep off the cool of the night. The flickering firelight wavered in the darkness, casting gusts of smoke and color upon the air, and upon the figure of the girl as she stood there, hesitant, upon the lintel of the hut.

With slow abandonment to remembrance, she lifted her white face to the sky, her hands hanging quietly by her sides. Before the cathedral altar of the great night they met, with the bonfire for chancel fire, and the unheeded converse of the groups around the flames for the wonted muttering of priests. Francis came swiftly out of the shadow, and fell on his knees before her. He reached for the white hand hanging so still, and on it she felt the throbbing of his lips. Neither tried to speak, for one moment; speech could add nothing to this. Yet at length he regained his feet, and leaning nearer, scanned her face. Royally she gave him her eyes, that neither lowered nor turned away.

"Élise!" he said in a low voice, barely more than a breath. "Élise! Can you forgive me? Can you forgive?"

She did not need to answer him, nor did she try. Her great eyes fixed upon his face, her hands went forth to his.

"I have always loved you, there has never been a minute in my life since you came into it that has not been yours! I ran in terror, from mortal sin; I am wiser now, and a man can be true to but one thing. It is you — you, to whom I must be true. If yours be sin, then I must share it. . . . You are the most beautiful thing in all the earth . . . Élise!"

Faintly, as from an immense distance, came the laughter and talk of the roistering group by the fire. They two, having met from the ends of the world, could now be parted by nothing in this world. He spoke again, his very voice

caressing her as she stood so silent and so white beneath the stars.

"Can you not say one word to me, after so long? How have I hungered for your voice; how remembered the terrible words that last it spoke; let me now forget them, never to be thought of more. In all nights, on land or sea, has been the echo of your voice; and on my soul the echo of your feet! Now are you come across the sea — could you not hear me calling you?"

Interior of the Chapel of the Escorial

"Thou art my well-beloved; always have I heard the calling, and now am I come. Didst thou not know that I would surely come at last?"

"How could I know it? when like a craven and a coward I had fled away? I did not deserve ever to see you more even were it for the saving of my soul."

"Nay, every one hath his desert. And now thou hast thine, which is I. Wilt thou run from me again? I will never follow more. Thy path is free."

"In all my soul there is nothing but you. My life is

yours; do with me what you will, and it is right. Yet in all time my heart is yours; should we never meet again, there shall be no other echo in my ears, which have heard you say my name . . . Say it for them now!"

"Francis . . . Francis . . . Is it enough?"

Against his arm she leaned, too deeply happy to do aught but dream. His arm closed around her, and his head bent close to hers. A double shadow in a legion of dancing shadows, they came together, at one with the tremendous unity of the night, their common pulse beating with the heart of the world. The sacerdotal fabric of Nature wrapped them close, while above them the bright southern stars shone like lanterns of faith.

It would perhaps never again be with them as then it was; these eternal heights were for their feet alone, and theirs only once.

All that night he watched afar, watching through the velvety dark the gable end of the little house where she was. In his heart was only a deep thankfulness which forbade thought; his whole body seemed only a rhythm that repeated over and over again the single fact that she was here. He went back to all the other nights when he had only been able to remember her terrible words that parted them. He banished the thought; all that was over now; they should never be parted again. Meanwhile he could live, and watch the hut where she slept. There he stood, in the dream-hung garden of his dream, till the night hours passed, and the grey dawn began to glimmer in the East.

As the light grew brighter, he moved farther away, lest he should be seen by some wondering soldier. But still he watched the palmetto leaves that thatched the little hut, and all his soul knelt down before the benediction of the Dawn.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SHADOW ON THE WORLD

ON a wild and desolate sierra, eight leagues to the northward of Madrid, stands brooding over the rocky wastes one of the most tremendous creatures of human hands. Not alone in its superficial aspect, in itself unique,

THE CLOISTER IN THE ESCORIAL

but over all considerations, architectural or structural, it looms alone and unapproachable as the expression of a personality. Never elsewhere in the buildings of civilizations alive or dead can be found a structure presenting so utterly, so truthfully, and so unmistakably, the man in whose brain it was born. In magnificent solitude, with its grey towers frowning above the dusty plain, stands in

malign and deathlike quiet, the Escorial, monastery, palace, and mausoleum, and the living monument for all time to come of the soul who created it, and who still moves as of

PHILIP II OF SPAIN (*From Sir Anthony Moore's portrait in Hampton Court Gallery*)

old in the deathlike corridors — Philip II, King of Spain.

Philip was a man of chilled blood, in a country of hot-bloods; he held cold beliefs, cold enthusiasms, cold judgments; in but one thing was he passionate, and that one

passion was the flambeau which lights within and leaves forever lighted, in that gallery of the past, the character of this gloomy, melancholy prince. This passion was the Church. Philip was untiring in his efforts to maintain Spanish prestige over as much of Europe as possible, but his idea of empire was less Spanish than it was Catholic; all his real ambition lay in forwarding the might and influence of Rome. The Escorial is one of the milestones on his path; it was designed to further the religious ends for which he strove, to place the Papacy on an eminence from which it could never be dethroned.

The idea of it had been working secretly in his brain for years before the incident which finally brought the matter to a head. Ever since the death of his father, the Emperor Charles V, Philip had been planning a stupendous thing, which was to be a burial-place for his line, and which should be worthy of the royalty for whom it was designed. Philip, however, engrossed as he was with wars and business of grave kinds, found it not so easy to put his plan into active execution; also funds were scarce, and of these an immense amount was to be required, — eight millions, events were to prove.

In 1557 occurred the incident which resulted immediately in Philip's determination to build. At the battle of San Quentin against the French, he had occasion to gain some strategic point, to destroy the monastery of the Friars of Saint Lawrence, and he vowed forthwith, in the words of the chronicler, "to erect a memorial to Saint Lawrence of which the world had not the like." This vow he kept, and six years later, April 23, 1563, the corner-stone was laid of what Philip called "El Sitio de San Lorenzo el Real," but which, taking the name of the little hamlet wherein it stood, has ever since been known as the Escorial.

For twenty-four years the work continued, and from

the first Philip haunted the site like his own ghost. Hardly a month passed that he did not spend days or even weeks at the rude house where sojourned the Jeronymite monks waiting for their monastery to be finished. He chose a spot in the mountains from which he could look down on the vast design, and there for hours he was wont to sit — in the attitude, we may imagine, of Lorenzo the Magnificent — and see the darling of his soul grow visibly before his eyes. The original idea had, on consultation with the architect, expanded, until now the building was to be of triple scope: monastery, tomb, and palace for the King himself. Toledo, the architect, perhaps the greatest of Spain's builders, was not to live to see his work complete, but be was ably succeeded by his pupil Herrera, who proved to work in even more complete accord with his sovereign than had his master. For Philip after all dominated the whole, so that now it comes to us as a word from the great Catholic's own mouth, as a vision of his dark, stern, impenetrable, indomitable soul. When the whole was rather more than half completed, Philip moved himself and all his court to the grey and gloomy halls of the great palace, and there henceforward he lived, and there he died, and was buried.

Early in the year 1565, Philip became cognizant of the seriousness of the situation in the new possessions which Spain owed to Columbus, and which he intended to hold by that patent-right as long as he had a navy. The envoy at the court of Catherine de Medici was now no longer the ubiquitous Chantone, the original "man at the key-hole," but the equally busy and prying Don Frances de Alava; nothing went on without its coming shortly to the ear of this astute individual, and he kept his master well informed indeed of events in France, whether of the greatest or the most trivial nature. At the time of Laudonnière's expedi-

tion grave warnings had been dispatched to Philip, who, however, had been of the belief that the premature venture of the French would wither away to nothingness without any interference from the Spaniards. He turned his attention, rather, to bringing all the influence at his command to bear on the weak and puerile-minded King of Navarre, Antoine, brother of the prince of Condé, and one of the leaders of the Huguenot party in France. Catherine had thrown her lot in with Condé and Navarre, and against the Guises; the Guises, backed by the far-reaching arm of Philip and the full power of the Catholic Church, proved mighty opponents; but the Huguenot party was strong, Coligny in himself being a tower of strength; and so Philip was driven to accomplish by finesse what he could not by open influence. He began to work on the wavering-minded Antoine, till finally he found the weapon that would reach him, in the Spanish province of Navarre. This province had originally been French, but had been captured by Spain. Philip now promised to give back this fair region to Antoine, on condition that he forsake Coligny and the heretic party for good. This the jelly-willed Antoine agreed to do, and Philip, having alienated one of Catherine's principal supporters in her Huguenot leanings, conceived that he was strong enough now to force the play still more. So he sent a special envoy to confer with Catherine; a conference which took place on the Spanish frontier, though what passed at it will never be known; suffice it to say that Catherine, under the influence of threats of open war, finally agreed to all that Philip demanded. She gradually abandoned all her Huguenot tendencies, though she still remained sympathetic with them in soul, and it was only half-hearted assent that she gave to that final blow of 1572, Saint Bartholomew's massacre.

So far as the colony in the New World was concerned,

however, the supremacy of Philip was not yet sufficiently absolute to enable him to secure a recall, or indeed any action or word at all, from Catherine. She professed only the vaguest of knowledge of the doings of Coligny's colonists, and no amount of pressure could compel any more satisfactory response to Alava's questioning upon what she meant by allowing this encroachment on the territory of his Majesty of Spain. Matters were in this state when there were sent to the Spanish court some of the French mutineers who had come to grief in Cuba, the last survivors of Bleur's ill-fated boat load. These men, cravens as they were, made the fullest of confessions of their cruise and its intentions, thinking thus to obtain pardon for their candor. It is not on record that they helped themselves much, for they were thrown into prison, and the chances are that there they remained for the rest of their wretched lives.

They had told enough, however, to arouse Philip's vigilant suspicions, and he sent forthwith for a man who will always be remembered as the prototype of cold-blooded cruelty, Fernando Alveraz de Toledo, duke of Alva. Alva, called to express his opinion on the growing French interests in Florida, gave his verdict without hesitation, to the effect that the colony, which "so encroached on your Majesty's dominion, should be wiped out at once; and they being all heretics, it will be also a work of great piety to destroy them all." This met with Philip's own belief, but, not so radical as Alva, he determined to wait for a while, to see if the colony, which was reported by some rumors to be in the gravest difficulties, would not disband of its own accord. At the same time, he began to mobilize the vessels for a fleet which should sail to "rescue this Florida from the heretics." And for leadership of this fleet he selected a captain of a resolution no less than his own, and of a valor and ability second to no captain who

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND (*From the painting formerly at Hampton Court*)

ever sailed the seas, Pedro Menendez de Avilés, admiral of Spain.

This individual, who was to have so great an influence on the history of the New World, was a man of extraordinary mold. He was of a noble family of the Asturias, "where earth and sky bear men who are honest, not tricksters, truthful, not babblers, most faithful to their King, generous, friendly, light-hearted and merry, daring and warlike." Not quite all of these things was Menendez, but at least he was faithful to his King, light-hearted, daring, and warlike. The portrait of him which hangs in Madrid shows him as he was, a brave, shrewd, intelligent man, of great perseverance and resource, and animated — far beyond his mercenary streak, which was but slight — by his loyalty to his country and his religion. His active and adventurous disposition was manifested at a tender age; so pronounced were his roving and venturesome inclinations that he was affianced to a little girl at the age of eight in the hope of keeping him tamed down to the ordinary manner of life. At his fourteenth year he became ungovernable, and ran away to sea; he strode into a tavern and solicited volunteers for a corsair cruise, and such was the force and fire of his address that he was able to get about twenty men who were willing to follow him. They calmly sailed off in a small fisherman's craft, and had not been long at sea when they fell in with a French vessel which attempted to capture them. Menendez's boat, in the struggle which ensued, became so much the worse for wear that his crew became despairing, and wished to give up and surrender to their opponents; Menendez, however, raged so furiously, and urged them on with such valor, that the French were finally driven off, and the boy of fourteen made the best of his way off, with a boat leaking at every seam, but in triumph.

The Duke of Alva

He was one of the family of twenty children, and it may be imagined that his inheritance was not magnificent; he took his share, and, still imbued with love of the sea, fitted out a vessel to combat the corsairs which roved in great numbers over the waters of the Mediterranean. He cruised about for some time with great success, and gained some signal

victories over corsair vessels and fleets. On one occasion he went out against a fleet of three corsair craft which had captured a rich treasure convoy of ten vessels; he was sent by the Regent Maximilian, who, however, neglected to furnish either men or money for the expedition. Menendez fitted out his own vessel anew, and started for the scene; he attacked the corsairs with such fury that their fleet was shattered, their leader slain, four of the vessels sunk, and the other six led by him in safety into the harbor of Corunna.

After many wars and adventures, mainly in the service of his sovereigns, he became captain-general of the West Indian fleets; this was an important office, and he held it for many years, his administration being marked by his usual acumen and integrity. These fleets, being usually of many vessels, went ordinarily in two groups; and as many merchants were sending goods to the same markets, it is easy to see that a great opportunity was offered for what is best described by the expressive word "graft." If a merchant could so manage that his vessel, in which his goods were, could get into the first squadron, his chance of advantageous selling was much greater; many the tricks and devices by which the crafty merchants sought to bring this about, and on one occasion the rivalry was particularly intense. A group of them desired to delay the sailing of the other boats of their squadron, and went so far as to approach Menendez with the offer of a bribe of a thousand ducats a day, if he would hold back their rivals' argosies three days, and two thousand ducats a day for every day thereafter. Menendez, calmly remarking that it seemed "good money",—his exact phrase,—pulled up his anchors within the hour, and sailed away, leaving the merchants fuming in impotent rage behind.

Menendez, it was who commanded the royal vessel that bore his King to Queen Mary of England in 1554, to celebrate their magnificent nuptials.

He was in command of the Indian fleets for almost ten years, and great as were his chances to gain immense wealth, it is not on record that he did so; the Casa de Contratacion, which held some of his inveterate enemies, did try on numerous occasions to bring him to book for smuggleries connived at, but they were never able to establish any proof sufficient to secure sentence, save in one minor count, and in this case Philip himself remitted half the fine. He spent what money he made freely in the interest of his master, and many were the munitions and fittings which he furnished for his Majesty's vessels out of his own private purse. He was a devout Catholic, who conceived that heresy was the plague-spot of the world, and wished nothing better than to be an instrument in freeing the earth of it forever. Such was the man who, in the spring of 1565, waited in the corridor outside the silent door of Philip.

THE QUEEN'S ROOM IN THE ESCORIAL

The news was just come of the third French fleet under Ribaut, and the time had arrived for the Spaniards to act, if

they were to hold their New World free from the contamination of Huguenot foothold.

Philip was aroused; but Philip was also pressed for money, and to equip a fleet to wipe the French off the Western map would cost money. It was a problem, but of the kind in which this Monarch was adept — that of getting something for nothing, or for nothing more valuable than words. When Menendez reached the royal presence, he was greeted with courtesy, but no warmth; for some months he had been trying to gain from the throne the permission to colonize in Florida, for the glory and honor of the Catholic Church, and to hold the land for Spain. Philip had offered him many things, but never the exact permission he desired; this permission Philip was now determined to grant, but it would not do to show too much readiness. Bit by bit Menendez dragged out of him the things which the King was now so ready to give: Menendez was empowered to colonize Florida as he willed, was to be furnished with 500 men, with 500 slaves, was to have sixteen churchmen to form the foundation for a Floridian church, and was to hold the title for life of adelantado of Florida, with the right to name his successor.

The new adelantado, who had just returned from a visit to his home, at which place he had found money for his plan, was anxious to start at once, and Philip was almost as anxious to have him do so. He had, however, recently dispatched a messenger to France, to learn full particulars of Ribaut's fleet, and he wanted to wait for this man's report. Menendez would brook no delay, and Philip finally gave him his will. Loud rang the tidings through the land that Menendez was to start to defend the faith from the attacks of heresy, and his banners were beset by thousands of loyal Catholics, who asked nothing better than the chance to share in this devout work.

He now pushed forward his preparations with the greatest haste; 2500 men enrolled under his banner, and his fleet gradually expanded to more than thirty sail. Menendez chose as his flagship the *San Pelayo*, a magnificent vessel of almost a thousand tons' burden, a huge vessel for that time and described as being one of the finest ships afloat. There were in his party almost forty ecclesiastics, including twelve Franciscans and eight Jesuits; and his following numbered many Knights of the Asturias and other gentlemen of fortune. Every hour's delay was grievous to the adelantado, and, finally despairing of having his whole armament ready at once, he set sail from Cadiz with eleven vessels, leaving the rest of his fleet to follow as soon as they were ready.

After a stormy passage, he reached Porto Rico, where he put in for repairs to some of his vessels, which had been greatly damaged by the winds and waves; he stayed here only long enough for the most pressing needs, for he was eager to reach Florida before Ribaut's reinforcements; he therefore set sail for the northward as soon as he was able to strengthen the wavering mind of his council, to which he referred affairs, rather more as a matter of form than for any other end, it would appear, for he always had his own way. The pilots were dubious, however, in the strange waters, and the reefs and many strange sights of these new seas filled them with uneasiness. Menendez did his utmost to spur them on to their task, but their murmurings finally grew so loud that he became as despairing as his nature would permit. At the darkest moment, when all the crew were ready to go back, influenced by the fear of the threatening weather and by the seasickness induced by the choppy channel waters, a blazing meteor sprang out of the evening sky, and swept majestically across the heavens toward Florida. Menendez seized on this occurrence avidly, and succeeded in convincing his faint-hearted followers that this was a most propitious omen, a

PHILIP II RECEIVING A DEPUTATION (*From the painting by C. Arcos*)

sign from the Lord that their journey was a holy one, to be crowned with glory like the splendor of the meteor.

On Sunday, August 25, 1565, they came in sight of the Florida coast, the first land they sighted being the peninsula off Cape Canaveral. Menendez gazed with satisfaction on this province, which was his for the taking, but he had no time for meditation; his one idea was to locate the French settlement as quickly as possible, for he still hoped to head off Ribaut and reach the goal ahead of him. So he turned his ships along the coast, sailing slowly northward, and keeping a sharp lookout for any sign of French habitation; he sent the smaller vessels a little way up the various small rivers which they came to, and on the fourth day he came to the River of Dolphins, discovered and so named by Laudonnière; Menendez rechristened this river the Saint Augustine, since it was discovered on that saint's day, August 28; and at this point he spent a few days, sending his ships far up the river, seeking the French.

September 4 he again set forth, and cruised northward still. He was now near his quarry. There lay the vast continent, stretching away for thousands of miles, and, save for these two handfuls of adventurers the land lay empty of white men.

Toward noon Menendez's lookout spied four French ships off the mouth of the Saint John's River. The effect was electrical; Menendez, thrilled with enthusiasm, gave orders to proceed at full sail; but in twenty minutes the wind died out. The Spaniards, in sight of their goal, chafed terribly. Two hours after sunset the faintest of winds arose, and Menendez crept slowly up to the enemy's vessels. He himself hailed:

"Gentlemen, whence cometh this fleet?"

"We come from France," came the instant answer from the *Trinity*, the nearest of Ribaut's vessels.

"What do you here?" proceeded the inquisitor, in businesslike tones.

"We bring infantry, artillery, and supplies for a fort which the King of France has built in this country, and for others which he proposes to build."

"Are you Catholics or Lutherans?"

"Lutherans!" cried a dozen voices. "And our captain is Jean Ribaut."

Menendez drew a long, and probably a happy breath.

"Know then," he said, "that I am the adelantado of Florida, my name is Pedro Menendez de Aviles. This is the armada of the King of Spain, who has sent me to this coast to burn and hang the Lutheran French who should be found here. In the morning I will board your ships; all Catholics will be well treated, but all Lutherans shall be slain."

A storm of cries and epithets came from the French ships.

"Come on!" they cried. "Do not wait till morning! Board us now, if you dare!"

This was bravado on the part of the French, with so many of their men at Fort Caroline. Menendez did not know this, but he gave orders to attack; and the Spaniards started for their foes, firing tremendous volleys. The French, too, sprang into the rigging, and the whole company, pursuers and pursued, moved slowly, but with accelerated velocity as the wind freshened, off into the night. For three leagues in the darkness they sailed, the Spaniards falling farther behind every moment, and at length, despairing of ever overtaking the speedy Frenchmen, Menendez reluctantly gave orders to turn back to his old anchorage at the mouth of the San Augustine.

CHAPTER XV

THE SHIPWRECK

GIL BARRE stood by the side of his beloved commander, Jean Ribaut, looking with him anxiously out to sea. They watched with terrible misgivings the approach of the Spaniards, and the long afternoon hours during which the two fleets stood becalmed almost within gunshot of one another were enough to rack the stoutest nerves in the world. Ribaut wanted to be taken aboard in one of the barges, but he was overruled, as it was held that this would only bring about open hostilities, for which the French were not ready, with nearly all their fighting men ashore. They could only stand and wait, their eyes straining through the haze, and their idle hands fretting nervously with hilt or scabbard as they watched.

LIBRARY IN THE ESCORIAL

Gil, since his disastrous colonizing at Port Royal, had never left his master, and at this time he was moved by a fear which he did not dare put in words; this fear was that Ribaut would order him to stay ashore for bodyguard to Élise, instead of participating in the sea-fight, which was

now only a matter of time. But as the hours went by, and nothing was said, Gil felt better, and looked with resignation on the situation, which seemed to him all right so long as he was not separated from Ribaut. His old fondness for Élise had not in the least abated, but his master was his master, and where he went Gil must also go. So he watched Ribaut with his one bright eye, and said nought.

The interminable hours crawled by, and at length it was sunset, and then dark; and still Ribaut and Gil kept their watch on the lookout point, and waited for sounds from the sea. Later they heard the sound of the volleys fired in the opening encounter of the fleets, and then — silence.

In the morning the sea was bare of friends and foes alike. Not where the eye could reach was there to be seen a sail of any sort, and the French, who now gathered along the shore in great numbers, knew not what to think. There was little chance that the Spaniards could have overhauled

their ships, for they had little to fear from the unwieldy Spanish craft on the score of speed. Ribaut knew well that his ships could outsail these of Menendez by three feet to two; at the same time his mind was heavy, knowing also how few men there were aboard his vessels, and having had some experience with the shoals and reefs of the Florida shores. His anxiety was utterly needless, as it proved, for the French, even in the first few moments, were never in the least danger of capture, and as the wind quickened, they drew so rapidly away from their pursuers that Menendez at length gave up the chase, and returned to the San Augustine River, where the rest of his forces awaited him.

Toward evening Gil, still scanning the ocean by Ribaut's side, gave out an exclamation of triumph, and looking seaward Ribaut beheld his ships, all jaunty and unharmed, wearing slowly back to their old anchorage at the mouth of the Saint John's. He decided to go aboard at once.

"Bring the captain's barge," shouted Gil. "Will you go aboard at once, master?"

"Come with me; I must learn the full news; they will know what said the Spaniard, and mayhap many things beside useful for me to know."

Ribaut's craft, propelled by eight pairs of willing arms, shot off down the river, and by sunset he had boarded the *Trinity*, and was listening with acute attention to the account of his lieutenants. They described the voice of Menendez, and repeated his challenge to surrender, with his promise of death to all heretics and pardon to all Catholics.

"How many ships think you there are in his squadron?" queried Ribaut, sharply; "think you these were all, or that they were merely the advance, and that there is another squadron to follow?"

His lieutenants gave it as their opinion that the Spaniards had pressed forward with only their swiftest ships, and that

they had more force to follow, not only from the confidence displayed by their leader, but from the fact that all the men aboard these foremost ships were soldiers, and there were probably other ships to bear the churchmen and artisans.

"But how think you there are churchmen and artisans? May it not rather be a levy of fighting men only, to sweep us heretics, as they say, from the country?"

But the others stoutly maintained their belief that these were but the forerunners of the Spanish fleet, and at length Ribaut came to the same conclusion. When once reached, it made him grave, and he spoke orders to take him swiftly ashore, that he might consult with Laudonnière upon the best course to follow. So back they went to Fort Caroline, and by the light of torches held their conference in the main room of the garrison, with the dark corners only made more dark by the flickering, leaping light. Laudonnière and Ribaut, Ottigny and Le Caille, Vasseur and Verdier, sat in pairs across the makeshift table; close by his master's back stood Gil, his one eye blinking in the flaring light, but watching with hawklike attention. Ribaut spoke first.

"I am in favor of sailing immediately southward, and attacking the Spaniards before their forces are assembled, and before they have had time to fortify themselves, as they will do if we delay," he said.

Laudonnière, who was still sick from the fever and what he felt to be the disgrace of his being superseded by Ribaut, summoned what spirit he had in denial. He knew, he said, to what terrible storms the month of September was subject, in this climate, and he further did not believe in leaving Fort Caroline undefended while all the fighting men went to attack the enemy.

"That is the very heart of the plan," quoth Ribaut. "We must strike before they get the chance. Everything now stands in our favor; they are new to the land and these

waters, they have not yet had time to entrench themselves on shore, and the chances are that the longer we wait the more Spaniards we shall have to deal with."

Laudonnière still demurred. He believed in remaining where they were, and fortifying themselves thoroughly; once they were fully protected, the invaders would think twice and more than twice before attacking them.

"Not so!" still maintained Ribaut. "If you wait, you let them, too, get firmly planted here, and you have, instead of a few boatloads of soldiers on ships in strange waters, a well-drilled body of fighting men on land, with a well-guarded fort around them, and reinforcements, I make no doubt, on their way already. Delay is too dangerous; we must attack at once."

"But the storms!" persisted Laudonnière. "In this country the storms come up in a moment, rise to hurricanes in ten minutes! What would be our plight if your ships were blown away to sea; we should be at the mercy of the enemy whenever they chose to attack."

"It is we who will do the attacking; we must take them while they are still unready. Come, let us put it to vote; how many are in favor of an immediate attack? I myself vote for it, as you hear."

They were four to two, Laudonnière finding only Verdier to agree with him, even Ottigny, his staunch friend, being in favor of Ribaut's plan. And, indeed, it had all the elements of success, even of great generalship; had not Laudonnière's misgivings about the weather proved only too true the tale of Fort Caroline would have had a different ending.

It was arranged forthwith that a start should be made as soon as the ships might be put in perfect shape, and it was decided to leave only the women and invalids at Fort Caroline, thus gaining every available able-bodied man for the fleet which should wipe the Spaniards off the continent.

Little time was lost, once the decision was reached. In the morning the beach was littered with the trapping, arms, and gear of the departing forces; the ships needed no attention, being all in perfect condition, and they were manned with every soul who could possibly be pressed into service. The barges plied busily to and fro, taking men aboard, and coming back for more. Ribaut decided to take his whole squadron, that the attack might be the more overwhelming. By noon all was in readiness: then a delay ensued, caused by the obstinacy of La Grange, the captain of one of Ribaut's vessels, who conceived at the last minute that the attack was a mistake, and that Laudonnière was right after all. It took four hours to bring him to see the matter as the others did, and by that time it was too late to make the start; so it was of necessity postponed till the following morning.

As the ships sailed away, Laudonnière, looking in his weakness and despair around the almost deserted fort, burst into tears at the plight in which he was left. Barely fourscore men remained to him, of whom not more than half could really bear a hand in open conflict. What would happen should disaster overtake Ribaut, the commandant dared not think; he went back with a groan, and waited.

But there was one man in Fort Caroline who was more miserable even than its unhappy commander; that one was Gil, looking disconsolately out after the disappearing ships, one of which bore the man whom he had hoped never to quit again. Ribaut had called him to him before the sailing, and, laying one hand affectionately on Gil's shoulder, had looked him kindly in the eye.

"You must stay," he said. "You must stay behind; it is not my wish, but my word is given. I swore to him whom we all follow that you should protect mademoiselle. We go now on a dangerous hazard, one from which we may not return; you must remain; she must not be left alone."

The Old King's Forge, Saint Augustine

Gil's face worked; for a minute he did not speak.

"There is no danger here. I would go with you."

"I know. Yet it may not be. Cheer yourself; it will be only a short and a merry war; we shall be back, if all 's well, in three days at most. Farewell."

Gil turned away, so that he did not see Ribaut's outstretched hand; yet in a moment he turned again and saw it. Hand grasped hand, master's and man's. Ribaut walked straight to his barge, and was rowed swiftly to his ship, casting no look again upon the silent figure ashore.

Gil watched him out of sight, his one eye blinking in curious fashion; without a word he went back to the fort, and reported to Laudonnière for duty. To Élise he paid no heed; but he knew where she was, and his glance followed her as warily as ever when she walked abroad. Francis, being left out of all the preparations, went much by himself, even his friend Trenchant now having gone from him at the call to battle. Gyrot, too, he could not find; he supposed that he must have gone aboard on one of the ships, yet he had not been able to see him doing so. The hope of his absence was a relief, at least, and Francis, having his lady so near, could find no heart for forebodings such as beset the others of the little garrison. He managed still to catch occasional sight of Élise, and in the twilight she came out to him by the wall of the fort, and they had together an enchanted hour before the utter darkness descended. There was nothing to do now but to wait, yet gradually Francis felt himself catching the unease of the other deserted ones, as they looked hopelessly around their poor defences, and wondered what had become of Ribaut.

Laudonnière had divided his men, such as they were, into two watches, giving the supervision of these to the only two officers he had left. Of his garrison, as has been said,

not more than forty could by any possibility bear arms, and nearly half of those were weak from fever, or were unskilled men, or mere boys. On the third day, there broke on the bleak morning a storm of such severity as had never been known on that coast; the Indians even attesting to the fact that the wind passed in violence any other winds which they had ever beheld. Laudonnière, lying helpless on his cot,

Old Fort Matanzas

groaned in anguish of soul; for he knew that what he feared had come to pass, that Ribaut's fleet was certainly dispersed if not actually wrecked; and he did not dare think what would follow. All that day and night the wind swept the forest, and the rain beat down in sheets of white water.

Returning to Ribaut. The first day's sail down the coast had found him nearly at the point where the Spaniards were rapidly intrenching themselves. On the morning of the second day, he came to the San Augustine, and found the flagship of Menendez standing off the inlet, becalmed,

with her sails idle. With a shout of triumph, Ribaut gave the order to attack; and the French bore down upon the heavy galleon as fast as the light wind would permit; but the wind which had so long held off from the Spanish sails suddenly struck them with a buoyant gust, and the *San Pelayo* drifted, laden as she was, across the bar and up the little inlet, where the French could not follow.

Here on the banks of the San Augustine had the Spaniards erected their fort. When Menendez had returned from his first pursuit of the French, he had found his men busily engaged in putting up a breastwork, using no tools, as the chronicle says, but their bare hands and their swords. Menendez, delighted at their enterprise no less than at the spot they had selected, gave orders to push the work to a rapid completion. He was afraid the French would attack before he was fully intrenched, and under his spur the work went on apace. In two days the fort was almost done, and on September 8, 1565, Menendez, sword in hand, and after a prayer from Mendoza, the priest, formally dedicated the fort to Philip of Spain, and amid the cheers of the soldiery and the wondering exclamations of the Indians who gathered near, planted on the ramparts the Spanish standard. Thus was founded Saint Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. And almost the first sight the sun shone on, after Saint Augustine was born, was the formidable array of the French in the bay.

Balked in his endeavor to catch the *San Pelayo*, Ribaut, not daring to go farther under the guns of the fort, turned his attention to the second of Menendez's ships, the *San Salvador*, which was hovering around in plain sight, although some leagues away. The whole French force started off full sail after the lone Spaniard, who fled south. All that day they held after him, and half the night.

Since sunset the wind had been growing stronger and

stronger. Ribaut gave orders to furl sail after sail, but as the wind still increased in fury he at length stripped all his spars clean, battened down the hatches, and sent the signal flying through the night to bid each vessel take care of itself. With a burst of thunder and lightning, followed by a tremendous downpour, the cyclone was upon them.

The wind came from the north, and the fury with which it blew had never been imagined by the luckless mariners, used to the Biscayan storms though they were. Ribaut's own ship went close in to shore in the darkness, not being able to keep her bearings, and shortly before dawn, she ran aground on a long shoal which reached far out under the lee of a headland. There the dawn found her, helpless, with the great seas breaking in fury over the stern. As the light grew stronger, the French could see the terrible effects of the wind on the land which stretched out on either hand. Huge trees lay bent double by the might of that wind, and there came swirling to them, half a mile from the mainland as they were, great branches of those trees which were borne level along the wind, together with a swarm of palmetto leaves and other leaves torn from the laboring forest and swept out to sea. The wind now swept around to the northwest, showing no sign of abating. Ribaut found that his ship was being driven farther into the oozy sand, and that there was no chance of his getting her off, at least until the wind should die down. There was no immediate danger, however, as she still held together, in spite of the force now stripping her of spar after spar, and the seas which raged across her decks.

He called the boatswain and questioned him.

"How long do you think we can hold out?" he queried.

"The men are at the pumps, three deep," replied the boatswain. "The leak is under the stern-post; she is not gaining on us, that is all I can say."

Ribaut gave orders for an extra force of men to be sent below, with oakum and hempen rags, to see if something might not be done for this leak — which he had suspected, but had hardly dared contemplate. As the day went on, the case grew more desperate. The oakum had served to stop the worst leak, but others were starting, and it now took all the men who could man them to handle the pumps and hold the water down. Ribaut himself went below and cheered them on; he himself took a hand at the pumps, and directed the men working on the widening leaks.

Shortly before sunset the wind shifted in direction, and became less violent. The men, wearied almost to death in spite of frequent relief at their back-breaking labor, were able to rest a little. The vessel, now swung around so that the wind and sea struck her port quarter, lay more easily, her stern, which had well-nigh been beaten to pieces, being no longer exposed to the direct force of the storm. Ribaut gave thanks to the Power which had preserved them, and gave orders for a hearty meal, with a double supply of grog, to be served to the men.

Another of his ships now came in sight; she had been driven out to sea, and had ridden out the storm with little injury. She came in as close as she dared to Ribaut's ship, but he signaled to her to beware of the coast, and she turned and held off again to the open sea, heading away on the southern tack. She was never seen again, and it is believed she struck a reef and foundered with all hands.

The wind had now become a steady gale, blowing keen from the northeast, and Ribaut, near midnight, knew from the straining of the timbers that his vessel could not hold out much longer. Accordingly, he gave commands to make ready the two barges and two smaller boats carried on his vessel, and to load them with all the provisions possible. His orders were obeyed in silence, and immediately. The

captain called his lieutenants and asked whether it was wiser to desert the ship at once, or to wait till nearer dawn, when their chance might be better; it was decided to wait till the ship showed signs of dissolution — and these soon came.

An hour before daylight a huge hole opened under her stern and the men were forced to leave the pumps; they

The Incomparable Beauty of Florida

rushed hastily on deck, crying out that all was lost. Ribaut, perfectly cool, ordered the small boats cast off, had all the crew safely taken off, and as the ship was going to pieces under his feet, he left his flag-deck forever, casting no look behind. It was none too soon; hardly had the pinnaces gone clear, when the ship, giving forth a terrific groan, as though the heart of her were broken, went to pieces.

The four little boats started across the raging water, seeking the shore.

CHAPTER XVI

"NOT UNTO FRENCHMEN!"

INTO the brain of Menendez came a flash of high vision. He looked out to sea where the French ships fled southward with the gale behind, and his great idea was born. Simply, it was that he would march inland up the coast and come upon the French fort, now robbed of its defenders, from the land side.

Since he had begun this expedition for the glory of his church, his first act was to have celebrated a mass. Father Mendoza celebrated it at his request, and almost the entire company save the sentinels met in the great council-house of the Indians; when the mass was said and the priests had ceased their praying, the adelantado himself came forward.

"Soldiers and gentlemen," he said, "I have seen the way; it has been sent to me in a flash from Heaven, how we can destroy these our enemies. Now are they despoiled of all their ships, and most of their fighting men, for yonder gale will not let them return under three days. I am determined to march on their fort at once, and destroy it utterly and altogether."

The storm burst about his ears, murmurings, fears, doubts and curses; the men had ventured a little way into the forest and they had seen enough of the impenetrable morasses and thickets to fear them heartily; they openly declared their belief that it was almost certain death to attempt to cross the leagues that separated them from the French fort; far better to wait till the gale abated and make their attack from the ships. The more they thought of it the more fearful an undertaking did it seem. They went out of the tent and looked at the solid cloud-bank from which

steady torrents of rain now descended, with no prospect of cessation, and they liked the outlook less and less. Mendoza, on behalf of the churchmen, disapproved, and found almost unanimous support among the men.

Menendez, his teeth set in deadly obstinacy, listened with a white face to all the protests; and repeated his determination to make the attack. To the demurs of the priests and soldiery he paid no heed other than to repeat that his mind was made up, and to Mendoza's arguments and entreaties he turned a deaf ear. For an hour the conflict went on, and not one jot could his lieutenants move him. They pleaded with him to wait at least till the next day and see whether the face of the sky had not changed; to this he agreed, for it was by this time too late to make a start that day. So the meeting dissolved, the soldiers to grumble and mope, as they looked out over the soaking and sodden landscape, and thought of what their march across the country must prove. Mendoza still kept up his efforts to dissuade the adelantado, until Menendez was forced to order him to be silent.

Night came on, and wore slowly through, the rain if anything increasing in violence, and the wind suffering no abatement. Day broke cold and bleak, with white sheets of rain falling on every hand. Undaunted, Menendez ordered the men to assemble before the great lodge at an hour after dawn, fully armed and accoutered for their march, and for the conflict which was to be its climax. The unwillingness now mounted almost to open mutiny; groups of soldiers gathered about, and declared that they would go on no such mad errand, and their temper was so evidently inimical that for a moment even Menendez was given pause. Only for a moment, however; then he gave orders for the men to form in line, at the pain of death for disobedience. Sullenly they obeyed.

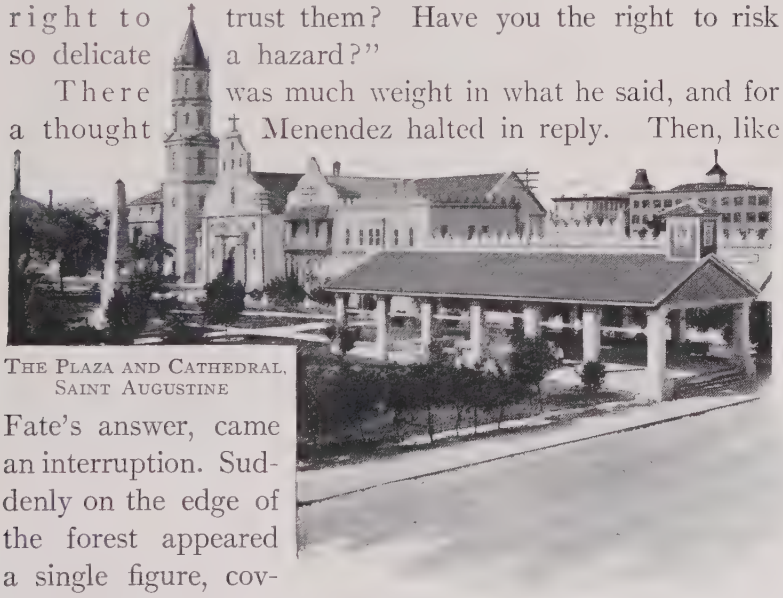
Gomez, one of his lieutenants, craved privilege to speak.

"Señor adelantado," he said, "the men are willing to follow you anywhere in reason, but they cannot see reason in this mad journey across an impassable swamp. More than that, we have no one to guide us to the fort of the heretics. This is strange country, and we may well be lost forever, if we be not drowned, in these morasses. Can you give assurance that we can find the fort if once we start for it?"

"We have the Indians," replied Menendez.

"Ay; and what do we know of these Indians? They may, for all we know, be in league with the French, and may lead us into ambush, or into swamps from which we can find no exit. We know nothing of these Indians; is it right to trust them? Have you the right to risk so delicate a hazard?"

There was much weight in what he said, and for a thought Menendez halted in reply. Then, like



THE PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL, SAINT AUGUSTINE

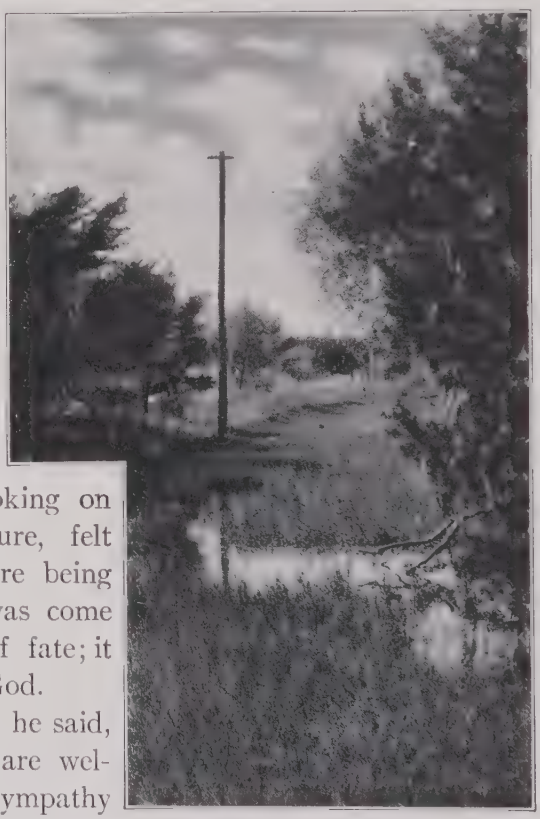
Fate's answer, came an interruption. Suddenly on the edge of the forest appeared a single figure, covered as far as the shoulders with mud and slime. Challenged by the sentry, he responded briefly, "A friend," and advancing to the nearest group, asked for the adelantado.

"I am he," replied Menendez, eying the stranger with a level glance.

"I would speak with Señor Menendez, the leader of this party."

"I am he," said Menendez. "What would you of me?"

"My name is Jean Gyrot; I am a French Catholic, who has been imprisoned for over a year by the nest of heretics whom you have come to destroy. I have been put to menial work; I, a man of gentle birth, and I seek revenge."



The Old Moat at Saint Augustine

Menendez, looking on the scowling figure, felt that his ends were being met; this man was come at the moment of fate; it was the hand of God.

"Jean Gyrot," he said, graciously, "you are welcome. I have sympathy for your wrongs, and it will be strange if you have not soon full redress. I am within this hour starting for this nest of heretics; you are come just in the hour to gain your wish for vengeance. Guide us across the leagues which lie between, and you shall share the honor at the end."

"I will do it," quoth Gyrot, smiling an evil smile.

Menendez turned in triumph to the company. Their last protest was met, and it was with a confident and challenging tone that he now ordered their array to assemble. And now indeed there was no more demur; the adelantado was master, and the steel in his eye they dared not tempt. In the soaking rain they gathered before the lodge, and Menendez, standing high aloft on the embankment of the fort ranged them in the order for the march. First came the ax-men, twelve sturdy men armed with huge double-bladed axes; these were to blaze the path through the forest, and to cut away the worst of the obstructions they were likely to meet. Behind them in regular ranks came the pikemen and arquebusiers, 500 strong, armed to the teeth, and with four days' rations in knapsacks, and with extra supplies borne by camp-followers in the rear.

Mendoza, baring his head to the racing floods, asked a blessing on this errand of slaughter; a hoarse voice cried, "Forward!" and the march was on.

Close after the ax-men came Menendez, walking with Gyrot; his full trust was not yet given to the latter, whom he closely watched, and they talked the while, the adelantado endeavoring by subtle questioning to find out whether Gyrot might not be a double traitor, and be leading them to their very doom. Through the long hours the march went on, the ax-men cutting their way through the dense thickets by main force. The pitiless rain continued, as though it would never cease; their apparel soon became soaked with water, and the provision sacks were wet through. The soldiers grumbled greatly, but Menendez held them to the march, and allowed no time for reconsideration. At the first night they stopped in the midst of a deep morass; all around lay the thick pine forest, trembling beneath the force of the wind and rain; the water lay in some places knee-deep; it was a desperate place for a bivouac, but the darkness descended

early, shut in as they were by trees, and there was no better place. Many of the soldiers tried to find nests in the trees, to keep them out of the water, but rest so was impossible; they finally gave up, and lying down in the swamp, drew around them their wet garments in poor defense, and tried to sleep. Before day they were abroad, and after a hasty meal of rain-soaked bread, took up their march; at their head Menendez, undaunted and indomitable.

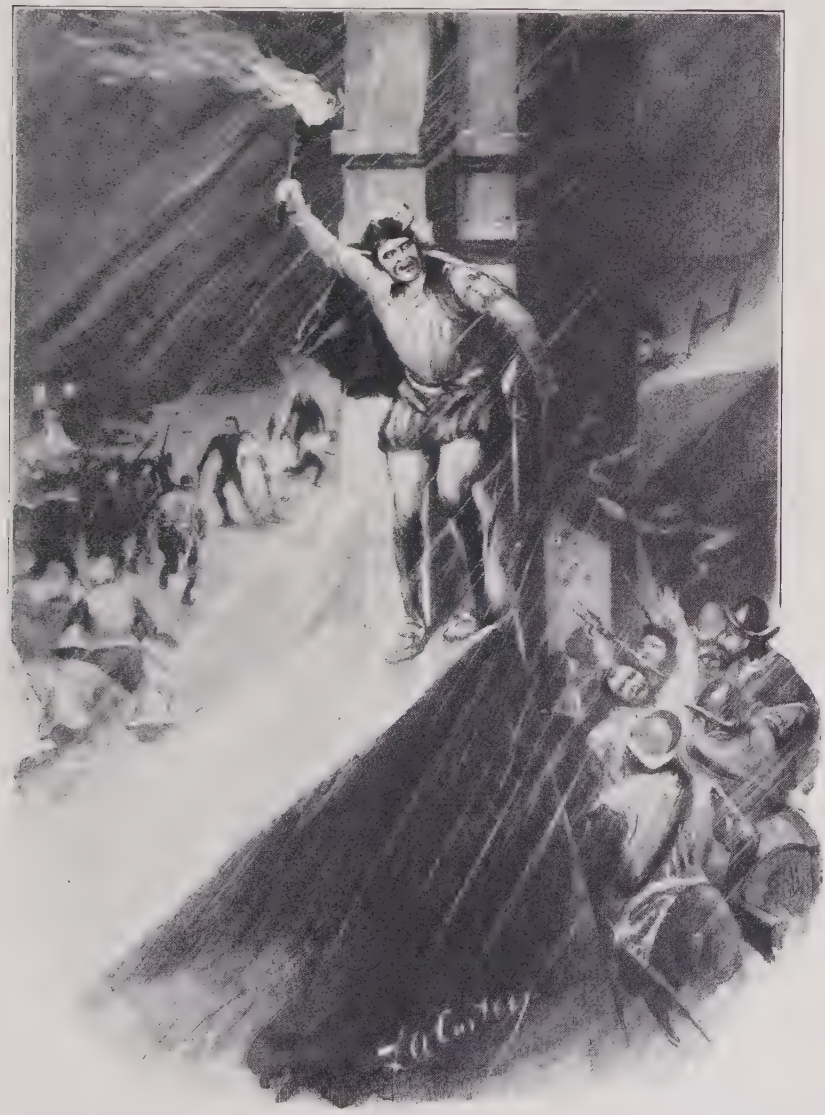
So passed the second day and the second night, and the second night was almost the end. This time they did not even dare to light a fire, for fear the French, whom they were now approaching, would see it; so again they tried to sleep. Their endurance was almost exhausted; Menendez looked on their desperate plight, and to their murmurings and curses he gave for once no heed. They openly declared that Gyrot had led them astray, and threatened him with the most horrible of tortures if he proved false; but Gyrot, smiling his evil and crooked smile, pointed cheerfully ahead.

Almost before dawn of the third day they took up the march. Gyrot had told Menendez that they were now within a league of Fort Caroline, and with the utmost caution they now advanced. Carefully Gyrot led the adelantado up a little rise of ground, triumph biding in his heart, waiting to burst forth, and on a sudden, turning with a movement almost magnificent, he swept his arm in a wide gesture ahead of him. And there, through the grey mist and rain, loomed up the fort which they had come to find.

Even at this moment Menendez did not forget the cause in which he had come. He ordered all his men down upon their knees, in the mud and water, and made them kneel while he gave thanks to God for the grace that had been given him. Rising, they swept across the little space that led to the fated walls.

In Fort Caroline all was silence. All night had the sen-

tinels held their watch, but with the approach of dawn La Vigne, their officer, looking out over the drenched forest, had in compassion ordered the watchers to their beds; surely no foe could be abroad on such a night. Peacefully in their helplessness slept the camp; outside, with bared teeth, the foe came silently on to dark and bloody deeds.



DESTRUCTION OF FORT CAROLINE (*From a drawing by Freeland A. Carter*)

Like wolves from the forest came the Spaniards. As they reached the outer wall they came upon a Frenchman, too startled to make a sound; they fell upon him in silence, and struck him to the earth. Then swept they on.

In the courtyard was the trumpeter, who had returned to his duty on the wall. An instant he stood, stupefied, then his shrieks rent the air. The foremost of the Spaniards leapt for him; it was too late; the clear notes of his trumpet rang out, followed by his cry: "The Spaniards, the Spaniards!"

Over the wall they came, silent and deadly. Menendez, at their head, cried:

"*Santiago!* at them! God with us! Victory! Victory!"

Now from the great house of the garrison came straggling the hapless Frenchmen, many of them almost naked or clad only in their nightclothes. A few sprang to their arms, and gathering in corners made the best of the defense that might be made; but it was a forlorn hope. The enemy was about and above and around them, and nowhere was there anything but death. From the women's quarters came shrieks and cries of keenest terror, as the infuriated Spaniards burst in upon them, slaying, in the first heat of attack, every one they met, man, woman, or child.

Laudonnière, clad only in his shirt, leapt to arms, and rushed forth to the parade ground, where were gathered some of his best soldiers; but even as he reached there he beheld the last of the little band swept away in the fury of the onslaught, and he turned and fled back toward the wall. Here he was joined by the others, and they managed to cut their way out, reaching the forest in safety, just as the flames arose from the great garrison-house, which was now being fired by the Spaniards, in order that they might have light for the work they had in hand.

At the instant of the first attack, Gil, always a soldier,

awoke. Guessing what was abroad, he stolidly armed himself in full armor, and taking his sword in his hand, made his iron way to the place where Élise slept. She, too, had risen, and was herself fully clad, engaged in helping her terrified companion, Madame Brissot, to put on some of her garments. Gil wasted no time in talk, but pushing the two women hastily before him, he fought his way through the terrified women to the rear door, out which he went.

A shriek from the elder woman made him turn, and advancing upon him he saw a rushing figure, sword in hand, who cried as he ran:

"Do not strike: I am a friend!"

Gil paid no heed to what he felt was a Spanish trick, but drew back his arm for the blow. Élise, at his side, rushed foward.

"Do not strike, Gil!" she cried. "It is Francis!"

Just in time Gil withheld his stroke, and nodding toward the wall, he motioned to Francis to fall in by his side. With the women between them they started for the spot where the fight seemed thinnest. They were now hemmed in almost on all sides, and Gil, shading his eye from the fierce heat and light of the burning house, looked calmly about him for some avenue of escape. Toward the rear of the fort, on the river side, one opened, and towards it the four made their way. Madame, struck by a stray missile, gave a little cry, and fell without a word at their feet. Élise dropped on the ground at her side; but Gil, seeing that the trouble of life was over for the fallen creature, forced the girl to her feet again and pressed on toward his channel of safety.

For a moment it seemed as though they would escape. Around them rushed maddened forms, and all the great tumult of the scene rang terribly in their ears. Terrified men and women rushed by in all directions, and behind

them, murderous and relentless, moved the savage soldiery, slaying all they met.

They reached the wall, and Gil, looking around before he started to put Élise over, turned just in time to ward off the blow from a rushing man who came upon him from the side, sneaking through the shadows by the wall. Balked in his first attack, the stranger drew back, and Francis, looking, gave a sharp cry of desperation and defiance. It was Jean Gyrot.

Old Houses in Charlotte Street, Saint Augustine

"Here, fly you, then!" cried Gyrot, beckoning on the men who followed close at his heels. And at them Gil gave one look.

"Take her!" he said to Francis. "I'll stay them a while! . . . Go!"

Like a clarion his voice rang out, and Francis did not attempt to deny him. Grasping Élise firmly in his arms he scrambled over the wall, fell in a heap on the farther side, and sped for the forest, the girl running lightly and quietly by his side. The shades of the murky dawn engulfed them.

In the corner of the fort stood Gil, his one eye shining in the fire's light with an unearthly glimmer. Before him gathered the little group of the Spaniards, headed by Gyrot,

but for a space no man ventured to attack the quiet figure who stood so very quiet, his blade shining in the flame-light.

Gyrot, with a curse of rage, leapt forward, and with him the others. Like lightning Gil parried the two nearest thrusts, and leaping swiftly to one side, he made along the wall, keeping low in the shadow. Running thus he came to the embrasure between the wall and the first house, and here he stopped, — brought up short. There was no escape, for the passage was closed by the fall of the house-side. With almost a smile he turned to meet his pursuers.

In their fore came Gyrot, his teeth gleaming in rage. Like a whirlwind he flung himself upon Gil, and for a minute they had it, cut and thrust, and thrust again. In his side Gil felt the steel of one of Gyrot's men, who feared that the odds were none too great. Gil jerked himself free, with crimson staining his side, and for one instant towered aloft.

At him came the blades of three, meeting in his breast. And with his one eye flashing with a triumph they could not kill, Gil fell quietly backward against the side of the wall, and moved no more. So died he. And Gyrot, gazing down on the blood-stained body of this man who had died for his friends, cursed with all his soul the spirit that not he, nor anything in all the world, could avail to kill.

Sullenly he turned back to the block-house, where now the fight sounds were dying away. Nearly all the soldiers were slain, and all but twenty of the women and children. The garrison-house was burnt to the ground, and the other houses were catching. In the courtyard were gathered the poor remnant of all that garrison of nearly 200 souls, and around them glared the eyes of the butchers of their comrades. Menendez had given orders to stop the slaughter; it was time; there was no more a foe.

Safe in the Saint John's River lay the *Pearl* at anchor, commanded by the brother of the captain, Jacques Ribaut;

to this refuge came rushing the now triumphant Spaniards, demanding the surrender of Ribaut on penalty of the immediate slaughter of all the rest of the French in the event of his refusal. Ribaut, who has taken aboard all the fugitives he could see, gave an indignant denial, and dropped a league farther down the stream to avoid the possibility of attack by boats.

Menendez arose, standing in solemn joy above the ruin he had wrought, and asked the blessing of God on his work, returning to Him thanks for the glorious victory achieved. All was triumph and delight among his men; the long hours in the swamp were forgotten, and no words of praise were too wild for their leader, who had given them so wonderful a day. Only Gyrot, looking gloomily out over the impenetrable forest where had vanished Élise in the arms of his rival, felt all the claws of the Furies tearing at his soul.

To the hapless prisoners now turned Menendez. With a cold smile he stood regarding them, and his cold mind revolved many things. About him his men, having wakened to the fact that so much slaughter had made them hungry, were busily engaged in building fires and arranging for a decent meal, which they had great need of, not having had any other food than wine and water-soaked bread for three days. On all sides, divided into groups, they congregated around their fires, and prepared to devour the provisions which they found in great quantity in the French storehouse. Menendez, after eating modestly of a small ration of bread and wine from his own knapsack, walked forward to the corner where, bound hand and foot, the prisoners stood. When the heat of the attack had abated, he had given orders that all women were to be spared, and now about a score stood with the pitiful remnant of the fort's defenders. These women Menendez now ordered taken aboard a small ship which the French had abandoned, and

A Deep Morass in the Interior of Florida

they, the only survivors of this sweeping massacre, were thus saved at last, and were finally sent by ship back to Seville.

For the men it was a different story. There remained less than twenty in all, and four of these were hardly more than boys, the rest being camp-followers or artisans; there was but one of Laudonnière's soldiers, and only two of Ribaut's. On them Menendez looked long; and gave orders for the deed which made his name an execrated one in French annals forever. He commanded that these survivors be taken out and hanged to the trees at the edge of the forest.

Rudely they haled them forth, and roughly they marshaled them beneath the trees which were to bear their bodies. Menendez gave the word to bring cords from the fort; this was done; around the neck of each man was fastened one of the hempen ropes, and into the largest tree clambered the Spanish soldiers carrying the other ends of the ropes. The victims were mounted on the backs of other Spanish soldiers, for want of other drops, and at the given signal the trap was sprung. The bodies dangled from the branches. Underneath the self-same shade Menendez stood forth and commended their souls to the devil, since, dying in mortal sin, they could hope for no other fortune hereafter. Further, to show the reason for his act, and believing as firmly as he did in the holiness of the impulse which he followed, he caused to be made a sign which he nailed to the tree from which depended this terrible fruit.

"We do this," read the sign, "not unto Frenchmen, but to heretics!"

It must not be forgotten, however, that these were terrible times, and that life was held less dearly then than now. Menendez in describing his victory to his Majesty,

King Philip, gave a full and complete account of his massacre of all the French, withholding not any of the ruthlessness of his deeds. He did at least act on the convictions of his soul, and his act was neither more nor less terrible than thousands of other acts of the times. It was perhaps more terrible in its success; but Menendez was a great general.

The Spanish historians have denied the incident of the hanging of the French to the tree, basing their denial on the fact that the narrative of Menendez, like that of other eye-witnesses, makes no mention of it. Yet there is still sound reason for thinking it true, and true or false, it was believed implicitly by every Frenchman of the day. It worked as strongly upon the minds of the nation as though it had been beyond doubt the truth, and it alone, perhaps, was the determining factor that made up the mind of that gentleman of France, Dominique de Gourgues, when two years later he sought the blood-stained acre, armed with the heart and armor of revenge.

In Fort Caroline, of all that mighty company not one Frenchman now remained alive. As the sun burst at last in splendor through the clouds, his rays fell upon the stricken ramparts, crowned by the royal banner of Castile.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FALL OF THE GREATEST

AS the tail of Menendez's army disappeared within the rain-beaten pines, the Spaniards left behind at Saint Augustine entered upon a vigil of their own, second only in suspense to that endured by the wretched inhabitants of Fort Caroline. They were, as they felt, abandoned by their leader and the bone and sinew of their defense, and none might say at what minute the French might sweep in from the sea and carry all before them.

Father Mendoza, the chaplain, and his coadjutors took command of the situation, and decided to put the place in as good a condition of defense as time allowed. Mendoza addressed the soldiers in moving speech, and urged on them the necessity for industry, since no one could say when the adelantado would return, if indeed he ever did.

"I conjure you, soldiers of Spain," he said, "to use what diligence you may in heavily protecting the fort which we have started, and in rendering it strong for resistance. It is but half an hour's work, in this crazy country, for the wind to change its direction, and nobody can say that before sundown a southerly gale will not be bringing the French fleet down upon us with all its force. Let us then labor earnestly to strengthen our walls, that we may give as good an account of ourselves as may be given when the adelantado returns. Put the negroes to work in the trenches, and direct their labor as sturdily as you may. God is on our side, but we must not put too much upon His shoulders. . . . Go now and work."

That day and the next and the next they worked in the pouring rain, the negroes that had been brought proving good workmen when under control. The walls rose rapidly, and in three days Fort San Juan de Piños, on the present site of Fort Marion, was in good posture of defense. A wide trench surrounded it, and the walls were strengthened by a stout stockade of logs. Bartholomew Menendez, brother of their leader, was left in command of the soldiers,

The Old Moat and the Matanzas River

of whom about one hundred remained, and under his untiring eye, and the prayers and adjurations of Mendoza, the work went apace. Their hearts were gladdened by the mere sight of the thick earthworks, and a sense of security was born for the first time since the adelantado had departed. Their exultation was short-lived, however, for on the fourth day they were startled by the sound of part of Menendez's party returning. They were about a hundred of the soldiers who had become worn and disgusted by the long and apparently fruitless march, and they crowded into the fort, in the vilest of tempers and almost starved, for

Menendez, angered at their defection, had taken most of their provisions for their stouter-hearted comrades.

"I tell you," said one of them to the crowd that thronged about, eager for news from the front, "I tell you that he is being led around in a circle by that devilish Frenchman that he picked up. It is a pretty trick of the heretics. I saw distinctly where we had passed the same morass three times inside a two-hour space. The pines are so thick you cannot tell where you are marching, the water is so deep that you are waist-deep every step, and as for the rain — there is no more water in the world than lies between here and our poor comrades."

ENTRANCE TO FORT MARION

"Did you get near Fort Caroline?" some one asked.

"No, and they never will get near it! They are, in my opinion, getting farther from it every foot they march. The adelantado is brave as a lion, but he is betrayed this time. That Frenchman has tricked him. All is lost. The French fleet will return, and where shall we be then?"

Almost all his fellows of the march professed to agree

with him, but Bartholomew Menendez was of better temper.

"There must be no more of that manner of belief expressed," he declared. "The adelantado knows what he is about, and no Frenchman ever made can trick him. All we need to do is to complete our defenses, and then let the French fleet come and do its worst. No good is gained by begging for calamity, and I direct that no more talk of that sort be spoken."

That was all very well, but the soldiers talked among themselves, and these who had gone on the march, anxious to free themselves from the implication of being faint-hearts and malingerers, insisted the more strongly on the utter and fatal folly of this land foray. Gradually they infected almost the entire camp, and it was a period of terrible anxiety for Mendoza and his fellows, who tried to keep up the hearts of all by sending even more prayers than usual aloft. Still the uneasiness grew, and it was a welcome sound that broke on their ears late on the sixth day.

"Victory! Victory!" cried the voice, audible before any person could be seen. The entire force rushed to the walls, and there, emerging from the edge of the forest, came the foremost of Menendez's triumphant company.

As he came over the wall, he was seized by a hundred excited hands, and jubilant cries and prayers rent the air. They bore this messenger of victory aloft in their arms, thrice around the fort, before they could calm themselves sufficiently to listen to the story he had to tell.

He was but the forerunner, and in a little time the main column, headed by the indefatigable Menendez himself, appeared also before the fort. His first act was to kneel down, he with Mendoza, who was "clad in a new surplice and carried a crucifix in his hand," and give thanks to God for the great victory which had been given their arms. All

arose from their knees, and, the priests marching solemnly in front, the whole party entered Saint Augustine. Their work was begun; the first terrible blow had been struck.

Menendez had left more than 200 men in the partially demolished Fort Caroline, which he had rechristened Fort San Mateo; they were to hold it, to rebuild and reinforce its buildings and defenses, and also they were to scour the woods for fugitive Frenchmen; if they found any their orders were explicit. Gyrot was one of those who had been left for this work, at his own request. He was now in Menendez's favor, his treachery having been crowned with such glorious success for the Spanish arms, and he spent his time, aided by twenty soldiers and some Indians of Outina's band, in scouring the forest for Élise. As the time went by without success, his rage grew into a settled and brooding fury, which made him an object of terror to the Indians and to some of the Spaniards as well. In spite of all his search no trace was there to be found of the maiden and her Catholic protector. They wandered in a world where they had almost forgotten Gyrot and his wolves; other things had they now to think of besides wars and deaths; sweeter things than those.

Wars and deaths, however, were far from over where Menendez waited, firm and safe now in Saint Augustine, with his stout walls around him, and his ships anchored safely in the harbor before him. He would have been content to wait a few days for his men to recover from their journey; but it was not to be. Scarcely had he closed his eyes for his first real sleep for three days when word was brought that one of the vessels of Ribaut's fleet was wrecked only a short distance south on the coast.

The adelantado instantly roused himself and sent a party of men to spy out the state of the case. The vessel proved to be abandoned, and her crew had bivouacked

themselves on the arm of a little inlet, which they could not cross, having no boats. Menendez sent for Mendoza, to give him spiritual support, and set out at once with all his force for the spot. Toward night he joined the party which he had sent to reconnoiter, and the two camped for the night on the sand. In the night across the shore they could see the camp-fires of the shipwrecked Frenchmen, who had these fires for almost their only comfort, since virtually all their provisions had gone down with their ship.

In the morning the Spaniards advanced to a point across the inlet from their foes, who were searching in the shallows for shellfish — something to relieve their hunger.

As he saw them thus engaged, a thought came to Menendez, which is described by the loyal and devout Mendoza as being an inspiration from Heaven. Disguising himself as a common sailor, he swam out to a point near the French; here he entered into a short colloquy with them, soon learning in what terrible straits they were. He swam back and returned with a boat. In this he sat and declared his true name and character; to which the Frenchmen returned a plea for safe-conduct for their leader and his aides, who desired to hold a conference with him. He granted their request, and the conference immediately took place, Menendez having first concealed most of his men behind knolls and trees, disclosing only enough of them to give the French the idea that he had an immense force, instead of the meagre hundred who actually accompanied him. The rest having gone back to protect the fort, Menendez had in fact only ninety men, as against 150 of the French; this daunted him not at all.

He met the French captain courteously, and listened with apparent sympathy to the lamentable story of the shipwreck and their subsequent suffering. The Frenchman asked him to give them a boat that they might return to Fort

The Interior of Fort Marion

Caroline and their comrades. This was the turning-point; coldly and cuttingly now came the question:

"Are you Catholics or Lutherans?"

"We are Lutherans."

"Gentlemen," said Menendez slowly, "your fort is taken, and I have to inform you that all in it have been put to the sword."

At this point, and without waiting for a reply, he abruptly terminated the conference, and leaving the French some articles from Fort Caroline to prove to them the truth of his assertion, he returned to his breakfast. The unhappy Frenchmen remained, breakfastless, where they stood, and on his return they repeated their request for a boat by which they might return either to their fort or their comrades or to France. Menendez smiled.

"I would willingly do this, if you were but Catholics, and if it were not that I have no ships to spare."

"Will you then give us housing in your fort until we can find ships to take us back to France, or until ships can be sent to our relief?"

"You are not Catholics," came the relentless answer.

"But our countries are at peace; it would be only a friendly act," the despairing Frenchmen pleaded — wasted breath.

"All Catholics will I befriend. But you are not Catholics; you are of the new sect, and I hold you as enemies; in this country must I wage relentless war against you, in this and all lands over which I have way. I am here as captain-general for my King, to plant the holy Gospel, that the savages in this country may be taught to worship in the holy Catholic faith, as taught by the Church of Rome. If you will give up your arms and banners, I will act toward you no otherwise than as God shall give me grace to do.

. . . Do as you will; but yea or nay, I will make no truce with you other than that."

On this uncompromising offer the French retired to consult with their company. Presently they returned, offering 50,000 ducats for a pledge of their safety and good treatment; but Menendez was giving no pledges. There was nought to do but yield; and yield they finally did. Their arms and banners were sent over in the boat and stacked up on the sand. Then came the men themselves. To each boat-load as it landed Menendez addressed these words:

"Gentlemen, our men are few and you are many; in order that you may not be tempted to take advantage of this, it is necessary that all your hands be bound stoutly behind your backs."

There was no reply; there could be none; and their hands were accordingly bound, boat-load after boat-load as they landed, 150 men. Mendoza, reading the purpose that gleamed in the adelantado's steel-like eye, felt his bowels of compassion moved for a little space. He besought his commander that if any Catholics be found, they should be set free; to this Menendez agreed, and some fifteen, who professed themselves Catholics, were at once freed and sent by boat to the fort. For the hapless remainder there was not much more life to come. In a hollow between two knolls, the Spaniards, at the given signal, fell with steel upon the Frenchmen, unarmed and bound, and left not one of them alive. The shambles lay red in the sunset as Menendez led his band back in their sorry triumph to Saint Augustine.

This story comes almost word for word in Menendez's account, as he wrote this with his other exploits, home in his dispatches to his master on the throne. Simply and quietly does he tell the tale, and the dispatch, still extant, bears on

its back, in cramped but royal hand, the significant words:

"All that he has done is well done!"

To the fort he now returned, reaching there almost at the same time as a second party from San Mateo, headed this time by Gyrot. Gyrot had grown too bitter to continue any longer his fruitless search for Élise, and came now to Menendez with white rage in his soul, fit for any shame or any cruelty. He claimed great rewards for his aid, and Menendez, recognizing his right, gave him a lieutenancy under him, and full charge of a platoon of men, whose duty it should be to patrol the coast, looking for more of the shipwrecked foe.

They were not long to seek. On the very next day Ribaut's party, which, by the aid of a raft, was making the best of its way up the coast, was sighted on almost the very site of the murder of their fellows. Again went forth the ruthless band, and very much the same preliminaries were gone through. Ribaut himself came with four of his aides to treat with Menendez, and, like his predecessors, was received with courtesy. He and his aides were treated to a bountiful breakfast, the first edible food which had passed their lips for days, and by way of dessert Menendez led them to where the bodies of their countrymen lay silent in their blood. Ribaut never blanched. Looking steadfastly upon the bodies, he turned calmly to the Spaniard:

"What has befallen them may one day well befall you," he said. "I ask in the name of my King that you furnish me and my men safe conduct either to our fort or to some place where we may take ship back to our country."

He was met with the same uncompromising response that had greeted his countrymen before, and he, like them, retired with his captains to consult. He returned after three hours' parley, saying that half of his men were ready to sur-

render, but that half were not. Again Menendez smiled with lips only.

"They may act at their descretion," he observed.

Ribaut then offered a ransom of 100,000 ducats for a pledge of safety for those who surrendered. It was declined.

"It would grieve me to lose that ransom," returned Menendez, suavely.

Ribaut, reading into this relentless speech the ray of hope

THE DEATH OF RIBAUT

for which he sought, asked for the night for further consideration. In the morning he came again, accepting the terms for half his men.

Now again, in the same manner and detail, was the cruel procedure gone through. The arms were first brought over, the banners and regalia following; last of all the men, boat-load after boat-load.

As the binding of the hands commenced, suspicion flashed into the mind of Ribaut, and he at once protested to the nearest Spaniard, who chanced to be Gyrot. Gyrot pretended to pooh-pooh the idea that any harm was intended, and did his best to soothe Ribaut's mind. He talked to him with great artifice, and made many promises with reference to the care and honor with which the French should be treated. He grew excited as he talked, and it happened that his voice came to the ear of a man who was just landing from the boat — Ottigny, Laudonnière's aide, who knew Gyrot all too well. Swiftly he drew near the unnoticing Gyrot, touching him suddenly on the arm. The startled traitor turned; and Ottigny knew the worst.

"Treason," he exclaimed. "Thou traitor, thou foul traitor! Master, this man is a renegade, one of the garrison — "

He got no further. With a cry of rage Gyrot was upon him, and into the body of the unarmed man his dagger whipped. Ottigny fell slowly to the sand, his eyes turning as he fell, for one last gaze at his slayer. Ribaut, with a cry of horror, started forward, his arm upraised.

"Have it then, damned heretic," snarled Gyrot. Into the bravest breast on all that shore he plunged the blade, still red with Ottigny's blood. By the side of Ottigny, without a word or a sound, fell Jean Ribaut, gentleman of France, the bravest of the brave.

What boots it to tell the rest? Of all that company but

five were left alive. And on that awful beach the Spaniards built a vast bonfire, consuming from the sight of sun and sky forever the work of their hands. Their work was done. Nothing remained. Of all the French were left now only a few scattered bands, fugitive in the forest and the unfriendly shores, without hope, or ships, or food. Laudonnière, Jacques Ribaut, and some stragglers of Ribaut's remnant who had not surrendered, did indeed, after many months find their way back to France — to France where their story was told. But on the shores of the New World, his cold blue eye as calm and keen as ever, Menendez ruled supreme.

On the white beach, bleaching in the sun and rain, lay the charred thing which had once been Jean Ribaut, while to northward, in Saint Augustine, cold in his cabin, sat Menendez writing, in his journal to King Philip, the elegy that must be his.

"I have put all this number of heretics to the knife," writes the adelantado to his master. "I did this judging it to be necessary for the peace of these your Majesty's dominions, and for the service of our Holy Church. And I say to your Majesty that it is a very great thing that Ribaut be dead, for the King of France could accomplish more with him and a thousand ducats, than with a score of other men and five hundred thousand ducats; and he could do more in a year than another in ten; for he is the most skilful and experienced seaman and corsair known to me, in these waters or in any waters!"

Let this tribute from the man who slew him be his epitaph; he needs no other.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN THE FOREST

ARE you not tired? Shall we not rest a little?" asked the man, softly.

"I am not tired; it is not safe to rest."

"They can never overtake us now; and you are so tired!"

"I am strong enough to go on, and I am afraid of — him!"

"Then I will carry you! Sweet, will you not let me carry you? For you are worn and wearied out."

"No, indeed! I will not be carried! Yet it is sweet in you to offer it!"

"I could carry you forever, and never grow tired . . . Élise!"

She laid her hand lightly on his arm, and looked straight into his eyes. They two, Francis and she, had been afoot now in the forest since early morn, afoot and alone without friend or guide in the trackless wilderness. About them on all sides stretched away the endless, interminable ranks of pines, standing like beaten and draggled sentinels after their long vigil with the storm. The rain had at last, however, ceased, though the mists were still thick in the moist and stifling air. Darkness now was nearly upon the land, and the fugitives were as far from help or haven as ever; yet still they plodded on over hummock and morass, intent only on one thing, to get as far as possible from the eyes that burned behind them, the eyes of Gyrot. Élise could feel them in her back, and she urged their feet forward when else they would have rested for very fatigue and weariness.

When Francis and she had fallen pell-mell over the

stockade at Fort Caroline, they had landed in a heap on the muddy bottom of the trench outside the wall. Scrambling to their feet they fled toward the welcoming shades of the forest, casting no look behind. Spaniards were abroad outside the fort also, but fortunately they were too busily intent on business of their own, and the fleeing two had gained the wood's edge in safety; the darkness of the morning favoring them as well. Here for an instant they turned.

Through the rain and the mist and the cold grey shadows they could see the walls of Fort Caroline, spectral and unreal; before them dimly could be seen hurrying forms, racing hither and yon in a mad phantasmagoria, while the cries and shrieks of them rose pitifully to the skies. From inside the stockade the leaping flames from the garrison-house, now afire in all parts, bit the fog-bank with lurid forks of smoky light. Only an instant they stood, looking back on the ruin of their refuge; then Francis said: "Come!" and taking her hand

Watch Tower at Fort Marion

in his he started southward, at top speed, into the trackless forest.

For an hour they held as straight a course as might be, almost without slackening of speed. Élise held her own bravely, spurred on by her fear of Gyrot, and they made good progress. Before they were a dozen yards from the forest's edge their trail was lost as utterly as they could have wished, for on the water covering the ground their footsteps left no trace. Francis bore steadily southward, keeping a little to the west, to the Saint John's, for he knew that the land was higher there, and he knew that it was almost sure death if he became lost in the morasses. Then too he had a notion, none too definite it is true, of the whereabouts of the nearest Indian village, and he wished if possible to avoid that. All the Indians hereabout were of Outina's tribe, and to them, in their present unfriendly humor, Francis dared not show himself with his precious freight.

It was still early in the morning, barely 9 o'clock, when they came to a pause before a creek which flowed gently westward, its waters clogged with branches and leaves from the stripped trees. There was no way of crossing it save by swimming, and Francis did not wish to risk this; their clothes were already partly soaked by the dripping rain, but not so wet as the river would make them. Turning in uncertainty to Élise, he saw that she was pale, and almost faint. He was smitten with remorse.

"I am a fool and a knave not to have thought of it before!" he exclaimed with penitence, turning to the river again almost in despair. "You have had nothing to eat all this while; and I have nothing to give you!"

She started to speak, but he interrupted her.

"I should have thought, I should have thought! And now I have not even a hook to try for fish!" He was armed, indeed, with nothing but his pistol, as that was all

he had had time to snatch in his haste to rush to Élise, at the time of the first alarm. He reproached himself for a thoughtless fool, and gazed moodily out over the waters of the little creek, not wishing to meet her eyes, such was his abasement. He felt a soft touch on his arm.

"I am not very hungry," she said. "I had n't thought of it before. But I have some breakfast myself!" she concluded triumphantly, and she drew forth from the pocket of her surcoat a little wicker box, perhaps four inches in diameter, bearing on its lid an inscription in Arabic. Francis looked at it in amazement, followed by quick delight. She need not starve altogether.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded. At his wide-eyed gaze she laughed the merriest of little laughs, most curious to hear in that terrible desolation, where perhaps never white maiden had laughed before, or would laugh again. She turned on him a roguish flicker of a smile, the remnant of her mirth, and waited a long minute, enjoying his mystification.

"It is very simple," she said at last. "It was in my pocket, and I got it out of my pocket. What a question!"

"Yes, but how — how did it come to be in your pocket? Never mind, the thing now is to get it open, and bring back the color to those cheeks."

He took the box from her unresisting hand, and began to examine it curiously. It was a strange affair, made of sandalwood and wicker, and at first sight there did not seem to be any way of getting it open. All the sides seemed alike, and he turned it over and over in his hand, seeking for a way to open it. She watched with her little smile.

"Here," she said at last, "best let me show you how the deed is done; men are never clever at getting into anything except trouble."

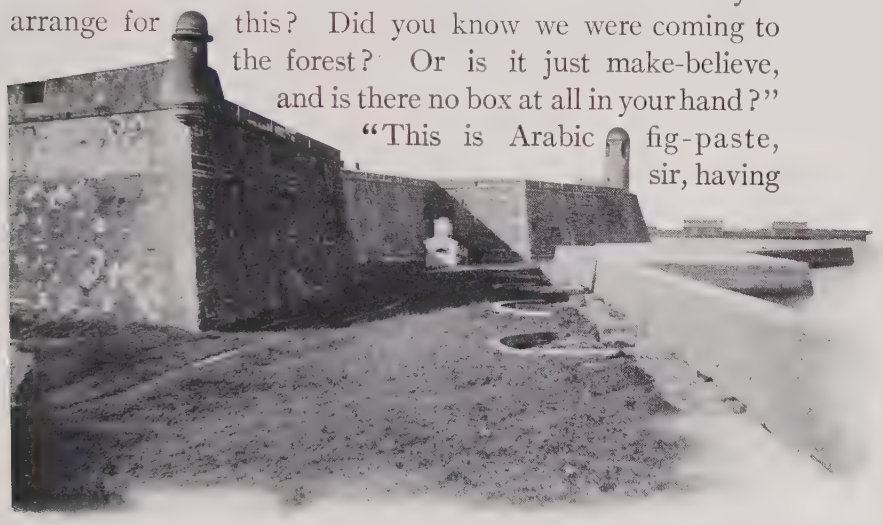
She took the box and twisted it; whereupon it promptly

came to pieces in the center, disclosing a firm and solid mass wrapped in a palm-leaf. This leaf she unfolded, and displayed to Francis's admiring view what looked like a paste of chopped figs or dates, with nut-meats in it.

"There," she said triumphantly. "There is food to last us a long while."

"There is indeed! You are a witch. How did you arrange for this? Did you know we were coming to the forest? Or is it just make-believe, and is there no box at all in your hand?"

"This is Arabic fig-paste, sir, having



THE WALLS OF FORT MARION

been brought to me especially by Sieur Jean Ribaut. But I will let you eat some of it."

"You are a fairy! But do you eat your paste; I am not hungry, and there is not enough for two."

"That is where you are mistaken, Monsieur Wise Man. This paste is very filling; there is enough for three meals for each of us, if we eat it slowly and carefully. The Arabs take it when they go on desert journeys, and it lasts them several days, a little packet like this."

"How do you know all this? You are the wisest as well as the most beautiful thing in the world. I kiss your hand; I kiss your two hands."

Presently they sat down to breakfast on a log. They found a little spring, somewhat muddy now, from which they quenched their thirst, and they made a brief but happy meal on the paste. As Élise had said, there was enough left for two more meals for each, and Francis put the box carefully away, this time in his own coat, that Élise might not be burdened even with its little weight. They now, following the north bank of the creek, turned westward toward the river. After another hour's travel they reached the bank of it. At this point the bank was quite a high one, standing some forty feet above the high-water level. They held along the shore for a little way, and after a few moments Francis gave a cry of satisfaction.

"I have found what I have been looking for," exulted he, and led the way eagerly down to the water's edge. There, drawn carefully under a bundle of brush reposed a small Indian dugout, made from a single log. Francis dragged it out and carefully examined it; it was sound.

He had known that some of the Indians had these dugouts, and he had hoped to be able to cross the river by means of one of them; here it was to his hand, and with a light heart he bade Élise seat herself precisely in the center of the end which served for stern. In the bottom was a rude paddle, and taking it in his hand, Francis leapt in after her and pushed off. As they floated out, and the banks gradually receded, Francis told Élise to crouch down in the dugout as much as possible, and to cover her head; he had to run the risk of being visible, but he did not wish her to be seen if he could help it. His solicitude was wasted, however, for no one was abroad to behold the skiff making the best of its eccentric way across the swollen river. The current bore them down some distance, and Francis made no great effort to prevent this, simply confining his efforts to paddling for the western shore as rapidly as possible. When fully

out in mid-stream they could see the banks on either side but dimly, for the mist still lay heavy, and Francis openly exulted, for now he was sure their trail was hidden for good. No hounds of Gyrot could ever track them now. He said this to Élise.

"He can never overtake us now!"

"Yet I fear him; sometimes I feel that he has all the powers of evil on his side, when he looks at me. A world is none too much to have between us."

"He shall never get you, O my dear! You belong to me now, and he shall never have you."

"No, he never shall; for I would not live to see it. So let us get as far away from him as we may. Speed your little boat!"

Presently they landed on the opposite shore, and mooring the dugout, Francis helped her cautiously out on the weedy bank. That done, they turned their steps quickly inland till they were far enough from the water's edge to avoid other travelers by land or water; when they turned northward. Francis now had a definite end in view, and was heading as straight as he knew for Saturiba's village. From Trenchant he had heard a great deal of the dignified old chief and admired him much. His son, Olocatora, and Trenchant had been friendly, and Trenchant had become a welcome visitor at Saturiba's lodge in the earlier days of the colony. To this chief, then, Francis determined to go, and throw himself and Élise on the charity of the Indians.

All day they walked steadily northward, until at last, when the gathering gloom bespoke the early approach of nightfall, they had placed many miles behind them on their march to the village. Here they were, then, halting on the edge of another creek, and Francis put his tender questioning whether Élise were not too tired to travel farther.

"No," she had answered, and had desired to press on;

but Francis knew better, and began to look about him for a place where they could be safe for the night. Élise, very still now, watched him with grave eyes, in which just was springing to birth a tiny apprehension. Francis did not notice, but kept about his hunt. Very slowly they walked now, he keeping sharp lookout for any place that might serve his purpose, that of a bed for Élise. So engrossed was he that he did not observe that she was growing paler and paler, and that she said no word. With dragging foot she followed. At length he stopped, with a word of content; he had found the thing for which he was searching.

Across their path lay a huge tree, its fallen bole stretching forty feet back through the undergrowth; struck by lightning in some old storm it had been, and was now partially fallen to decay; but its mighty branches still held it a few inches off the ground. It had fallen at the edge of a tiny ravine, probably made by some flood of old, but which served to form a trench behind the fallen monarch. At the junction of the first Francis beheld the place he wanted; protected on the rear by the steep declivity of the gulch, and on two sides by the huge bole of the tree and its bough, only one side was left to guard.

"Sit here," he commanded, and she sat, speaking no word, her white face showing wraith-like in the shadow-filled twilight. He busied himself by collecting branches of trees and as many leaves as he could find; many of these were soaked with rain, but the vast palmetto-leaves remained fairly free from moisture, and of them he gathered a large number. Returning, he began cheerfully on the construction of the couch on which Élise should sleep. At length it was finished; the branches he had covered with twigs, forming a springy if somewhat knobby couch; over this he had spread the leaves, in a thick, soft coverlet; a bed fit for the gods.

The Plaza and Cathedral, Saint Augustine

"There!" he said, rising with satisfaction. "There is your bed!" Turning for the first time, he beheld the strained look on her face.

"What is it, dearest one?" he asked in alarm. "What is frightening you?"

She made no answer, and averted her face.

"Are you afraid of Gyrot following us?"

"No," she answered, in a whisper he had to strain his ear to catch.

"Of the Indians, then?" he pleaded. Again she shook her head.

"Of what, then?" he asked, his voice breaking with anxiety. "Or are you ill? Have I, after all, walked too far — tell me, you are not ill!"

"I am not ill," she said, very low. "But I am afraid — of the night — and of you."

He flung back his head. "Of me!"

"Yes," she said, still in that same death-like whisper. He rose to his feet, his face turning pale in the half light. A great emotion was shaking him; he did not know what it was, but Élise, beholding it, thought it to be anger, and shrank back against the tree. Francis looked down upon her, his lip quivering, spite of his efforts to keep it firm.

"I — I understand." he said at last. "You are afraid to be alone with me here in the forest." He hung his head; the heart seemed to die within him.

"Dearest!" she cried, leaping to him. "Look at me: I am not afraid any longer! Indeed I am not. It was only — only that I had never, in all my life, been alone with a man before, save only old Gil. And I was afraid. It was not that I did not trust you, indeed it was not; it was nature. Can you not understand? Tell me that you do!"

"I love you with all my soul," was all he said; she pressed close to him and he took her in his arms.

"I love you too," she said, after a moment. "I will never be afraid of anything again — never."

In his arms she stood content, and he, too deeply stirred for speech, made no effort to it. She saw how terribly she had hurt him, and her whole nature rushed in tenderness to her lips, to heal the wound. Yet in the days to come, it was one of the dearest memories they held; never was he to forget the lift of her head and of her voice as she said, "Francis, I give myself to you, to do with as you will!"

"It is I who am yours always," he replied. "We belong to one another forever; there is no life without you!"

"I will go where you go; never will I depart from you — unless you wish it — unless you send me from you!"

"I will never do that! We must be not apart again!"

"Never, never!"

The night drew in upon them, leaning there against their tree, lost to all the earth and all its business. Finally Francis looked up, and saw that the darkness was now dense above and around them. Through the thick branches of the trees the first straggling stars were beginning to appear; the storm was over; before a fresh sky-wind the last of the clouds were being driven from the heavens. Through the forest the wind went sighing, and they could hear the pattering of the rain-drops falling on the fallen leaves.

A few sleepy twitters from the drowsy birds came to them as Francis laid his cloak on the couch and bade Élise lie down to her sleep. Her long vigil and walk through the wilderness, and her hour of emotion, had made her drowsy, too; she curled softly up against the overhanging branch, and Francis wrapped his cloak more tightly around her. Sleepily she strove to protest.

"You will need it yourself," she sighed. But even before the words were spoken, the white curtains of her eyes shut down, and with a little murmur of happiness and con-

tent, she fell asleep. Lightly he pressed a kiss upon her cheek, flushed with slumber; in her sleep she smiled.

So, through the long hours, there he sat, leaning against the tree in front of her, a cudgel in his hand, and his head nodding with weariness; twice he fell into a doze, and once he slept for some time; but always at the first sound he leapt broad awake, listening, listening. He had thought it best not to make a fire, lest it might attract strangers, or

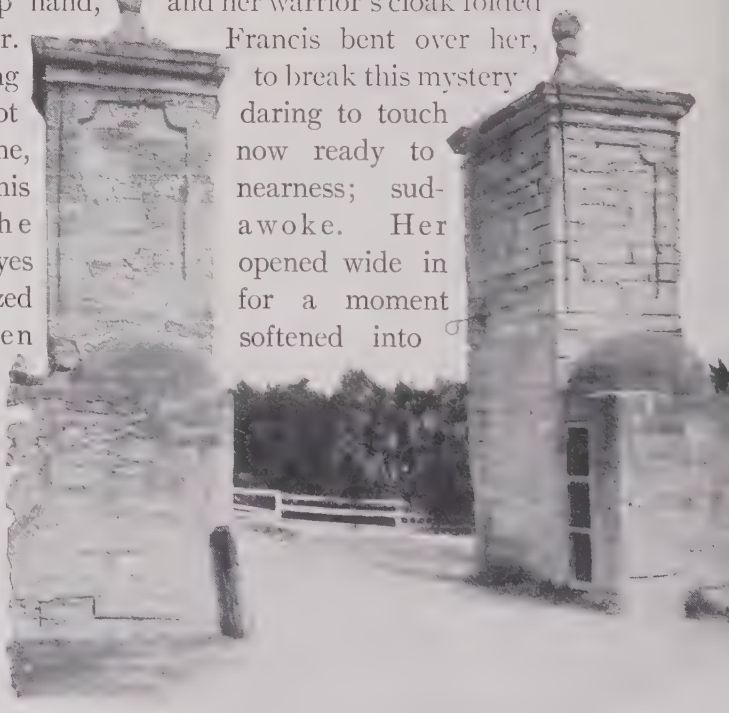
Saint George Street, Saint Augustine

even perhaps their pursuers; so the long hours ebbed away toward dawn, and still she slept peacefully and happily, her soft breathing coming to him like the breath of a dream. Above him were the thousand murmurs of the forest at night, the tiny rustlings of leaves and of unseen moving things; twice he heard larger noises, but they were far away, and gave him no concern. Once a hoot-owl's terriffic and unearthly scream rent the stillness, and he sprung to his feet, thinking for an instant that he was attacked. Sinking back, he laughed grimly at his start, as the cry, now repeated, explained itself to his ear. During the rest of the night

there was no further alarm, and soon, faintly through the heavy foliage he began to catch the glimmerings of dawn.

Slowly and sweetly it came; the shadows began to break up, grow grey, and at last disappear; the east, seen through the heavy trees, grew first pearl-colored, then silver, then crimson, as the sun, that stranger, came omnipotently out of his banishment and took possession once more of his kingdom, the world. The thousands of birds now awoke, and sang their merry welcome to the sun with a million ecstatic trills. The whole forest wakened to life — all but the maiden who so deeply slept, her cheek resting on her curled-up hand, and her warrior's cloak folded about her. Francis bent over her, not wishing to break this mystery of sleep, not daring to touch her; yet she, now ready to waken, felt his nearness; suddenly she awoke. Her great blue eyes opened wide in wonder, gazed for a moment silently, then softened into love.

"You!" she said "You!" And stretched up her arms.



The Gates of Saint Augustine

CHAPTER XIX

ARCADY

AFTER a moment she fled away from him, the quick blood flushing softly in her cheek. She would not let him follow, but bade him imperiously to stand where he was until she returned. He obeyed, laughing, and watched her lithe shape retreating down the path to the river's edge, where the small creatures came to drink. As she disappeared from sight, a momentary feeling of dread fell without warning upon him, and he called loudly after her.

"Do not go far," he shouted. "You will find the spring beyond the second fallen tree. Call if you wish me to come!"

A ripple of something musical was his only answer. He stood gazing down the path she had taken, still with that undefined stricture at his heart. He followed his soul too honestly and ingenuously to ask of himself why he had thus suddenly been invested with all the feelings of a father; yea, and other feelings, too — but a father's were among them. And he heaved a sigh of relief when at last, after what seemed an interminable period, he saw the flash of her coming toward him through the green. He leapt to meet her, with all his heart in welcome in his eyes.

"You have been away from me almost four hours, and four days and four years! I thought you were never coming again! Sweetheart, how if you had never come again? I would have thrown myself in that creek. I cannot live without you; nor would not if I could. . . . Why did you wait so long?"

"Maybe I wished to see if my presence would be welcome, or my absence missed. Again, maybe I felt I could be with you all this day, and where was the haste? maybe that was why I tarried; I cannot be sure now."

Francis said nothing, and looking up, she caught the shadow in his eye.

"Now, thou foolish lover! Thou knowest it was not so! . . . Can a maiden repair in a moment, ignorant one, the damage of a day and a night in the wildwood? And without other aids to coifing than one's fingers?"

She laid her hand, light as a breeze, upon his arm; and the shadow left his face. She skirted the issue in her next speech; meanwhile perhaps she in her own mind wondered if they were going to laugh at different things. She did not know; in their intercourse, scattered as it had been over the years and the worlds, there had never been much time to be merry. In the days at Beaucarre there had been little, and in these new days none.

"And have you slain a crocodile for my breakfast, then?" she asked.

He caught her mood, and the little melodious current of mirth passed between them; after which she turned away her head, and sighed.

"No, I have been unable to catch a crocodile as yet," he answered, with painstaking gravity. "I set my traps for one, but he evaded them. I hope for better luck with some small kind of a jumping thing which I saw pass by."

"I would have preferred crocodile-meat, but I will take small-animal, if that is the best you are able to procure."

"I have something better than that," said Francis, laughingly; and from beneath a piece of bark he drew forth a peculiar green fruit, which she had never seen before. She looked at it curiously.

"What is it?" she asked, putting out her hand to touch the rind.

"It is what the Indians call manass," he replied. "It is best at this time of the year, and I know where a tree grows, that is nearly bent double with its weight."

"But is it good to eat?" she persisted, smelling the fruit gingerly.

"The Indians find it very fine; and I learn from watching the birds that they also esteem it highly. It is good to eat. Try and see!"

"Wait!" she cried. "You must spread the table. We must not have our morning meal, — and our first one, too, sir, — in such barbarian fashion. Let me show you how to dress a table."

He watched her charmedly as she moved about, gathering little sprays of some slender moss she found, and spreading her repast on the fallen tree trunk, using pieces of bark for plates. She spoke so suddenly that he started: "What have you for goblets? Are we to have nothing from which to drink?"

"Wait one instant; you shall have them," and he went hastily toward the creek, returning in a moment with two small cup-like leaves, covered with sharp spines, but each water-tight, and holding perhaps half a pint of water.

"Do not prick yourself," he cautioned, as he set them carefully down, leaning them against twigs to keep them upright.

"You have done well," she commended. "Will my lord be seated?"

"As they say in that country which will never be yours any more, '*place aux dames*,'" said Francis, ceremoniously, and seated her royally at the head of their improvised table. The whole forest was now awake, and the bird-songs were almost deafening. Élise leaned back against the tree, and

looked up into the greenery above them. On the leaves of the trees could still be seen the glittering relics of the long rain of the preceding days; the rays of the sun now straggling boldly through the foliage turned the myriad little rain-drops to tiny points of light and silver. They were in truth in

A Beautiful Spanish Ruin

an enchanted palace. For a long while Élise gazed in silence.

"Can it be," she said at last, hardly above a whisper, "that in this world are men who fight and slay? When they might come into the forests and see such a world as ours?"

"You must come down from those skies, my sweet one, and eat your breakfast," said Francis practically. "For we have still a long march ahead of us, and my experience with this country has taught me that the fact that it has rained steadily for four days and nights does not prevent its raining

four more. So eat your breakfast, like a good princess, and we will start."

"I will be a good princess, because I am a happy one," she laughed.

Breakfast ended gloriously. Élise brought forth the little wicker box with the fig-paste in it, but Francis bade her keep it for emergencies.

"It shall be my duty to keep you supplied with food," he said. "I shall have to do it all my life, and I may as well begin to learn how as soon as I can. Is that not wisdom?"

"Does my lord object to doing it all his life? Perhaps a substitute may yet be found. It may not be altogether too late."

They were by this time ready to start, and Francis, looking at the sun, began to take his bearings. He faced to the north.

"Come," he said simply. But still she hung back, and looking at her, he saw that her eyes were closed; even as he looked, she opened them and smiled.

"I was trying," she whispered, "to remember always how it looked; so that I might never forget it." He nodded silently, deeply, understanding. After a moment he felt her hand slid into his, and her bright face turned toward him.

"Now am I ready. Lead me where you will. You cannot lead where I will not follow."

Northward through the thrilling forest, quivering with new life after death, and melodious with a million tiny voices, they took their way. It was far different traveling from that on the day before. Then they had fled hastily, breathlessly, with the fear of pursuit following close upon their track and dogging their footsteps. Then the face of the heavens, darkened as it was, seemed symbolic of the face of their fate. But now, with the whole world vocal with happiness, and with the sun pouring his golden flood filteringly upon

them, the world was in truth made anew. Élise especially, refreshed by her long sleep, went forward buoyant in feet and in heart; she felt emancipated in all this greenery, and Francis at first was at a loss to understand the change from the silent maid of the previous day, who had shuddered at the cracking of every twig. For himself, while his heart was lighter and his courage higher, he still kept his lookout as cautiously as ever; and Élise, observing it, rallied him about it merrily.

"Nonsense, with your gloomy looking to right and left," she said. "They could never find us now. We are all alone in the world; no one but us is alive, — us and the birds, just us! What is the use of seeking for others?"

"I am not seeking for others; I do not want to find them; but if they are in the neighborhood, I wish to be aware of it. I do not think they can possibly have followed us. All the same, I watch. Do not forget that what I now have to protect is too precious for me to lose."

As the morning wore on, and the sun rose higher in the heavens, Francis picked his course more carefully. He knew how easily one can become lost in a forest where all ways are alike; and with the sun near its meridian, he had no longer that for guide. They had held steadily northward, though, for nearly four hours, when he gave the word to halt and announced that it was time to think once more about eating.

"The man in you, sir! It is but an hour since breakfast," cried Élise.

"The man in me, if you will! I am hungry. But there is a deeper plot than that in my head. I plan a luncheon fit for — even for you. Watch now!"

They were on the bank of another of the innumerable little creeks which threaded their way through the wood. All these streams were now high, after the floods, and Francis

had seen that they were full of fish. The water was still somewhat cloudy, but he had hope for all that to be able to contrive a way to land enough fish for part of a luncheon at the least. He directed his companion to sit down on a stump, close by the water's edge, and began his preparations, which she surveyed with sparkling eyes.

He commenced by feeling in his wallet for a piece of cord which it contained, and which he now bound firmly to a branch torn from a near-by tree. He took out his pistol, the only weapon he had, and from its handle, after a deal of difficulty, he managed to loosen the end of the piece of small, stout wire wound about the grip. By twisting this back and forth an endless number of times in his hands, he finally broke off a two-inch length, out of which it was only the work of a moment to fashion a rude hook. This he attached to the end of his line, and his outfit was ready for the bait. Élise, who had preserved a diverted silence while this mechanical operation went forward, now leaned toward him teasingly.

"Where will you find your fish to bite on a little wire?" she asked. "You should have a net, such as I have seen them use at Beaucarre."

"An Indian showed me this trick," responded Francis. "I have no net, and I can make out very well without one, I think. As for baiting a bare wire, that these fish shall not have to do; I will give them choicer fare."

From the moss beneath him he picked up a slug which was crawling there, and slowly, and with due care, baited his hook.

"There!" he said. "Now let your Beaucarre fishermen take schooling from the fishermen of Saturiba. Observe now, and see whether they are wiser."

He climbed out on a fallen tree trunk which lay extended partly across the creek, and carefully dropped his hook into

the water, selecting the deepest place. It was noon, but the troubled waters were just beginning to clear, and the fish were commencing to look alive. In less than a minute after his bait entered the water, Francis felt a tug on his line, and drew forth into the air, flopping and flashing in the light, a queer-looking, flat-bodied fish, with huge gold scales, and a heavy black mouth, — in which Francis saw with delight his improvised hook was firmly fixed.

Élise clapped her hands, emitting a sound of rapture which a brother would have termed a squeal. But Francis was not her brother.

"Oh-h-h!" she cried. "What a pretty one! . . . He is not very big, but he is very pretty, much too pretty to eat. Is he good to eat?"

Francis looked at her closely, to see if there was guile in her query; her face was perfectly empty of suspicion, and he decided she did not know.

"It is," he agreed, "much too pretty to eat, as you say. I will throw it back, and try for one which is not so beautiful." For he knew that the gold-fish was of a kind that not even the Indians would eat. Forthwith he began to disentangle his hook from his victim's mouth, Élise watching in charmed silence, but with a little shiver of wonder how he could touch the creature in such a way. After a moment the hook came free, and Francis lost no time in throwing the fish back into the creek.

"So much for him," he said. "Let us hope that the next one will not be pretty, or we shall be in danger of going hungry, after all."

The next one, however, though also yellow in color, was not so pretty as to earn him his life; further, he was a sunfish, and Francis knew that this was in truth a catch. Many another followed the first, and soon almost a dozen, of various sizes, but each big enough to make him worth while, lay or

On the East Coast of Florida

leapt upon the ground back of the tree where he tossed them for safe-keeping.

Descending with a flourish, he commenced cleaning them, making the best matter he could of it, with the small clasp-knife for utensil.

"Now you will want a fire," said Élise. "We cannot eat them raw, can we?"

"If a fire is desired, one shall be procured," said Francis, grandiloquently, as though now he were not to be daunted by any circumstance whatever.

"But how will you make it?" she persisted. "Everything is still soaking in water; you cannot make anything burn, — can you?"

"You have beheld me produce fish; may I not be trusted to do the same for fire, to make the fish of service to mankind, — and womankind, — and the most lovely womankind in all the world? Now behold, O doubter!"

From his coat he drew forth some object which it contained, then replaced it carefully, all with his back turned to her. Turning briskly to the wood behind him, he began to gather a vast number of small twigs and sticks, so small that they were already almost dry. Élise offered to help him gather this doubtful fuel, but he bade her sit still, and soon had all he desired; this he piled up in an orderly structure, leaving a large open space at the base at one side. That done, he strode to the huge bole of the fallen tree from which he had been fishing, and commenced to scrape and dig in its rotten marrow. This tinder-like substance he soon scooped out in double handfuls, and began heaping it into the open space he had left in his firewood.

Lastly, when all was ready, he drew forth again the secret object from his coat, and disclosed a powder-horn. This was the small one which belonged to his pistol, and which, through all the wet, he had managed to keep safe

and dry. Kneeling before his open hearth, he carefully laid a good-sized powder-train in front of the tinder. From the flint of his pistol he sent the necessary spark into the powder, and with a puff! and a flash, marked by a swift leap backward on his part, the marrow burst into flame.

The rest of his pile, drying rapidly, soon followed suit, and soon, with the aid of a forked stick, he was cooking his fish as thoroughly as his heart could have wished. Élise had the bark-plates ready, and would have made him stop cooking and eat, but he bade her eat first, while the fish were hot, and she willingly, at last, obeyed. To the hungry pair, it was in truth a feast for the gods; for when she was done, Francis ate with a relish, and took point in saying that he did not believe the Beaucarre fisherman ever caught any such fish as these in all their lives, with all their nets.

The noon hour was long passed ere they were done, and, the sun having swung well to the west, Francis now determined to strike out northward again, with the hope of reaching Saturiba's settlement, or at least one of his villages from which he could learn where the chief might be found. So throughout the dulcet afternoon they walked, not fast but steadily, as near northward as Francis could steer his course. The ground in many places was covered with water from the swollen creeks, and sometimes it was necessary to make long detours around particularly impassable spots. Twice Francis carried Élise, who protested gaspingly, but suffered it, — over creeks in which he himself was immersed almost to the waist. His clothes dried quickly in the warming air, and he did not mind the extra wetting. The birds were still alive and glad of it in the trees around them, and the magic of the long day held even to the end. The dusk fell early in the close forest, and the shadows began to deepen long before it was really sunset.

The wind had died out altogether, and a charmed hush

lay upon the wood. Far off, now and again, they could hear the sudden call of a bird louder than usual, or perhaps the splash of some animal or water-creature jumping into the water of the creeks. With the dimming of the outlines the drowsy hush became more pronounced; the color of leaf and earth began insensibly to fade and blend into grey; the water to turn drab or faintly silver. Francis led the way carefully now, for he was looking for a place to spend the night which should be both dry and of a nature to allow of his making it possible to defend it against the attacks of nightly visitors, should there be any. Several places he discarded as being too open, but at last he came upon a spot which suited him. Here again, as on the night before, he was partially fortified by fallen tree trunks; but in this case they were so arranged as to form three sides of a square. Two trees had fallen, almost side by side, so that their roots were intertwined, and their boles lay perhaps four feet from each other. This struck Francis as the very place of which he was in search, and again, as on the preceding night, he made ready Élise's couch. The roof of his little room between the tree trunks was made of branches firmly wedged in place, and at the front door, so to say, he himself proposed to keep his watch, armed with his pistol, and with a stout cudgel with sharp end which he fashioned for himself of a branch from a growing tree.

By the time his work was finished, it was quite dark; the little sunset breeze had come up and died away again, and the forest stood so profoundly still that he fancied he could almost feel its heart beat. As Élise had gone almost to sleep while waiting for his house to be finished, he thought she would be willing to drop into slumber at once; such, however, proved not to be the case. Her limbs, she said, were so weary that she could barely move them, but her eyes and brain were exceedingly awake.

"Do not make me try to go to sleep," she pleaded, after he had ordered her to her couch with domineering affection. They had lunched off the fig-paste, leaving only enough for

Florida Palms

one more meal,— and Francis felt that sleep would be the most he would ask of fate. His own eyelids drooped with weariness and Élise knew it, in spite of his efforts to conceal it from her.

"It is you who must sleep," she said. "You have had

almost no sleep for two days. I will promise to waken you after a little while, if I find myself dropping off into drowsiness. . . . Come, sir, you cannot go forever, and where is any better time than now, when I would not sleep anyway?"

In the end she had her way, and almost instantly his eyelids closed, and he sank into a slumber so deep that twice or thrice she was startled to see his utter lack of movement. So he slept, and so she watched, silently both.

There was little chance, Élise found, of her growing sleepy; she had never felt so wide awake in her life. Her eyes grew wider and wider, as they accustomed themselves more and more to the darkness; her hearing seemed stimulated, too, and she heard the faintest of noises with almost an electric thrill of the senses. Around her hung the lustrous dark, peopled only by the million tiny whisperings of the forest at night. Once, far off she heard the weird and awe-inspiring note of a screech-owl, which would have frightened her had it been nearer. The Indians used to imitate this cry in their warfare on account of its very fearsomeness. Élise laid her hand lightly on the form of her silent companion, and gained comfort from the touch. . . . Some time passed thus, and still sleep hung as far from her as ever. The moon was up, and its faint beams straggled through the heavy leafage above her; there was a sense of comfort in that too, for the moon was an old friend.

Of a sudden, with a perception that stopped her heart for a beat, Élise was aware of a sound, and a sound not belonging to the regular murmuring voice of the night. Her flesh went cold as she listened, hand to heart.

It was the sound of men's voices. . . . And not far away, either, for they were talking in guarded tones. They must be near — they must be very close, indeed! so close that she dared not waken Francis, lest he make a noise in

wakening which would betray them. Nearer came the sounds, and now she could hear the trampling of their feet, with a sucking sound where their steps lay in the wet earth. Then, brilliant from behind a tree, not a score of paces off, she beheld their torch. One torch, that was all; and that, even as she looked, was extinguished. The voices came onward, nearer, nearer, — then, suddenly, ceased. And no sound came but the muffled pounding of their feet.

On the Saint John's River (*After a painting by Thomas Moran*)

With blanched cheek she listened. Now they were almost abreast of her retreat. She heard the arm of one come in contact with the rough bark of a tree, and heard a muttered imprecation, the tones of which she could not catch.

Then, silence.

After a long minute, of the most intense and terrible suspense, she knew that they had passed. She had never doubted that it was Gyrot, come in search of her. And, with a noiseless little sigh, she swayed backward; the world went far away; and she gently toppled over against Francis's

knee, in a dead faint. Far away in the forest the hoot-owl screeched again.

That was the first sound heard by Francis, sitting suddenly upright, startled from his profound slumber by the fall of Élise's head against his knee. He looked down in the grey half-darkness, and saw her lying there.

"Poor little girl," he thought, "tired out! I slept too long, and she would not wake me." The call of the owl attracted his attention, and his senses gathered their acuteness to listen. As he did so he stood upright, and looked cautiously about him. The flame of the relighted torch flashed into his eye; and as Élise's had done, his heart sank at the sight. The light, however, was obviously receding instead of approaching. He watched it out of sight. The danger was over; and with a prayer and a song in his soul he returned to Élise, who still lay motionless as she had fallen.

In a little while she stirred, and murmured. Francis touched her and spoke low in her ear; and at the well-known tone her tense nerves relaxed, and quietly, without more than the faintest flutter of a pulse, she passed from her troubled swoon into the deepest sleep.

There was no fear of Francis' sleeping any more now; his duty was to watch, and watch he did, through the long hours, until at last he saw in the sky the hint of the dawning day. He determined now, before Élise should wake, on a little scouting trip; he dared not go far, but he thought it would be well to see if he could find any relic of the midnight marauders. This was neither far to seek nor sweet to find.

He discovered at once the track they had left; there must have been about ten, he thought from their footprints. These he followed till they came to a crossing of the little creek — beyond that he did not care to go; instead he

doubled on his trail, and followed their steps back the way they had come.

He was stepping briskly along, not really looking for any discovery, when his eye fell on a spot of some alien color in the undergrowth ahead of him. His first sensation was, that this was no forest color; and as he looked closer he saw that it was the brown coat of a soldier, who lay still on the green earth, his head resting awkwardly against a little hummock of moss.

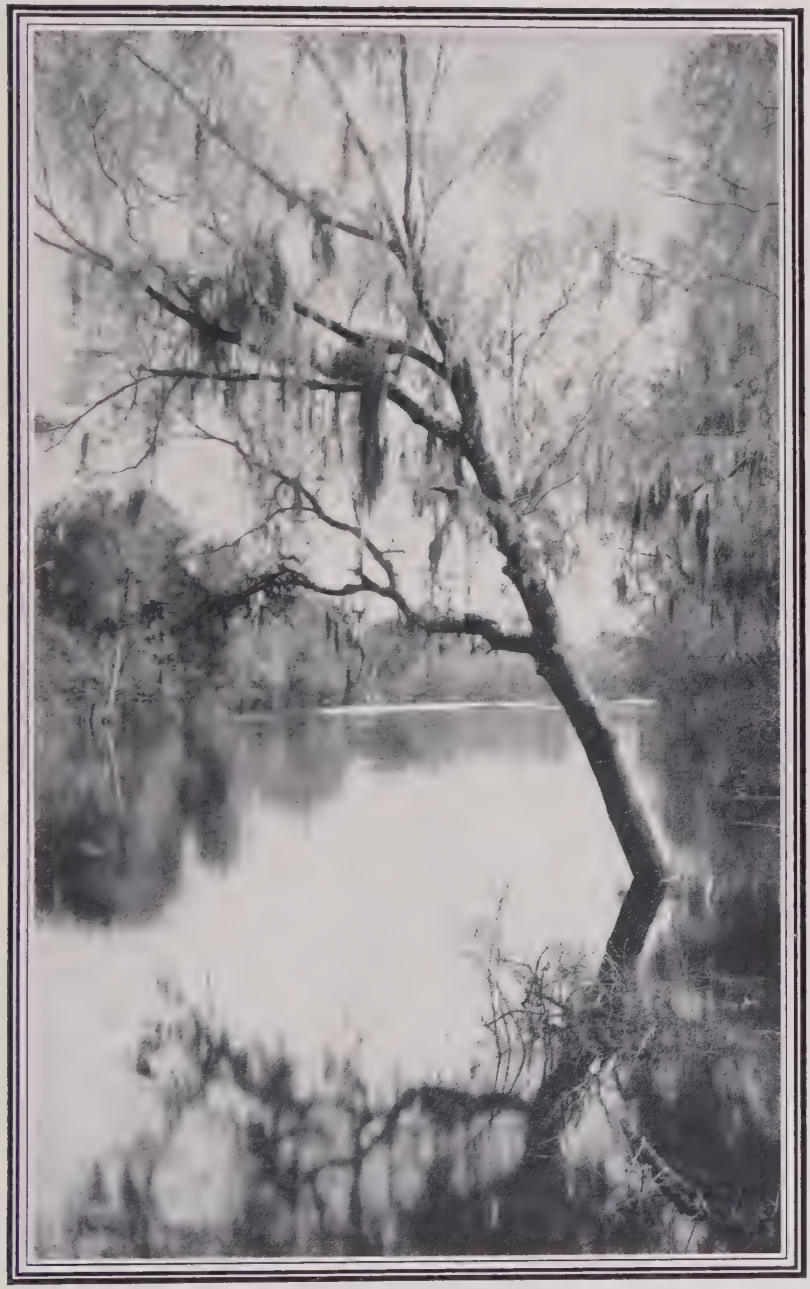
Cautiously he stepped nearer, holding his breath. The man moved not, nor breathed. Francis came closer still, close enough to touch the hand of the motionless body. It was still warm, and at his touch, the man emitted a faint groan. Francis knelt by his side, and as he did so, the man opened his eyes and said a few words, low and indistinctly, in French.

Francis stept quickly to the creek, returning with some water in a cup-leaf. The man's eyes were open when he returned, and he stretched his hand forth feebly for the water; when it was given him, he drank in gulps, with terrible gasps between. He was nearly dead. On the ground beside him was the stain of his blood; he had severed an artery, from which his improvised bandage had slipped, and he had been slowly bleeding to death.

Francis recognized him as one of Ribaut's men who had been left behind to help defend Fort Caroline; and the man apparently recognized him as well; presently he spoke, in a low, hoarse whisper Francis had to stoop to hear.

"They killed us all," he groaned. "They called on their saints, and they killed us all. . . . We got away, eight of us . . . we wandered . . . in the water and in the wood. . . . There is no fort left. . . . I am sleepy; I sleep."

Five minutes later his heart ceased to beat. He was dead.



A Typical Florida Stream

Francis dared not take the time to bury him. He wished to get away from the grewsome neighborhood as soon as possible. So with a few words of prayer as the only benediction he could give, he left the dead man lying, so still and humble, upon his little hummock of moss. But first he unbuckled the man's sword and dagger from his belt. These he needed sorely, and must have.

Without a backward look he left him. Hastening once more to Élise, he found she still slept. So great, however, was now his anxiety to get away that he decided to waken her.

Half an hour later they were walking swiftly northward again. It was not until many miles separated them from the spot of their night's encampment that he told her the story of the midnight visitors, and how he had come by his sword. She, too, told how she had heard the strangers passing, how she believed them to be Gyrot and his men, and how she had been frightened and had fainted. As he heard his eyes fell.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he said, in a heartbroken voice.

"For what?" she asked, in honest amazement, wide-eyed.

"I should have watched!" he broke forth. "I should have watched. I knew it! To think of you listening to them alone in the night, and I lying there sleeping like a brute. I can never forgive myself!"

In truth he was to think of it for many years, and always with the same pang of conscience. But in the present case she so protested, and so sweetly sued his happiness back to life, that he could not resist her. After a bit he smiled, albeit faintly, and presently was his own man once more.

The forest breathed beauty. No one could be sad in such a kingdom, and certainly no two in love. Élise

quivered in every nerve with the mere joy of existence, and Francis was soon in her mood.

"O my sweet!" he cried. "Are you happy, happy in your soul?"

"I have never been happy before, I think," she answered.

"Nor I! I have never been like this before. We are indeed alone in the world — together. I ask no more of life."

"I ask a great deal more of life! I ask many years as sweet."

"Do you remember the years we were apart? Tell me, sweet one, did you believe that we were ever to meet one another again? Did you know we would?"

"Did I not once refuse to answer that question to you, sir? Never mind, I will answer it: I knew that it could not be possible we were sundered for ever. Sometimes, in the nights, I used almost to believe that I should never see you again; always at morning I knew better! And you?"

"I did not dare to believe it. I had no right to hope for it. Only all the time I knew that I should never really live again without you."

"My eyes could not see that you were pallid of cheek that day — that first day at Fort Caroline; you seemed very strong, and very really alive."

"Sweetheart, that day, before you came, I stood on a hill; I saw the gold shining in your hair. Across the waters I saw it. I told myself it could not be you; yet I knew that never before had the sun shone on hair like that, never save in the little garden at Beaucarre. . . . How stands that garden now?"

"It has never changed; or at least it has not changed since one morning which you will remember; it changed then, changed forever."

"The world is a garden where your foot falls, Élise!"

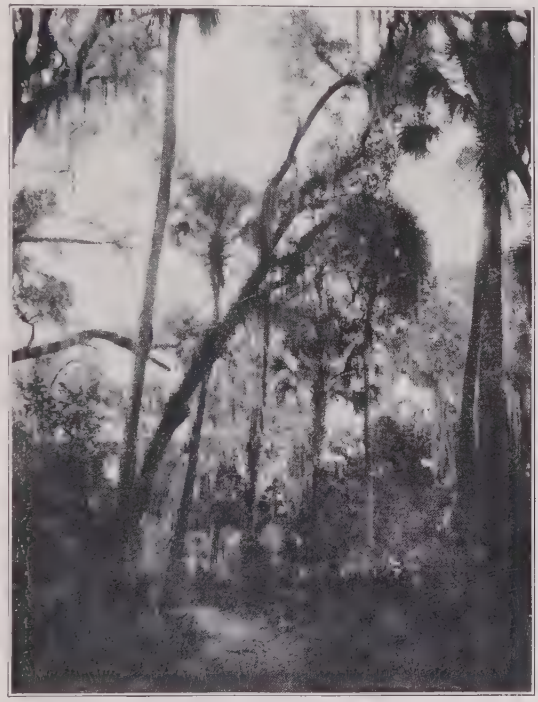
"You — you exaggerate. . . . What, think you, became of your friend of the merry tongue, he who came back for you when all the rest would not?"

"Yes, he came back; but he left me afterward; and to what a fate!"

"Would you rather he had carried you off on his back then?"

"You are more beautiful to-day than you were yesterday; will it always go on like that? Where, then, will it end? Answer, O golden-haired one!"

"I will not answer until you speak less like a foolish person."



A Semi-Tropical Forest

"I am speaking the wisdom of the stars. There has never been any beauty like yours; and I have looked on all beauty. Sweet, I think so; does that not make it so?"

"You speak with great folly, young sir. So great indeed that I — I — observe that bird,— there! on that limb! What a splendid tail he has; did you ever see such a tail?"

"I say to you that you were lovelier on the shore than at Beaucarre; that you are lovelier this hour than you were an hour ago. By to-morrow —"

With lifted hand she halted him.

CHAPTER XX

THE JAIL AT SAN MATEO

"STOP: I hear something!"

He laughed, thinking it a trick to stop his praises. In an instant he saw, however, that she was in earnest, as she stood listening, her hand raised and her eyes dilating; he, too, stood still in his track and hearkened. Again came the sound which she had heard, a dull, faraway, rhythmic sound, like the echo of distant drums. It came repeated again and again, and they eyed one another in dawning consternation. Who had drums now, when the French were slain, if not the Spaniards? and the Spaniards, to Élise, meant Gyrot.

With fear reborn she turned to Francis.

"It is he," she said, barely above a whisper, with quivering lips. "It is no matter; I will never let him take me now; not alive!"

Francis still listened intently, his head lifted. He spoke:

"It is not the Spaniards; they do not make sounds like that. It is the man we have come to seek. Those are the drums of Saturiba!"

"Are you sure?" she said, but the color came again to her cheek.

"Yes; their village cannot be far away, if we hear them so plainly. Let us hasten; it may be only a hunting party, and we may miss them."

They started at full speed in the direction of the sounds, which still continued with increasing loudness as they approached. In the course of half an hour they drew up on the shore of a creek barely thirty feet in width. The

water seemed shallow, and Francis, lifting Élise carefully in his arms, strode boldly in; the water coming only half-leg deep, he was soon across. On the other side he was overjoyed to perceive a well-worn path along the edge of the creek, and along this they now went almost at a run.

The sounds were growing clearer, and they began to hear the far sound of human voices, raised apparently in some manner of chant. Eagerly they pushed forward, Francis with his sword drawn, and his dagger loose in its sheath.

Of a sudden Francis halted, raising his hand for signal to Élise, who followed closely in his footsteps. He pointed ahead.

"Look!" he said, "It is there; see? in the clearing."

Through the trees showed the brown wall of a stockade, a high stockade perhaps fifteen feet in height; and from behind it came the sound of the drums and the chanting, ringing now with redoubled clearness.

Cautiously they approached, Francis desiring if possible to get a glimpse of the Indians before they caught sight of him. He felt confident that they must be of Saturiba's people, for Outina never came in this part, but he felt it to be safer to reconnoiter as much as he could before showing himself. He found a crevice in the stockade, through which he carefully peered. After his first glance he turned gladly to Élise.

"All is well," he exclaimed. "They are of Saturiba's tribe; I can recognize them by their manner of marking their bodies."

He turned now to the creek, where the stockade seemed to turn, and followed the line of it till it landed him at the point where the logs went down into the water. This was the way the Indians built their villages, ending their walls at the line of the handiest creek, and protecting the water-side by both wall and log fences. Francis picked up Élise

and waded carefully by the side of the wall until again he reached dry land, in the shape of a small platform built out a few feet over the shore. This was the water-entrance to the village, and by this Francis determined to enter. Setting Élise down, he gave one last look to his weapons, encouraged his companion with a glance, and stepped abruptly inside the wall.

An Avenue of Palms

They found themselves inside a huge enclosure, surrounded on all sides by a stockade such as the section they had just passed by; at various points might be seen small huts scattered about; but at first they could see no sign of any Indians. But the sounds, now almost deafening, came from a depressed place in the center of the village, and toward this they at once took their way. As they drew nearer they could see that the entire center was occupied by a large

circular house with thatched roof, a house big enough to hold a hundred or more people. From this house the din came, and to the door of it Francis strode, holding Élise close to his side; as they drew to the door, they were met by several Indians, who looked at them curiously, but made no move to stop them, or to question their presence there. Francis, who had studied diligently the Indian vernacular until he had a good working acquaintance with it, bade them gravely a good day, which they returned with equal gravity and lack of enthusiasm.

"Is the great chief Saturiba within?" he inquired of a young warrior, tattooed profusely all over his body with blue designs of a highly ornate description, so ornate indeed that Francis assumed, correctly as he afterward found, that this must be a native of much tribal importance. It was no other than Olocatora, Saturiba's favorite son, though not the eldest. He was a clean-cut, finely visaged Indian, with straight limbs and straight black hair, and he answered Francis's question first in his own tongue, then in hesitating but readily understandable French.

"Yes; he is inside, at the marriage of my brother. Have you an errand with him? It is long since my father has seen a messenger from your fort."

"I am a friend of Monsieur Trenchant — " he stopped, at the look of pleasure which came to the young man's face.

"Are you friend to my brother, Tren-chant?" he asked, eagerly.

"I am; and we come from the fort, which is, alas, no longer our fort; it has been taken by its enemies, and most of it is burned to the ground."

"Burned? It is so, then. One of our people came bearing that word, and we, knowing him for too eager an observer, would not believe. Yet we heard days ago the sound of heavy guns."

"They were the cannon of those who have taken the fort." Francis did not realize how completely he was thinking and feeling like one of the garrison of that fort, when months before his sympathies would have been all the other way. He went on to repeat his question whether he might see Saturiba.

"I myself will take you to him; the ceremony is just beginning."

Preceding them with courtesy, he led them into the lodge-hall. There, seated on a cane chair in the midst of his subjects, sat the chief, attired in his most magnificent costume, tattooed much less than most of his chiefs, but with many trophies hanging around his neck or on his breast. Before him, on a lower seat, sat his son, who was to be married. The bride was nowhere to be seen; her time was not yet come. Olocatora led the two visitors swiftly down through the curious savages, and took them straight up to his father, where he reclined in dignity on his raised seat. He presented Francis as the friend of his friend Trenchant, and stood back to let Francis speak for himself.

"Great chief of the earth," began the young man, in the wonted hyperbole, "I am here to throw myself and this maiden upon the protection of the greatest chief in the land. My friend Trenchant, who has boasted that he was your friend as well, has told me of your greatness and your might, and I have come to ask your hospitality for myself and for this woman who is to be my wife."

"You are friend to Trenchant?" said the chief, slowly, looking from one to the other, and asking his question apparently of all three at once.

"Yes," replied Francis, seeing that Olocatora made no move to respond.

"And the maiden, is she your maiden?"

Francis turned and looked at her.

"Yes!" he cried, with back-flung head. "She is mine."

"How come you here? Are you lost in the forest?"

"The fort on the bluff is fallen; it is in the hands of its enemies; and Sieur Laudonnière and all his men are probably slain. We escaped and came here."

"Laudonnière, the great white chief, slain? By whom?"

"I fear he must be; by the Spaniards, his enemies."

"By white men? Are these Spaniards white men?"

"Yes, they are as white as the French."

"Why, then, are they enemies? Did not they worship the same gods?"

Francis said nothing. Why, indeed? The simple question, so simply put, left him agasp for words.

"Yes, they worship the same God," he said at last. "But they do not worship in the same way; they—" he paused.

A Specimen of a Florida Banyan Tree

"The Frenchman who spoke to our people spoke of love and trust; and of his religion as being better than ours because it taught those things. Here now come men, worshiping the same God, and kill and slay these men; is it then for gold or gain?" Again Francis came to a full stop; for it was for neither gold nor gain; it was in the name of their God that these things had been done; before the plain and natural query he still hung mute.

"Perhaps it matters little," pursued the chief, after a moment. "You are welcome; you are the friend of my friend, and you shall be mine. The maiden is welcome, too. She is not your wife, you have said?"

Francis touched Élise. "He asks if you are not my wife?" he said, and she blushed a color beautiful to see.

"Not yet," Francis made answer. "But I hope that she will be very soon; as soon as we may find a priest, if there be any left alive."

The sound of the drums now recommenced with redoubled vigor. Saturiba nodded toward the sound, which was drawing slowly nearer, as the bride's procession approached the hall, the drummers walking before.

"This is my son, my eldest son, who is to be married now," said the chief. "You may be married to your maiden at the same time."

At that moment the first of the procession entered the hall. They marched down to the chief's seat and saluted him, by bowing to the earth; then all the drummers, who had for instruments the hides of animals stretched on bent branches, upon which they beat with hard wood knots, seated themselves on the floor of the hall, to make way for the bridal party. First of these came the fairest maidens of the tribe, attired in gala dresses of Spanish moss which hung from their waists, and adorned with all the finery they could find. Last of all came the bride. She was a tall well-

formed girl, light in color and prepossessing in appearance. She was led forward to the chief, and he addressed a few words of congratulation to her, on becoming bride to his son, such a celebrated warrior and so handsome a man. To which the bride made presumably a suitable response, then, taking her place by the side of the bridegroom, the dance commenced.

This was performed by a number of the bridesmaids, who paced slowly around in a circle, to the sound of the drums, chanting a sort of song of their own, telling of the greatness of the chief and the beauty of the bride. When this was over, the chief made a short address, placed the arms of the bridal couple on each other's shoulders, and led them slowly to and fro, the drummers now adding their cries and shouts to the clamor. Finally Saturiba returned to his seat, the bridal couple returned to theirs, the drummers laid down their drumsticks, the maidens squatted on the floor, and the wedding was accomplished. It was now time for the feast.

While this had been going forward, Francis had been telling Élise of the chief's proposition that they should also be married. She thought at first he was trying to make her blush — at least she did blush, her cheeks rivaling the most brilliant of any of the Indians' decorations for splendor. But at length he made her understand that he was not joking at all; he really meant it. At which she was greatly taken aback, and could not for many minutes be brought to listen to what he had to urge. During the bridal march, however, her eyes grew quieter, and she listened without any further demur.

"It will do no harm," he urged. "It is better than no marriage, and it at least makes you mine in the sight of these Indians. As you stand you have no title; then you will be my wife. We can later be married, really, by the

priest, if ever we can find one. In the meantime, we are among these savages; they are very friendly, but they are not always so. I think it would be better. . . . Do you not wish to marry me?"

She would not answer; her eyes would not meet his, but in her bent head and the yielding of her form he read her consent. Boldly he took her hand, and with the other that of Olocatora, feeling in him somehow a measure of moral support. He had never been married before, but he felt at once the need of a friend — in short, of a "best man." Together the three walked down to the chief, standing up straight before him, Francis spoke first.

"I accept your offer, great chief," he said. "I ask that you join this maiden and myself in marriage according to your rites."

Something closely akin to a smile crossed the grim face of the old chief. He descended from his seat, gave the signal to the drummers, and again the fearful din began. Again the march, this time with Élise, flushing and paling as she came, as the bride; again the address by Saturiba, the embrace of the shoulders, and the bridal dance. And side by side on the platform sat two wedded couples instead of one; while hilariously in the great house the wedding feast began.

After a week in the village, Francis and Élise began to feel as much at home as though they had lived there always. Élise had been adopted by the chief's daughter, a tall young girl of perhaps fourteen years of age; her name was Noloma, and she proved to be of the most affectionate and lively mind. On the night of the wedding she had come up to Élise and gravely bidden her welcome, and at her smile Élise, who could not understand her words, smiled on her in return. Élise also, at the girl's invitation, shared with her the little cabin in which she slept; they became

An Old Spanish Castle in Florida

almost inseparable companions, and Francis laughingly pretended that he no longer saw Élise at all. In the new sights and life and interests the time passed rapidly; how rapidly, in fact, they did not notice.

Almost a month of this Arcadian existence had flown by when Francis at last came to the conclusion that had long been staring him in the face, but which he had hardly wished to confront. It was, briefly, that they could not stay that way all winter. This was all very well while summer weather continued, but it was not so possible in the cold weather, when the Indians gathered in their large huts and seldom went about unless they had to; they lived off the store of grain stacked up in the granaries, and spent their time merely waiting for spring to come again. Further than this, Francis knew that now the Spaniards had settled down, either at San Mateo, the former Fort Caroline, or at some new place of their own selecting. The attack on the fort had been over long enough so that the inflamed minds of the soldiery had had time to cool, and Francis came to the decision that he must act.

His plan was to seek Menendez, declare his Spanish blood and his Catholic belief, and ask for safe-conduct to Cuba for himself and his companion. Her he would either pass off as his betrothed wife, or if the truth seemed in danger of coming out, as a converted heretic. As far as himself was concerned, he had no misgivings. His tale was simple and straightforward; he was confident that the fact that he had been returning to Cuba from Spain, and had been the victim of the French pirates, would bring him consideration; and he counted on being able to bring Élise safely off without a question. His friend and master, Fray Simon, from whom he had several tokens, was a powerful name in any Spanish company; and, altogether, Francis was determined to put the plan to the hazard.

He had not counted on Élise, however. When he first broached his scheme to her, she refused to listen to it, declining for one instant to consider any plan which should separate them; she insisted that she should come with him, and that together they should risk the thing; she knew that nothing but disaster would result if they were to be sundered now, and against her firm conviction Francis argued, talked, and pleaded in vain. She only shook her head, the golden head that he so loved, and reiterated her fear.

"I know that if you go alone you will never come back," she said.

"But you can't know it; it is much the safer way, and — how can you be so sure, when there is no reason for thinking so?"

"I know it because I feel it. . . . You will never come back."

Well for him could he have seen as clearly! She did not wish to have him go near Fort San Mateo, for which under its new name and ownership she now owned to a pure dread; and insistently held to her sad little declaration. Francis was in despair; he saw so clearly that it was the only way by which he should ever be able to get Élise away in safety. The thought came that possibly he was already too late, that perhaps the Spaniards had come only to destroy the French, and that when that was done they might never return to this wilderness again; or at least not for many years. This fear, flashing in his brain, determined him finally to go.

When he told Élise that he must truly go, she took the news with a white face, and a pathetic quiver of the lip. But she made no further effort to dissuade him, and he began to make his plans to start on the following day. Olocatora was to be his guide, and from the Indians' village it was less than a half-day's journey by land and water; they decided

to start early in the morning, so that there would be time to reach the fort while the day was still young. Élise said nothing, but her eyes followed him dumbly.

Even when they parted she could not speak. Almost in a swoon she clung to him, her eyes half-shut, and her hands holding him, holding as though they could never let go. Francis, too, was awed, and imbued a little with the dread which Élise held: but he endeavored to reassure her as best he might.

"Good bye, my sweet one," he whispered. "Do not grieve; I will be back to take thee with me in two days at the most, if all goes well. I will send word by Olocatora. . . . All is well . . . Élise; it will all be well!"

Gently he loosened her arms, and with one last pressure of his lips upon her hair, he left her in Noloma's arms. He and Olocatora went down to the doorway, passed quickly through it, and were lost to view in the forest.

At sunrise they had reached the west bank of the Saint John's. Here they embarked in Olocatora's dugout, which he kept secreted in a hiding-place of his own; propelled by two pairs of sturdy arms, and traveling with the current, the ungainly craft started rapidly for the fort. It was not far; before the two hours were over they came in sight of the well-known headland, which now flaunted from the ramparts the proud standard of Spain.

It was arranged that Olocatora should wait by the river's edge long enough to make sure that all was well with Francis, who agreed to signal from the wall. With a clasp of hands they parted, and Francis walked calmly up to the main entrance to the fort, where he cried aloud for admittance.

A soldier stationed at the gate admitted him, looking at him curiously. Francis addressed him in Spanish, and asked to be shown to the commander of the place, whom he took to be the Señor Menendez de Aviles.

"Come with me," the soldier answered, and Francis forthwith proceeded along the old path he knew so well, the path to the commandant's cabin. Once here, he was ushered into the room, and the door flung to behind him. Seated by the hearth, from which he now turned inquiringly, was a priest

In the Environs of Saint Augustine

who was no other than Menendez's chaplain, Father Mendoza.

"Who are you?" he asked in a calm voice, eying Francis kindly.

"I am Francis Estévan, eldest son to Christopher Estévan, of Havana, in Cuba. I have come to solicit the aid and protection of the adelantado."

"Whence come you? Are you of the later vessels of our party; surely no other ones have arrived since I left Saint Augustine?"

"May I tell you my story: how I come to be here?"

A pleasant assent answered him, and the kindly priest motioned to a seat.

"Three years ago my father sent me to Spain, to study at the monastery of Valladolid, under the charge of Fray Simon —"

Father Mendoza nodded his head with unction at the mention of the name.

"A very holy man," he said, "one of the highest in the Church!"

"With him I studied for two years; he had my career selected for me; I was on my way back to Havana to see my parents once more, when our vessel, the *San Pablo*, was attacked and taken by the French pirates from this fort. Nearly all our company were killed, I myself being preserved by virtue of a quarrel between two of the leaders. They finally brought me here, to the fort. When I heard that the Spaniards were at hand, I escaped, and endeavored to find you. I lost my way in the forest, and have since that time been in a near-by Indian village. Now I have come to ask Menendez's aid."

"You are heartily welcome. But the adelantado is not here any more. He has gone away on another expedition, leaving a lieutenant in command. But I can agree that

what aid we can command, you shall have. . . . Pupil to Fray Simon. . . . Did you know then our master's friend, Señor Barrientos?"

"Yes; we went to visit him at Salamanca; he talked of nothing but the adelantado; were they such close friends?

"Comrades as boys; later they never met, but their friendship never waned. It was Barrientos's one enthusiasm, dusty old professor as he was."

They fell into pleasant talk, and Francis seemed assured that his cause was won. So he told Mendoza about Élise, holding back nothing, and said that he hoped Mendoza himself could marry them before many days were past. The old priest listened indulgently, and smiled when all was through.

"You have done well," he said; and Francis felt that the worst was over. Excusing himself from Mendoza for a moment, he walked for a short distance through the courtyard to the stockade. From this point, looking over, he made his signal to Olocatora that all was well, and caught the Indian's signal in response. A moment later he saw the flash of the paddle in the water, and knew that Olocatora was on his way back to Élise, bearing the word.

"I suppose you will wish to find passage back to Cuba, will you not?" asked Mendoza, when Francis returned, with light foot and heart.

"Is there prospect of a vessel leaving for there soon?"

"Had you been a few days sooner, you might have gone with the adelantado himself; as it is, it may be another month before a vessel goes. There are now above twelve ships in our squadron, and not all of them are needed, now that all the French are gone. It will not be long to wait."

With his heart beating high in hope, Francis sat him down to await the return of the fort commandant, who was absent on a hunting trip, said Mendoza. As the time went

by toward sunset, he pleasured himself with thinking how he would return with Élise to his father's house, and of the sweet years that lay stretching so rosily ahead of him. Mendoza had left him, and he sat alone by the hearth, on which as dusk came on a soldier came and lighted a fire of pine knots. Just at dusk he heard the sound of trumpets.

"That is the commandant," he thought; and his guess was correct. Outside in the courtyard he could hear the tumult of the returned soldiers, bearing the trophies of their hunt, and bragging about them to those who had not gone. Then a lull, as they dispersed to their cabins; and behind him, almost noiselessly, a door opened, and a man entered the room.

Francis turned to face him, his own visage in the shadow. But the face of him who entered, lit brightly, if grotesquely, by the leaping firelight, was a face that all too well he knew. For standing in the door, with his armor still on him, and his eyes scowling and glowering in the flickering light, stood the man of all men whom Francis wished least to see, Jean Gyrot.

He it was who was left as commandant of this fort, he it was who was the controller of Menendez's party at San Mateo; he who now held in his evil hand the life and destiny of the Spaniard by the fire. With firm voice Francis addressed him, while at the same instant Gyrot, peering through half-shut eyes, gave forth the triumphant exclamation:

"The little Spaniard again, by the Virgin!"

Francis closed his lips, and in silence they gazed at one another. Then a grin slowly curled Gyrot's lips, and throwing back his head, he laughed loud and long, while the very timbers trembled to the motion.

"So you had to come back, after all? To see your old friend Gyrot? And now what have you done with the pretty maiden — that is the first point?"

"I have no answer to make to that, monsieur," said Francis quietly.

"You will find an answer, my friend," returned Gyrot, savagely. "What use, think you, I can have for a speechless Spaniard? . . . Guard! Guard!" He went to the door as he finished, and spoke the last words to the soldiers who waited outside the cabin; three of them entered.

"Throw this heretic into the guard-room," he commanded. Without a word the soldiers advanced. Francis leapt back.

"I demand to see Father Mendoza," he cried.

"Fetch the priest!" commanded Gyrot, impatiently. "You may as well see him now, and make the best of it, for you will see nobody for a long time to come, my young cavalier!" In a moment Father Mendoza entered hastily.

"I claim the protection of yourself and our Church against this renegade and traitorous Frenchman," said Francis, stoutly. "He betrayed the Frenchmen to their death, and now he threatens me with imprisonment."

"What is this?" Mendoza spoke sternly, turning to Gyrot.

"Pay no heed to this heretic," answered Gyrot, with a sneer. "He is a Huguenot, a heretic of the most flagrant wickedness. I propose to treat him as we have treated all his fellows. Say your say, father!"

"This young man is a Spaniard, the pupil of a friend of mine, one of the greatest in the Church; he is no heretic; you go too fast, Señor Gyrot."

"Ha! He took you in with that fool's story, too, did he? I tell you he is a heretic; and he dies before the night is an hour older, if he does not tell me what I wish to know."

"You may be assured that I will never tell that," said Francis, softly.

"Then pray for his soul if you dare, father!" Again he called the guard.

"Take this man to the guard-room; iron him; guard him close! Go!"

And from Francis's eyes the heavens vanished, hidden by the heavy walls which the Spaniards, in the little month which had passed, had already reared in the courtyard. The reign of iron had commenced. In the captain's house Mendoza still tried to argue in Francis's behalf; all in vain. Gyrot was the master of the fort, and Mendoza was merely wasting his effort.

Back at the village of Saturiba a maiden waited, with eager heart, for the return of her lover — who did not come.

Ruins of an Old Spanish Mission

CHAPTER XXI

THE WAITING OF ÉLISE

WINTER was over, in the land of sunshine, and with flushing of new life in every vein and tree and river, the swift and beautiful spring began. It had been a long winter, the one following the downfall of the French fort, and spring had come none too soon. In the village of Saturiba had been, long before the cold weather had relaxed, suffering and despair. To begin with, the crops of the season, gathered into the communal supply-house, were much less plentiful than usual. To add to the shortage, the tribe numbered more members than was customary, and as the winter went forward, and other near-by villages found their supplies exhausted, the number to be fed from the rapidly shrinking store grew greater and greater.

The cold was at its height when Saturiba commanded that the rations of all be reduced one-half, and ordered further that the hunters should go forth daily in search of whatever prey might be obtained. This was extremely distasteful to the warriors, who greatly preferred to take things easy in the cold time, and great was the anger against the elements. The medicine-man was strenuously besought to bring a spell to bear upon the bitter air. In vain; though he went into most remarkable trances, the season showed no sign of yielding.

Élise, safe in the house and affection of Noloma, the chief's favorite daughter, suffered from the cold but little. But the winter of her heart chilled her soul to the uttermost. When her blurred, tear-dimmed eyes had beheld the last of Francis, she had fallen into a strange sort of coma, during

which she did not seem aware of those about her. This lasted all the time that Olocatora was absent. Noloma, her heart wrung at the sight, tried in vain to comfort Élise, who met her affectionate overtures with a far away smile ineffable in its hopelessness. When Olocatora returned, she was the first to hear him; she rose suddenly to her feet, and moved swiftly to the door of the hut; no one else had heard a sound; but outside the hut stood the motionless figure of the young chief, his hand raised in salutation.

"All is well," he said, in his broken French. Élise clutched his arm, and strove to speak. She could not; but he, in a few words, told all that he had to tell. He had left Francis, apparently well and happy, on the ramparts of the fort, and Francis had signaled to him to bear the good news back. She might, Olocatora believed, look to Francis's return the next day, or at latest, the day after.

To this she said no word, only shook her head. With her woman's prescience she knew that Francis would never come to Saturiba's village

King Street in Saint Augustine

again. She only gave a look of sad thanks to Olocatora for his message and his belief, and sank backward, silent, into Noloma's arms.

That night she fell into a strange and terrible fever, in which she lay without movement for hours at a time. Noloma, frantic with grief, waited on her with her heart in her eyes; and at the last it happened that the fever was broken, and Élise, worn out, fell into a heavy slumber. She slept almost steadily for a fortnight, at the end of which she wakened, with clear mind, and knowing fully all that had passed. When Noloma came to her, she was amazed to hear her patient say: "I know all about it; they have taken him prisoner; he is never coming back; but he is not dead; I know he is not dead. They have not killed him."

Her recovery was slow, but by the time the spring had triumphed, she was about as well as ever, though so quiet that she was almost like a wraith. Her footfalls were as light and noiseless as those of the Indians; she seldom spoke, save to Noloma. Between these two had grown up a deep, if undemonstrative, friendship and affection. The robust and unimaginative Indian girl found a peculiar attraction in the fragile beauty and grace of her French sister. She never tired of being with her, and sat for hours, her dark eyes fastened upon Élise's quiet face and unmoving lips.

There was one other member of the chief's family who found it more than easy to allow his eyes to rest on their visitor's form. This was Olocatora; and he and his sister almost immediately established themselves as Élise's lovers and slaves. When, after the first terrible waiting-time, while Francis was looked for daily, Olocatora constituted himself a sentinel, and for four days and nights he never left his post, waiting to be the first to bear the welcome news to her whose ears could perhaps not have heard it, since that was the time when the fever was at its height. As

it became clear that Francis was detained, and that his detention must be due to Spanish intervention, Olocatora came to a sudden resolve. Leaving word of his intent only with his sister, he set out without companion for the fort where he had last seen Francis, leaning so buoyantly over the rampart, with the signal of good fortune. The Indian did not know what might be the situation at the fort, and he determined to run no chances.

He timed his arrival for nightfall, and brought his little dugout to rest in a protected backwater a dozen rods below the fort. Approaching with all the care of his race, he reconnoitered with the greatest caution, crouching under the wall for nearly an hour until he was sure of the number and location of the sentinels. Slowly he mounted the wall, in the half moonlight, and let himself down inside the enclosure, at almost the same spot where Gil had made his last heroic stand. All was still, except for the pacing of the sentinels, of whom there were only two, one on either side, no attack being feared from the river-front. Crawling slowly in the shadows, he made his way past the huts formerly occupied by the French soldiery, and halted at the partially burned central house. He dared not try to force an entrance to it, for he felt sure that it was now in use as the main garrison-house, as was the case. Even while he waited, however, his opportunity came, for it was time for change of guard. Into the house, brushing within a yard of the place where Olocatora crouched in the shadow, one of the sentinels passed, leaving the door open behind him. Olocatora, listening acutely, heard him fumbling for a torch, which presently he found, and lighted. Holding it high above his head, he walked across the room to where a row of soldiers lay in sleep; and touched two roughly, speaking impatiently to them as he did so.

They roused themselves, with many groanings and

complaints; taking advantage of his opportunity, Olocatora stole stealthily into the house, his lithe body bent almost to the ground. It was an unlucky moment; for just then the sentinel turned, and the straggling rays from his torch fell upon the shimmering

Treasury Street in Saint Augustine

body of the intruder. The surprised sentinel looked again, rubbed his eyes, and then, bursting into instant and stentorian sound, he made the rafters ring with his great alarm-cry:

"Up! Up! We are attacked! The Indians are upon us!"

Olocatora, seeing that his chance had gone forever, reached in one tremendous bound the door, and in a moment more his sure feet had carried him safely to the wall, over which he presently dropped, light as a feather. From impulse of mischief, however, he had cried out, just once, the eerie war-cry of his tribe, which rose and fell in the accents of the hoot-owl in a manner to bring hearts to mouths with a vengeance. Inside the fort all was confusion; men rushing to and fro, calling to one another, hunting for their weapons, cursing at the dark, demanding to know where were their leaders. Just as Olocatora pushed off into midstream, the great signal fire burst out from the fort wall. It was all over; he had found out nothing; save that in the moment he had been inside that room, he thought he had seen that there was no place in it where a man could be confined. He was wrong; for in the corner of that very room, at that very moment, lay Francis, in his newly made dungeon, and his senses thrilling at the sounds, with the hope that this in truth might be an attack of Indians and that his freedom might be near.

Back to the village went Olocatora, heavy-hearted. He had hoped to be able to get some word to the prisoner; but now, in reaction, he began verily to fear that Francis was dead; how to tell his news he did not know, and when Noloma heard his story, she unhesitatingly declared that it was better not to say anything about the matter at all to Élise.

As time went on, and Élise came gradually back to health and happiness, Noloma thought less and less of the Spaniard who had gone away, and more and more of her brother, who was there, and who looked on Élise as he had never looked on any maiden of the tribe. All the matchmakers in the world are not married ones, and Noloma could not help reflecting as to the delight of having Élise always for her sister. There was really not such

great dissimilarity between the two girls as might be supposed; for Élise, after her recovery, had begun to teach Noloma all that she could, and in turn to learn the Indian tongue. Noloma herself was much above the average of her tribe, for Saturiba was a man of great character and fine mind, as minds went among his people.

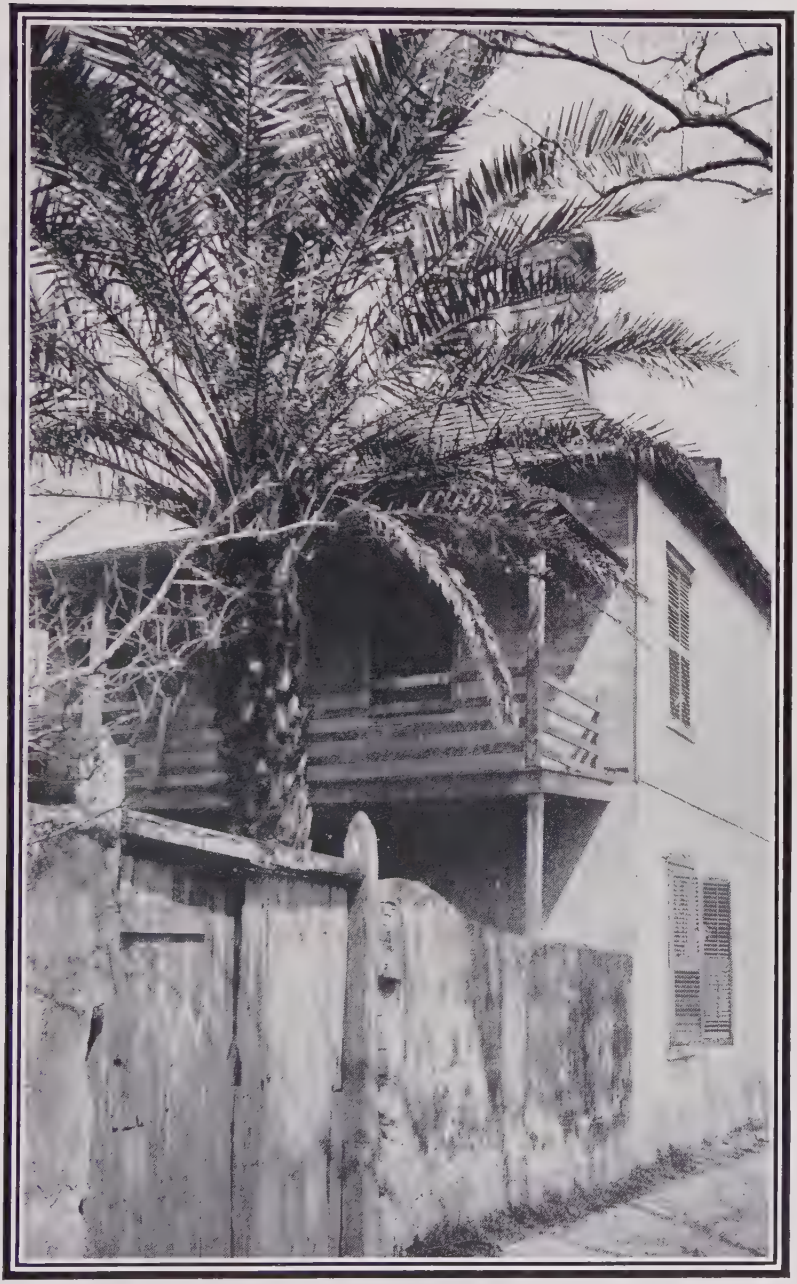
Being the daughter of a chief also, Noloma had had other advantages; she possessed clothes, which she made with taste and wore with an air; the rest of the tribe, men and women, went virtually unclothed, even in the coldest weathers. Olocatora, the son of a chief, was also clothed somewhat, but his chief clothing consisted of an elaborately tattooed design, covering almost his entire body, and of so ornate a character, says the historian's account, as to remove all feeling that he was not in the fullest of costume. He and his sister both learned much from Élise, and the bond between the three continued to strengthen as the weeks went by. In an evil day, however, Noloma, full of her newly conceived plan of happiness for her brother and her friend, boldly announced to Élise that Olocatora had something he wished to tell her.

Élise turned instantly white, thinking that it must be word of Francis.

"Send him here," she said, swiftly, "I will hear what he wishes to say."

So he came to her, and said his will. After the first moment Élise stood still and listened, her eyes turned mournfully upon him as he spoke.

"My dear friend," she said to him, when at last he had finished, "I am sorry you must feel this. You are my dear friend, but you cannot ever be more than my dear friend, for my heart will never be my own again. Noloma is to blame; she knows; she should have told you! Will you forgive me? and be always as you have been?"



A Bit of Old Saint Augustine

Olocatora was a gentleman, as well as a warrior. No chivalry could have been more beautiful than his, as he assured her that he would never forget any more, and that she could ask him for anything that was his to give. He took his blow like a man, without a tremble. After he had left her, she burst into tears, and surprised Noloma exceedingly by the first bit of temper she had ever been seen to show, when she reproached her for encouraging Olocatora to do as he had done.

The young chief went away by himself into the forest, whence after four days he emerged, his face as impenetrable as ever, and his manner as friendly. He now, with the death of his hope, began to plan once more to try for the rescue of Francis if he were alive, or for the final knowledge that he no longer lived. After a few days' deliberation, he announced his intention to Élise and Noloma of starting for Saint Augustine, to see if Francis was not in durance at that place. Noloma at first tried to dissuade him, for grave stories had come to the village of the cruelty of the Spaniards, — and even Élise, though her eyes had lighted with hope at the proposal, tried to make him give up the venturesome scheme. He did not divulge just how he proposed to put his plan into execution, but with two of his youngest and most reckless companions, he set forth for the fort and city of Menendez.

It was now the month of June, and the second corn-planting was just over. The fields had been stripped and burned, and the ground harrowed with the peculiar Indian hoe, made from a fish-bone attached to a long handle. When the ground was in readiness, the women did the planting, working in squads; one party making the holes, and the other dropping in the seed and smoothing over the loose earth on the top. Olocatora figured that this was a well-chosen time, for the Spaniards, like all the settlers on that

coast, were chronically in need of grain. Olocatora went forward, determined to promise anything that might further his object; the Indians had not dealt with the early colonizers without learning the fine arts of deceit and dissimulation.

On the third day he and his companions arrived in front of Menendez's stronghold, and from a point of vantage high in a tree, they surveyed the busy settlement by the sea. And busy enough it was.

Great had been the change in Saint Augustine since the day when Menendez turned the first shovel in the ditch before its walls. In the hurry and excitement of the first landing, and momentary expectation of the French and their fleet, the only thought had been to throw up some sort of rude intrenchment. The site which had first presented itself had been, naturally, the old council-house of the Indian town, Seloy. Menendez had decided to use the walls of this council-house for his first fortification, and reinforce them with breastworks of earth. His only thought, at first, was to get four walls around him. This had been done, as has been set forth, and the first fort of Saint Augustine was thus constructed.

After the fall of Fort Caroline, however, and the subsequent destruction of Ribaut and his men, there was more time to look about. Menendez, surveying the frail stockade, reinforced as it was by the earthworks, looked on it with increasing disfavor. For one thing it was much too small. There was barely room to fight, to let alone the problems of sleeping quarters and commissary department. Then too, the roof of the old council-house, constructed, after the Indian fashion, of palmetto leaves, presented itself to him in a most unfavorable and dangerous light. Accustomed as he was to all the devices of warfare, he saw how easy it would be to fire the whole fort by setting off the highly inflammable thatch that covered it. He must have

a new fort, and at once. Having made up his mind, there was no delay in announcing it.

The soldiers groaned again at hearing that all their labor on the first wall was now to be done over; but their time for grumbling had passed. Menendez was omnipotent now, and accordingly all hands turned in to build the new fort on the site which the adelantado in his wisdom selected. It was set on the highest ground on the inlet, and the first order given by Menendez was to cut down all the trees within a hundred yards of the line of his proposed walls. The slaves were put to work with Belgian axes, and most of the trees were burned as soon as they were felled; when they needed fuel, they could cut more trees; this would still more increase the open space before the fort, and would render it more difficult of surprise by Indian or other enemies.

The new fort was a solid structure of logs, only the heaviest and most perfect of the fallen trees having been made use of; it was built in octagonal shape, and protected by an open ditch and high earthworks. The earthworks also included the huts of the soldiers, and another large building erected for the purpose of a storage-house for provisions, and a hall of justice or administration house. The wisdom of abandoning the old fortress was shown when, in the dead of winter, the whole thing took fire and burned to the ground, consuming at the same time a great part of the Spanish supply of extra clothing and stores other than the grain kept in the fort itself.

But Saint Augustine itself, in spite of repeated set-backs and innumerable discouragements, flourished from the start. It had a soul that would not let it die. Menendez was compelled to leave it on urgent business, even before the completion of the fort, but he returned whenever he could, and never tired in his care and thought for its welfare.

He had given the administration over to his brother, Bartholomew; and he kept himself most diligently advised upon everything connected with the fort and the city beginning to grow around its walls. He went on special visits to Cuba, in search of reinforcements and supplies of food and munitions, and endeavored to strengthen the forces of the colony by all means in his power.

Father Mendoza did all in his power to second Menendez's efforts, especially directing his attention to the establishment of a Jesuit mission; as it happened, however, no house of Jesuits was ever begun, and it was not until several years later that the Franciscans braved the wilderness in sufficient numbers to start a mission-house of their own, and to commence the generous work of converting and enlightening the natives.

Mendoza had tried also to do his good offices with Menendez on behalf of Francis, and did indeed gain from the adelantado the promise to see this Spaniard on his next visit to San Mateo. On his next visit, alas! Gyrot alone was there, for Mendoza was away at a work of mercy among some Indians sick with fever; and the account that Gyrot gave of the prisoner was such that Menendez, having graver matters in hand, bade him act as he deemed best; though he forbade the killing of any Spaniard on peril of Gyrot's own death. Thus passed the months from winter to spring, unto full summer; and this was still the situation when Olocatora and his friends, perched high in the trees above the fort, looked down on Saint Augustine.

From the point of purview they could see the inside of the fort and the enclosure around the houses and judgment hall. Spaniards were moving around in plain sight, and seemed to be idle for the most part; the slaves, in fact, since the completion of the earthworks, had been the ones to bear almost all the real labor accomplished. Freed

Saint Augustine and Fort San Juan de Piños (*From an ancient print*)

from the control of Menendez's brain and hand, the soldiers relapsed into their old idle ways, and could be prevailed upon to do little except hunting and fishing, with occasional sorties among the Indians for food. Had it not been for frequent reinforcements, and many shiploads of provisions sent by Menendez from Cuba, the tale might have been different to tell. The troubles at San Mateo had been continuous, and the temper of the Indians was rapidly becoming so inflamed against the Spaniards that it was not safe for the white men to be abroad unarmed. All this was well known to Olocatora; nevertheless, after a reconnoissance from his tree, he started straight for the fort, bidding his comrades wait for him. If he did not return before night, they were to bear word to Saturiba with all the speed they could command.

"Who goes there?" challenged the sentinel.

"A friendly native," was Olocatora's reply, followed by his request to be taken before the governor, on business of importance to the Spaniards. Confronted with that individual, he declared himself to be the son of a small chief of one of Outina's villages, and said that he had come to learn whether the Spaniards were in need of grain. His people, he proceeded, had a large crop of early grain almost ready, and they desired to know if the white men would trade; the Indians desiring knives, beads, and the like.

Bartholomew Menendez, who had his brother's ruthlessness, as well as his ability only in a small degree, answered him fairly, and answered that he would be willing to trade, and asked when the grain would be ready.

"It will soon be ready to harvest," replied Olocatora. "It is of the first planting, now almost four moons since. May I tell my people that you will trade them as they desire? May I bear home that word from you?"

After a little further parley, the agreement was made,

and Olocatora was apparently about to take his leave. All the time he had been talking, however, his keen eyes had been assessing every building in the place, as a possible spot where Francis might be kept in captivity. The huts of the soldiers, few in number outside the fort walls and of the flimsiest construction, he dismissed with a glance. It then lay between the fort itself, and the new judgment hall, even then not fully completed.

"You are greatly favored of the gods," he said to the governor, suavely. "He aids you to build such great and wonderful houses, very different from our poor huts. I would like to see the great building there," he went on innocently, pointing to the fort with a well-simulated look of marveling.

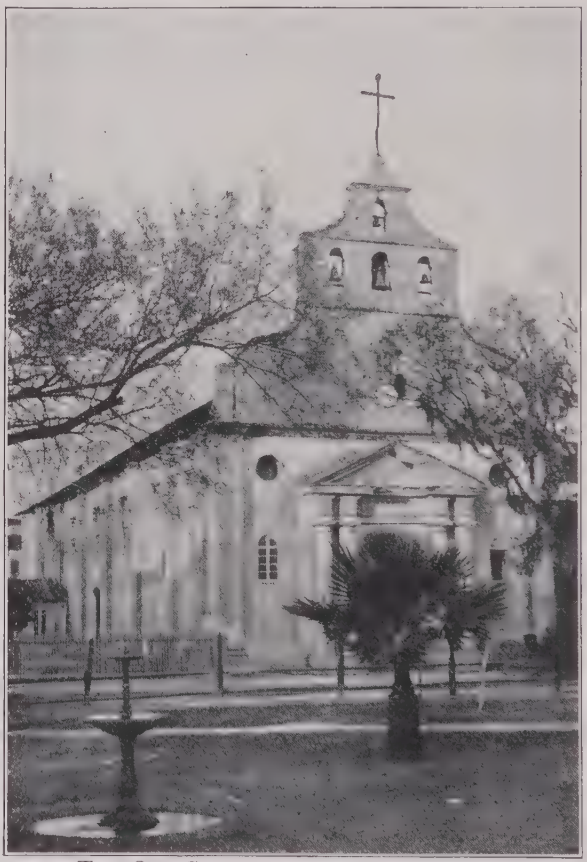
Bartholomew, who could see no objection to impressing his visitor, privately thinking it would make his bargaining easier, was nothing loath; and strutting a little as a result of the Indian's adroit flattery, he led him up to the main block-house. Olocatora touched the great logs of the wall almost with reverence, and then, as though it were a matter of course, started through the door at an eager bound. He knew he should have but an instant to see what he wished to know, and his eye searched every corner in a flash. There was in truth a dungeon there, but its door was open; no one was within.

"Here!" cried Bartholomew, rushing in after him, "you must not come in this fort. This is where our munitions, and instruments of the gods are kept, and we allow nobody to see them. Out you go!" Olocatora went willingly enough; he had seen all he desired: Francis was not in Saint Augustine. He apologized to Bartholomew for his intrusion on the secrets of the gods; and as soon as might be thereafter, took his leave. None too soon, for he was hardly through the gate when Bartholomew sent a messenger

to recall him. It had occurred to him, too late, that it might be well to investigate this strange native who forced his way into the very heart of the garrison. Olocatora, guessing something of this, looked never backward, but putting forth all his speed, he reached in a twinkle the welcoming line of the forest, and was instantly lost to view He regained his companions, and facing northward, he turned his back on Saint Augustine for good. He never returned to barter his grain for the white men's worthless but desirable beads and trinkets, though the colonists looked for him when hunger began to pinch, after supplies from Menendez went ashore off the southern coast.

Yet not hunger, nor thirst, nor fear, nor incompetency could undermine the foundation of this, the only solid bulwark reared in Florida by Spanish hands. Wars and deaths and pestilences swept over it like the swift tropical hurricanes of those shores; unbeaten and indomitable, it rose triumphant from them all. Its sister colonies, notably that at San Mateo, had mutinies and disorders, one following another, tearing its concord to bits. Not here; the voice of the master seemed, by a strange metempsychosis, always in their ears; his iron hand held firm and stout their wavering helm, even though he himself were but the shadow of a hand. Even over seas his spirit held its dominion; even when he left the New World, as he did, and carried back to Spain the story of his labor, — even then, his soul sustained its own. Saint Augustine grew in time to be a notable city. Its growth was not extremely rapid, but it was sure with the death-like surety of the fabled tortoise. The Franciscans planted here their first mission in Florida, only ten years after Menendez showed the way. Other missions, and later, schools and churches were built; families of artisans and gentlemen and soldiers came out from Spain and settled. A new town, spreading away to the westward

from the old, began to encroach still further upon the shrinking forest, in which, none the less, the war-calls of the natives could still defiantly be heard. The original fort was gradually abandoned, and a new fort again built. The town became the recognized queen of the country, became known in Spain as a sort of jewel in the hem of this Florida so dearly bought, and so coveted. On the ground where Menendez planted it, it stands to-day, its roots sunk forever in the history of eld, and in its air forever the sound of the singing sea.



The Old Cathedral at Saint Augustine

Back to the village of Saturiba went the chief's son, bearing his evil tidings. No need to tell them to Élise; she knew them before he could have spoken, and spared him the words. Now, it seemed, had the last chance been shown vain; Francis could not be found in either of the Spanish strongholds, — if he were still alive, he must be a prisoner in Spain. So

reason argued. Hearts do not argue, but Élise knew. She knew that her lover was not dead. If he had gone away, she would await his return; sometime, in some way, they should find each other again.

That summer Saturiba and his people shifted their village to a new site several miles above the old Fort Caroline, now San Mateo. Saturiba had never had any dealings with the Spaniards, and he did not wish for any. He started his new home on the bank of a little river which flowed southward into the Saint John's, separated from the Spaniards' fort by a long stretch of quite impenetrable swamp; he felt that there was small chance of contact with the white men for whom he confessed a fierce and jealous hostility. Many of his sub-chiefs were not at first so minded, and trafficked freely with Gyrot and his men. This did not last long, and all these encounters ended the same way, in open outbreak of enmity. Then these chiefs would come to Saturiba and demand his aid in their quarrels. But he would never give it; perhaps he had his hopes of waiting for a favorable time, or perhaps he thought that the gods who had sent these strangers would take them away again. He settled peacefully in his fresh quarters, but he could not be left in peace. Scarcely a day passed that did not bring word of some outrage by the present masters of the fort; Indians, on peaceful errands, were captured and put to work in gangs, working in the fields, or cutting timber; if they resisted, they were shot.

So, beneath these serene and beautiful skies, passed that summer, and fall, and winter; and at last it was spring again. The glorious renascence held sway in every heart; the foliage returned to its almost perennial beauty and luxuriance. Plenty took the place of hunger, and happiness of despair. Even Élise, remembering ever the sound for which her heart was waiting, found her soul expanding to the thrilling advances of the spring. Never had spring, even in this land

of wonderful seasons, been like unto this before. She felt as she had felt in those old days which now seemed so long ago as to be almost the property of another existence, — those magic moments in the garden at Beaucarre. So poignantly sometimes came the recollection upon her of the newer days in this new land, that she could close her eyes and hear, in the silence of the night, the awful, ringing cry of the French sentinel on that night of nights. She could remember the rain, and how it felt upon her cheek, and she saw once more the flickering light from the bonfire, that first night together in the fort. And as she remembered, there came, as from human lips, the words which all this time had kept her soul alive.

"Do not fear, O my beloved! I shall see you soon!"

Saint Francis Street in Saint Augustine

CHAPTER XXII

THE VENGEANCE OF DE GOURGUES

TO Philip of Spain, standing lonely on the "King's seat" above the towers of the growing Escorial, came Menendez with the story of his deed. The King had listened, had nodded gravely, had commended; and with the royal commendation Menendez rested more than content. It is impossible that we trace the later adventures of this warrior of the Church, and now he must pass out of this history. Many the other colonies he planted in the New World which he had so labored to hold, and at last, covered with years and honors, he died and was buried in the vault of his fathers. Barrientos, his friend, wrote out from Menendez's own reports and dispatches the full account of his campaigns in Florida, and they form to this day the most authentic history extant.

In Spain the victory at Fort Caroline aroused nothing but laudation and delight. Those of the expedition who returned to Spain spread the news in the land broadcast, and great was the rejoicing among the inner circles of the true believers, who had looked with such dread on the planting of the terrible blight of heresy on the fair soil of their new dominion.

But in sunny France the wind blew the other way. Even the Catholics, as the news began to filter in, felt a stirring of resentment at the slaughter of the French. For after all they were Frenchmen; and the strongest chord in the French heart is its love of country. As stragglers began to struggle back the story gained in horror. The wildest tales gained credence; though the bare truth was terrible enough.

Jacques Ribaut and Laudonnière, after their vigil on sea and land, finally reached home, and spread their accounts abroad. Even to Catherine de Medici they waked some echo of pity or resentment. She plucked up courage to protest vigorously to Philip concerning the massacre of her subjects, and Philip was forced to the utmost of his casuistry to appease her. She was long since wholly devoted to the Catholic party and the Guises; but in her heart there still lingered some faint stirring of affection for Coligny's people. Officially, however, her hands were bound, and to Coligny now she dared not listen; it remained for a private gentleman, when the Crown would make no move, to avenge the death of the silent hundreds whose bones lay still forever on the bleaching Florida sands.

Dominique de Gourgues, of Mont-de-Marson, was a Gascon cavalier of birth and honor and renown. In that land of fire-bloods, none more brilliant, more adventurous and daring, than he. Engaging in wars from the time he was old enough to grip a sword, he had looked on the face of death lightly in many lands. There seems to be some doubt whether he was a Catholic or Huguenot; there is weighty authority on both sides. But first and last and all the time he was a Frenchman.

Fighting against the Spaniards in the Italian wars, he distinguished himself by signal valor at Siena; the Spaniards proving victorious, they chained him with other Frenchmen of birth to the oars of a galley, the most ignominious and unchivalrous of destinies. The spirit of De Gourgues brooded on this indignity till his dislike of the Spaniards mounted to a white flame of hatred. He was not long on his galley; he was rescued by some Knights of Malta, and after many more adventures returned to his native land just at the time when word was beginning to come of the massacre of the French in Florida. With fury he observed the torpor with

which the King and court heard the news. In vain he tried to spur the lagging nobles into action. His Gascon soul flamed within him. Since the King was silent and the nobles were dumb, he would himself avenge this insult, this terrible and deadly indignity to the fair name and honor of his country. Selling his lands, he borrowed from his brother, a man of high station in Guienne, enough more money for the end

On the Sea-Coast of Florida

he had set his heart upon. He equipped a fleet, and took out papers allowing him to "make war upon the negroes of Benin," and with 150 arquebusiers, and 100 sailors who were also trained to fight on land, he sailed on his errand. To his men he said nothing, at first, of the true object of his quest, but when, steering away from Europe, he arrived at length at the West Indies, he, in a speech of the most exalted eloquence, announced the deed he had come to do. He declaimed, in the most telling periods, the massacre at Fort Caroline, together with the unsubstantiated account of the hanging of the last Frenchmen to the trees; and he so imbued his followers with his own fiery spirit that with one

voice they demanded to be led against these murderers without further delay. Their enthusiasm so mounted that De Gourgues had much ado to make them wait for full moon before attempting the hazardous passage of the Bahama Channel.

When they reached the Florida coast, in their uncertainty of their exact whereabouts, they sailed almost directly up to Saint Augustine. The Spaniards welcomed them, thinking them also from Spain, with a salute of guns; whereat De Gourgues stood northward in the failing daylight, and ran up the coast to a point some distance above the Saint John's. He passed this river in the early dawn, and sailing steadily northward still he held his course for another hour. As the light grew stronger he saw that the shore was lined with Indians in full panoply of war. They, too, took him for a Spaniard, and their warlike attitude indicated all too clearly the hatred which the natives now bore to their new masters. De Gourgues was in some doubt as to what he had better do, but his trumpeter, who had been with Jacques Ribaut, and who knew the Indians, reassured him to the full. Heading directly for the shore, he came in as close as he dared, and came to anchor. The trumpeter was making frantic signals of welcome and friendship to the Indians, who were none other than the tribesmen of Saturiba, with the old chief at their head. De Gourgues, landing with all his men, was received with delight by Saturiba. Not too happy had been the lot of the Indians under Spanish rule; they had been deceived by the French, but by the Spanish they were tortured, enslaved, and starved.

De Gourgues, overjoyed at this hospitable welcome, made friends with the chief speedily, and solicited his aid in the attack. This Saturiba was only too ready to offer; all that remained to settle now was the time and manner.

But other matter, for a short space, intervened.

"The white maiden is with me still," quoth Saturiba, and De Gourgues, not knowing of whom he spoke, asked him what he meant.

"The maiden who escaped from the fort, and who has been in my house ever since, waiting for a young man who never came again," the chief explained.

"Let me see this maiden," said De Gourgues eagerly, and after a little wait Olocatora came in with Élise.

The two years had not left upon her other than the marks of beauty. She was older now, and not quite so slender of figure; but her hair was as golden as ever in the sunlight, and her eyes as blue. Her story was soon told, and De Gourgues, chivalrous cavalier that he was, almost wept in sympathy as she told how she had waited and waited for him who had not come.

"You shall be well revenged!" he cried. "And maybe he is living yet; maybe these villains of Spaniards have him shut up in slavery, as they once chained me to a galley's oar. Never fear; we will find him yet!"

Turning again to Saturiba, he asked how soon it would be possible for the chief to make ready his forces for attack. Saturiba asked for three days, and to this De Gourgues acceded, cautioning him the while to keep all his young men quiet, and not to allow any intimation of the presence of the French to reach the fort. To this Saturiba replied grimly:

"Fear not; we hate them more than you do."

The consultation then closed with the distribution of gifts by De Gourgues to Saturiba and his principal braves. The motley collection of ribbons, little bells, and similar showy pieces of cutlery and finery, struck great delight to the Indians' hearts; and De Gourgues saw, after a bit, that the chief still had something of reservation in his manner. Bluntly he asked him what it was; if in any other way the French could show their friendship.

"We would like above all things," the chief returned, "to have shirts such as you wear, for myself and my sub-chiefs. We would wear them to the councils and to the fight, and we would be buried with them on."

De Gourgues, choking down his amusement, went to the ship's store, and presently emerged with the desired shirts, which he distributed as the chief requested, leaving the recipients wreathed with smiles of satisfaction. They immediately put on the shirts, and, proudly attired in their new garments, they led their forces away into the forest, to assemble the full might of their army for the appointed day, the third morning thereafter.

Jacksonville, Florida

De Gourgues spent the interval in perfecting his arrangements; he left a young man named Bourdelais on board his flagship, and gave him just enough men to sail the vessel, ordering him in the event of their defeat by the Spaniards, to sail straight for France and carry that word. He strove to make Élise go aboard, but this she steadfastly

refused to do, and no amount of argument could move her. She was determined to visit Fort San Mateo herself, that her own eyes might search for the man on whom her whole life was centered. So utter was her desire, that De Gourgues finally gave over his attempt, and promised that she should follow, under the protection of a guard of his own men, closely behind the attacking party. With a look from her eyes she thanked him; and so it was left.

Before the dawning of the appointed day all was in readiness. The Indian forces were assembled in vast numbers, and Saturiba, the third hour after midnight, came to report to De Gourgues that all was ready for the attack. There were now, in addition to the original fortress, two smaller forts at San Mateo, nearer the mouth of the river, and it was thought best to storm these first. Accordingly, two hours before daylight, the great company began its march. It was not far; only a scant four miles separated the lion from its prey. The Indians chose the forest path as being the quicker, but the French held to the seashore, the longer but easier route for civilized feet.

Just as day began to break, they reached the north bank of the Saint John's, and here they were halted by the discovery that the tide was in, making their immediate passage of the river impossible. In the greatest impatience they waited, while the light grew stronger and stronger, and signs of life began to be heard across the river. At last, after almost an hour of this anxious waiting, the water subsided sufficiently to enable the men to ford the river at the shoal places, and at a spot hidden from the fort the mighty body of whites and Indians began their crossing. They reached the other side without discovery or mishap, and De Gourgues collected the leaders for a final rally below the brow of the hill which concealed them from the sight of the forts.

"Men of France," he cried, "it is for you now to avenge the murder of your countrymen. There lie the murderers! I give them into your hands. Let not a guilty man escape! . . . As for you, my friends and allies, there wait your enemies who have betrayed and enslaved your people. They are yours!"

So speaking, he held aloft the standard, and turning to the first fort, he waved his men forward. Without a sound they followed, and pike or arquebuse in hand they rushed resistlessly across the short space that lay between.

When only a few rods remained to go, a scream from the nearer of the two ramparts arose, and a drummer, looking over the wall, beheld the attack of the invaders. On all sides they came, and seemed to be without number.

"The French, the French are upon us!" screamed the poor wretch; barely had the words left his mouth when the first Frenchmen swarmed over the wall, and cut him down where he stood. The Spanish, many of them still in their beds, rushed to and fro frantically, in vain; they had never a chance to stem this tide of attack; in ten minutes the fort was won, and all but a few of its occupants slain. Some tried to escape to the woods, but that was only to fall into the hands of the vigilant Indians, who were stationed there in numbers, to prevent such escapes. The second fort, simultaneously, under the attack of De Gourgues himself, met a similar fate. Fifteen Spaniards were taken prisoners, and thrust, bound hand and foot, into one of the cabins, with Indians to guard them. De Gourgues, not wishing to allow the enemy time to breathe, sounded the signal for the advance upon San Mateo itself.

At the head of his 200 men, and flanked by the hundreds of the Indian army, they slowly advanced. Saturiba sent scores of his braves around by circuitous routes to surround the walls, that no Spaniards might escape to Saint Augus-

A Picturesque Spanish Fort in Southern Florida

tine, to bear the news. Slowly, in full gaze of the doomed fortress, the army of revenge came on.

In the fort all was consternation. Three or four men, running from the smaller forts, had spread the alarm, and had reported the forces of the French to be well up in the thousands. There were 300 Spaniards in the fort, but they were completely demoralized, and had the French made their assault at once, the defense would have been almost none.

But the full investment of the fortress would be a matter of time, and De Gourgues wished to bring up one of his boats, to prevent any possibility of escape by the river. So it was decided that nothing could now be lost by waiting. The following day was Quasimodo Sunday, the Sunday after Easter, 1568. This day the French spent in repairing their ranks, haranguing the Indians, and perfecting their plans for the morrow. The rear guard now came up, the Indians not being able to resist the chance to get into the fray, and with this party came Noloma and Élise. De Gourgues, seeing the clear light of resolve in Élise's eye, said nothing of rebuke for her not having obeyed his instructions to remain behind until the fort was won; but gave her and her companion a cabin in one of the captured places, where they might wait in safety for the victory to come. Thus Sunday passed.

Monday came, and the bugles sounded the charge. From the forest came the French, and moved, with the relentless force of the hurricane, upon the doomed walls. Behind them rose the cries and tumult of the disorganized defenders, as they rushed to the walls in a frantic burst of desperate bravery. Gyrot had long since been deposed as commandant, and the soldier in charge, Villaroel by name, had little or no control over his men, who were in a state of hysteria. The wild warwhoops of the Indians, their

cat-calls, and owl-cries, did nothing to soothe the minds of the Spaniards, who quailed in terror as the dense force of the French and Indians came irresistibly on.

They reached the walls; they passed them; up, over, through, any way; 300 men entered the enclosure at a bound, and flung themselves with desperate valor on the shrinking soldiers within. Pandemonium reigned; the Indians, crazed with the delight of the slaughter, became raging fiends; the French could do little to restrain them; indeed they did not try, save that De Gourgues endeavored to preserve a few of the Spaniards; not from humanity, but from desire to render his vengeance perfect and complete.

It was all over; tremendously over the forest and the shore silence fell. In the edges of the forest the Indians still pursued some few fleeing Spaniards, and an occasional cry of savage triumph was heard. In the fort all was still. De Gourgues, mounting to the ramparts, looked down over a desolation of death frightful to be seen. The great center lodge, which had been rebuilt by the Spaniards more substantially than before, loomed up bulky before his eyes. The soldiers themselves, hushed by the spectacle of so many dead, went quietly about. De Gourgues gave orders that the slain should be carried outside the walls; there it was his design to burn the bodies, as Ribaut's men had been burned on the coast below. About this grewsome work moved the French and some of the Indians; the main body of the latter, however, had collected to celebrate the victory after their own fashion; and of them for some little time De Gourgues beheld no more.

He gave orders that the guns of the fort should be discharged in honor and token of the victory, and he marshaled all his men before him, to give thanks to the power that had given him the hour of retribution. Still high on the ramparts, he sent up a fervent prayer to God; and below

Fort George, Amelia Island, off the Florida Coast

him the soldiers, their steel still red with Spanish blood, listened in reverence. Thus twice had the swords of slaughter been laid before the altar of Faith.

To him now came Élise, Noloma following close, and prayed to know if he had found any sign of any prisoners at San Mateo. Her white face, so piteous, made him fear to meet her eyes. He was glad to be able to tell her that there had been no time to look; and he forthwith gave orders, all hopeless as he was, for a thorough search to be made. Even as he spoke, there came the sound of cries from the main hall, and a soldier came rushing out.

"I have found their prison," he cried. "Men are within, but I cannot break down the door. Send men to help with timbers."

None was before Élise. On feet of light she ran before the soldiers, and came to a halt only before the very door of the jail. This was a heavy-set structure of earth and logs, built solidly in one corner of the garrison-room, and partially underground. The doors, of heavy timbers, resisted all efforts to attack them.

"Bring logs to batter down the door," called De Gourgues; then he turned to the door and called aloud to those within:

"Are any men within this prison?"

"Yes," came the answer, clear and firm. Élise, her hand leaping to her heart, fell backward in a half-swoon against the arm of De Gourgues. For the voice was that which she knew and loved best of all voices in the world; that of Francis Estévan.

Short work was made of the door. Two blows from a heavy log in the hands of half a dozen soldiers, and the heavy planks fell inward; at the orifice appeared the face of Francis, a little pale, and his cheeks unshaven, but with his eye as bright and his courage as high as ever in his life.

And into his arms, across the ruins of the ruined door, fell her whom he loved, whose name every night he had called silently into the night until sleep claimed him — the little maid of the garden of Beaucarre.

There for an hour let us leave them, and follow De Gourgues, who went forth to the other fort where his prisoners were held, and made ready for the final act of the work which he had set himself to accomplish. He gave orders that the prisoners be brought forth and lined up along the stockade. They were about fifteen in number. De Gourgues now demanded that they point out to him the very trees on which the French had been hanged those months before, and to these trees he now directed the prisoners to be led. Slowly and with lagging feet they went, but before the selfsame trees they halted. De Gourgues stood sternly before them, and raised his hand for attention.

"Did you believe," he said to the trembling band, "that so despicable a treachery, so inhuman a cruelty, against a King so mighty and a nation so generous and so brave would be allowed to go forever unpunished? I am myself of the humblest of my King's servants, but I have charged myself with avenging it. Even had our masters, the most Christian and most Catholic Kings, been at war, such cruelty as that at Fort Caroline would have been unpardonable. But they were and are friends, and close allies — what name is there, then, for those guilty of this deed, what punishment enough to requite you? You can not be punished as you deserve, but you can and shall suffer the same death that you yourselves inflicted; and may your fate stand forever as a warning to men to hold faith and honor instead of dishonor and treachery."

To the very trees whereon the French had swung, he suspended the wretched Spaniards, and over them he left the inscription, so eloquent of the spirit of his deed.

"Not as to Spaniards, but as to Traitors, Robbers, and Murderers!"

His errand was done; his mission fulfilled. By the hand of a simple gentlemen had the insult to the French arms been mightily avenged. Not, it is true, to the chief wearer of the guilt; for Menendez was far away, wearing honors in Spain. And it was a regret to De Gourgues until his death that he had been unable to exact the last poetic ounce of vengeance, which would have been to compass the death of him who had said the word.

Around the walls of the fallen fortress fell the fabric of the night.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE END

AS the shades drew in, the soldiers gathered again within the walls of the fort. They started their numerous camp-fires and prepared their evening meal. There was no uproarious revelry, for the hush of the after-battle had descended upon them. They congregated in their little groups, and chatted quietly together over the food. Outside, in a terrible heap upon the shore, lay the bodies of the foe. Darkness came, silently and sweet.

THE MODERN SEA WALL AT SAINT AUGUSTINE

On the side of the fort nearest the water walked a man and a maid, with the great mantle of their love around them. The world which they had left so far behind in the region where now they walked, troubled them no more. They had no thought for life nor death, nor anything between. Only in his eyes she gazed, and on her eyes his eyes were set. They were, in very truth, "too near Love's secret to be glad," or to be sorry, or to be anything but silent, still.

So absorbed were they that they did not notice whither their feet were carrying them. Élise, her eyes half-closed,

leaned heavily against the arm that was so happy to feel that pressure. It was almost full night now, and the moon was showing behind the trees, shedding its light, silvery, along the surface of the river. The shapes of the trees and the buildings of the fort began to stand out clear against the sky; Francis, raising his head, called his companion's notice to the shape of the rising moon; and as she turned to look, a quick breath escaped her. Francis, following her glance, saw where they were, where in their unheeding, they had wandered: there, piled before them on the shore, lay the unburied things which had been the Spaniards. Before he could move or speak, a movement in the edge of the pile drew his attention. There was life in it, then! With his hand on his lips for silence, Francis stood and watched. Again came the movement: it must be a wounded man, Francis thought. His hand on Élise's arm kept her quiet and breathless.

Of a sudden, with a great heave, a head thrust itself forth from the pile, followed by the shoulders and upper half of a man's body. His face was hidden from them. Glancing swiftly around, he thought himself to be unobserved, as Francis and Élise stood in the shadow of a tree; with rapid movements he tugged at the bodies which held him down, pulling himself free by main force. At last he stood upright, and his first act was to arm himself with a sword from the belt of the nearest soldier. Sinister, he turned his full front to the moon, and Francis, looking, beheld the face which he had been sure would meet him, the face of Jean Gyrot, dark, brooding, evil, and mocking as ever. Francis stood perfectly still; he was unarmed, save for a dagger, and he knew that this was a desperate man. But the very tenseness of his attitude forced its attention on the air, and Gyrot, listening, heard some stirring sound which caught his notice. Striding nearer

he came, till but half a score of yards separated them. Then he saw them, saw them, and by some evil prescience, recognized them both, the young man and the maiden.

Leveling his sword, he came toward them. Francis put Élise behind him, and dagger in hand, stood forth to meet the oncoming figure.

"Again I find you, and this time with what I seek," snarled the low voice.

"Run for the fort," said Francis in a low voice to Élise. But she stood still; he knew then that she would not leave him. Gyrot came on.

Six feet away he halted.

"Give her up to me!" he said, "and I will spare your life."

Francis shut his teeth with a click. At the same instant, like Heaven to his ears, came the sound of a cry from behind, the cry of an Indian. Wheeling swiftly, Gyrot saw the shadowy forms of a number of Saturiba's men coming back from their last foray. He must act. Leaping forward, he rushed at Francis's heart, his sword glinting like silver in the cool moonlight. Francis met him with his dagger, and managed to turn the blow. At the sound of steel the Indians, with a loud whoop, rushed to the scene.

Gyrot, from the tail of his eye, saw that the game was up.

"You shall never have her," he snarled, turning from Francis, and making furiously for Élise. Francis, with a great cry of anguish, tried to leap between; it was too late; the villain's weapon found lodgment in her side, and with a little sigh, and bending her face toward Francis, she fell totteringly upon the earth. Gyrot, turning, sped away at top speed, into the forest.

The Indians, who were led by none other than Olocatora, now rushed up, only to find Francis on his knees by the side of the fallen girl, pleading in the voice of most heart-broken

sorrow, for a word. To him straightway came Olocatora, putting his arm over the throbbing shoulders of his friend, as he knelt by his side. Her heart was still beating, and even as they looked, her eyes opened, and she smiled. The crimson was staining the bodice of her robe, just beneath the shoulder, and Francis, hastily stripping away the garment, sought for the wound. From his lips burst a great sigh of relief; the wound was but a flesh one, under the arm. He staggered back, faint to the lips, on Olocatora's shoulder; of the two stricken ones, he needed help the more. From the fort came now soldiers and others, among them Noloma, and to her care the wounded girl was now confided. Softly she bore her away to their little cabin, where presently, her weakness overcoming her, she fell into a dreamless sleep. Francis, with set lips, waited until they had assured him twenty times over that she was safe; then he turned to Olocatora.

"Come!" he said. "We must find him!"

The Indian, without a word, understood. Francis armed himself with sword and dagger, the Indian held to his bow; and together they returned to the spot where Gyrot had entered the woods. Olocatora set off on Gyrot's trail without hesitation, two of his young men leading the way whereby the fleeing man had gone. Thirty or forty

ENTRANCE TO THE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, SAINT AUGUSTINE

of the Indians followed close; to them Olocatora gave orders to spread out, and search the forest thoroughly. Gyrot had fled to the eastward, along the south bank of the river, and he could have gone in only one of two directions. Without hesitation Francis turned southward.

"This way he went," he said; and Olocatora followed.

In the other directions sped the Indians, trying to cover all tracks. Acute as they were in sight and hearing, it seemed a hopeless task, to trace the fugitive through the mazes of this midnight forest. But confidently and with sure foot Francis and his friend held on their course. Hardly were they started when there came a great tumult in the path which they had taken. Far away they could hear the cries of Indians, repeated, then veering to the east. "It is he," said Francis; "he has met some other band of your father's people." This was the fact, and now upon the trail sped more pursuers than ever.

The moon peered down through the thick branches of the trees; with untiring feet they followed the blind trail through the wilderness, unerringly as ever bloodhound followed. For three hours they held their course. The moon went down, and the chill dawn came on. To the rear, to the south and to the north they could hear the calls of the Indians as they signaled to one another.

As the sun rose, Francis touched the arm of his companion.

"He is there!" he said softly. Far ahead, his pace fallen to a rolling walk, his body bent with fatigue, went Gyrot over a hummock.

"He is there!" echoed Olocatora; "he is there, indeed!"

Wearied as they were they quickened their pace; the trees opened out at this point, and they saw they were nearing the coast; they could sniff the cool salt air of the morning Francis flung up his head and laughed.

THE PONCE DE LEON HOTEL, SAINT AUGUSTINE, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF MOORISH ARCHITECTURE IN THE UNITED STATES

Now only half a mile separated them; now only a quarter of a mile; now a mere forty yards. On the edge of the sand-dune, by the side of ocean, Gyrot leaned on a fallen stump. There, silent, with his face turned hopelessly toward the sea, he awaited their approach. He had not over-long to wait.

With unflagging tread the two approached, Francis slightly in the lead. After his all-night run, his step was light, and his eye clear. The sunlight filled his soul. Three paces from Gyrot he stopped short.

"Can you use your sword on a man?" he said, very softly, so that Gyrot could not even catch the words.

Francis stood back, giving him time to draw himself together. He flung off his outer jacket, which the Indian took and laid upon the sand.

Gyrot was by this time come to himself, and with a sneer upon his lips, he too flung off his surtout and stood forth, armed with both sword and dagger. This dagger, after a fashion much in use for dueling, he held in his left hand; it was thus used in defense, and also to catch and break, if possible, the sword of the adversary.

Francis stood forth to face him, his own dagger in his left, and in his right the sword which his father had blessed, the Toledo blade, with the basket-hilt.

"Guard yourself!" he said, still in that breathless whisper.

They sprang together; the fight was on.

As they engaged, the disparity in the sizes of the two was apparent. Gyrot towered a head above his light opponent. But Olocatora, watching with cool scrutiny, felt never an instant's doubt as to the result. Slowly Gyrot gave ground, Francis following like a thing of flame, his sword leaping in his foe's startled eyes like lightning from the north. The breathing of Gyrot now grew labored;

he began to gasp, his eyes to protrude from their sockets. Foot by foot Francis drove him back. The sword grew tremulous in his hand. Into his eyes came a demon of exquisite fear, of the great white terror of the soul. It was for this Francis had waited. Deliberately he drew back his arm, — and thrust!

They left him where he fell.

The sun was sinking slowly, majestically, into the tremendous monstrance of the west when, with lagging steps, returned to the site of the fort by the Saint John's two men. The return journey had been one of exquisite fatigue to Francis, worn out as he was by his long pursuit, and with his muscles softened by his months of captivity. Nevertheless, when Olocatora would have had him pause to rest, he would not: for he could see so clearly the silent form that he had left on the couch in Noloma's cabin, with the crimson staining her breast. Back through the wilderness he forced his feet to go, and at last the leagues were passed.

As they drew near the highland, Francis was struck by the bare aspect of it; for the last long time they two had seen the heavy column of smoke rising to the sky, but they had not thought over-much about what it portended. Now, as they paused on the rise before the fort, Francis stopped short, with a catch of the breath. There was no longer any fort; on the site where it once had been was now but a low line of smoldering ruins; low in its ashes lay the thing which had been the haven of the French, and twice a shambles of death. No more should those walls betray men into false sense of safety; over the place soon would the wilderness be growing, so that no man should say where the fort had stood. This, then, was the end of De Gourgues's vengeance; and at this let us leave it.

Of the great actors in this drama, not one was to be left on the ground of his conquest. Ribaut, greatest of them all,

lay silent in an unnamed grave; Laudonnière, a broken man, was sunken to be a hanger-on at the court of his King, pleading still to whomsoever would listen for redress of his wrongs; while Menendez, that iron warrior, was carrying the standard of his Church in lands beyond the sea. His work lasts the longest; for Saint Augustine, the town of his dedication, has stood on its ancient ground, unstirred and almost unstirring, for 350 years; the oldest city in our land, it stands as an eternal pillar to the memory of Pedro Menendez de Avilés, adelantado, and admiral of the fleets of his most Catholic Majesty, Philip of Spain.

De Gourgues, his errand done, had now no reason for lingering; the Indians, who hailed him as one of their deities, did indeed beseech him to remain forever, or failing that, to return and plant a colony which should live as long as the sun. But De Gourgues had no such mind; he had done that for which he came; and the seas called him now. He bade farewell to his allies with the utmost effusion, and protestations of undying friendship; but he had no idea that those shores would ever behold him again, and they never did. He sailed as straight for France as wind and wave would allow, bearing to his rather lukewarm country the word for which he had striven so mightily: that the blot in her fair 'scutcheon was wiped away, her honor was restored. That he was received by the Spaniard-ridden King with little enthusiasm was nought to him beside the warm remembrance of the truth; and it came to be before his death that he was awarded the glory which his exploit made his due. He died flushed with the favors and honor of his Monarch and his land.

To Francis, as he turned, with a strange sinking of the heart, from the smoking ashes, the visible world went blank, becoming a mere dull, opaque background for the vision of his heart's eyes. The little cabin where his love waited still

stood in the lower courtyard of the outer fortress; and to this he hastened with flying feet. His hand trembled as he tried the door; it gave way before him; softly he stept into the room; and there, her eyes glowing with a wonderful and undying light, Élise lay.

Noloma stole out, and left the two together.

". . . I love you . . . There is no one but you in the world!"

"I knew you would come back; I knew you would come back!"

"How could I not come back? After finding you so, could I lose you now? God is more merciful than that!"

She leaned her cheek against his shoulder as he knelt beside her. A deep silence fell upon them as they rested thus. Out of the tiny embrasure that served for a window their dreaming vision beheld the splendor of the heavens, as in the sunset the sky turned from crimson glory to the more golden cathedral-colors of the dusk. Down by the river shore the sounds of voices came through the air, blended into harmony by the æolian hands of the night wind, now stealing in from sea. Softly she spoke:

"There was an old man, many years ago, who loved me as you love me; in no eyes but yours have I ever seen such beauty. I wish he could have been here now; but it is so long ago — so long ago."

"How should he not have loved you; for you are lovelier than love."

"He loved me because of a little girl whom he had loved, it must be almost a hundred years ago, for he was an old man. Will you, after fifty years, love all gold hair because my hair was gold? It will be white then — shall you even remember when it was gold?"

"I will remember; in this world and all the others I will remember."

The New City of Saint Augustine

"Dear, do you mind my being a heretic now?"

"I love you with every beating of my heart! It would be the same if you were ten thousand times a heretic. You are my love. . . . You are more lovely than the flowers of Heaven: Élise! Élise. . . ."

"He, the old father who loved me, was a Catholic, too; he was the best man I have ever known; save one, save one. I touch him now."

"I do not know whether I am good or bad; there is no room in me for more knowledge than one knowledge that holds them all: I love you."

"I remember the old garden at Beaucarre. I remember the dark night, and the figure of the young man who lay on the ground; so still, so still. I remember the little room with the sloping roof, and the long white figure on the bed. And then, dear, I remember the stern face in the shadowy garden, and the darkness of that night — when you went away, and I lay on the floor of that little attic room, and wished that the sun might never come up more."

"Never while I live shall I forgive myself — "

"There is nothing to forgive; it is a part of our lives now, yours and mine; it is as much a part of our love as the pressure of your lips, as the touch of your lips upon my own. . . . I remember the long running through these woods, so deeply dripping with the rain — and on our track, with burning feet, he who — who will never follow us more. Dear, I know that you killed him, and it was meant that he should die. To-night I will pray for him, I think; he has gone for another chance, or maybe he is gone forever."

"He has left the world to you and me, you and me together."

"All our days, all the days of our life together."

Now from the sky the final hints of day had faded, and the great wind of night swept through the forest trees. A chill

came to the air, and Francis lifted his head. "It is night!" he said; he began to listen for the sounds of the soldiers on the beach below, but could hear nothing.

"Can you move?" he asked her, tenderly. She answered with a little laugh.

"I am all well these two hours, sir," she said, softly. "I was made well when, two hours agone, a man entered this room. Behold!"

She arose from the couch and stood upright, light and slender as before. Only the white bandage around her shoulder told of the steps she had come so close to taking along the shadowy way that has no going backward.

"It is late; we must go," said Francis, then.

Slowly they moved toward the door, and out into the night. Two silent figures waited outside the cabin, Olocatora and his sister, Noloma. Farewells were said almost wordlessly; each of the four knew that their paths were parting, the white and the red, and that never would they see one another again. With the straight tread of their race, the Indians turned; the shadows took them, and they walked away into the forest.

On the shores Francis found De Gourgues; the ships were to sail at dawn, but all were aboard save him. Drawing himself to his height, he looked upon Élise with eyes that for the moment reflected the age of his soul. Then he bowed low before her, and kissed her hand.

"God go with you, mademoiselle!" he said. . . . "Now get you both aboard."

Morning . . . and the great sea lay grey-and-silver beneath the dawn. Under the prow the white spume flew buoyantly aloft, splashing with its spray the faces of two who stood with the sea-wind racing through their hair. Far astern lay the shores of Florida; around them reached the silver leagues of sea. Close to her ear he spoke:

"Sweetheart, do you see our world?"

"My lover and my lord!"

Over the eastern sea, tremendously in glory, lifted the crimson circle of the sun.

THE MAILED WARRIORS

THE END

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